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THRALIANA

The Diary of
Mrs. HESTER LYNCH THRALE
(Later Mrs. Piozzi)

1776-1809

EDITED BY
KATHARINE C. BALDERSTON

VOLUME II
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T H R A L I A N A

Bath 25: July 1784.] I am returned from Church¹ the happy Wife of my lovely, my faithful Piozzi:—Subject of my Prayers, Object of my Wishes, my Sighs, my Reverence, my Esteem.

His nerves have been horribly shaken; but he lives, he loves me, and will be mine *for ever*. He has sworn it in the Face of God & the whole Xstian Church: Catholicks, Protestants, all are Witnesses: may he who has preserved us thus long for each other give us a long Life together—& so I hope & trust he will thro' the Merits of Jesus Christ Amen.

3: Sep^r 1784. Wellbeck Street Cav: Square London.] I have now been six Weeks married,² and enjoyed greater and longer Felicity than I ever yet experienced:—to crown all, my dear Daughters Susanna & Sophia have spent the Day with myself and my amiable Husband—we part in Peace, and Love, and Harmony; and tomorrow I set off for the finest Country in the World, in Company with the most excellent Man in it.

Some natural Tears they dropp'd, but wip'd 'em soon. Milton.³

¹ In the interval since the last entry, they had discovered that a residence of twenty-six days was necessary in the parish where the ceremony was to take place, and they decided on London rather than Bath, because they could transact their legal business there in the period of waiting (Lansdowne, *op. cit.*, pp. 155–6), and also, apparently, because the priest who officiated at the Bell Tree House, the Roman Catholic chapel at Bath, had raised difficulties (see below). They reached London on July 11 (*ibid.*, p. 159), but were evidently allowed to reckon the legal residence from June 28, when Piozzi first reached London, which permitted them to marry on July 23. Mrs. Thrale, meanwhile, took quarters at 30 Berners Street and Piozzi in an adjoining street. They were entertained by the Borghis and Greenlands, mèt Bartolozzi, the engraver, and concluded their marriage settlement on July 19 (*Ry. Charter* 1239). On July 14 a temporary snag had appeared: 'The Ambassador's Chapel Folks won't marry us, till the Ceremony has been performed Protestant-wise, & that must be done at Bath—and there, the Man of the Bell-Tree house won't marry us—so we must come back to London.' *Ibid.*, pp. 159–64. Somehow this difficulty was surmounted, and the wedding was duly performed on July 23 by Padre Richard Smith, with the two Borghis and Francesco Mecci as witnesses. The marriage certificate (*Ry. Charter* 1242) is attested by Jean Balthazar, Comte d'Adhémar de Montfalcon, the French ambassador, which makes it appear highly probable that the ceremony took place at the chapel of the French embassy, and not at the Spanish chapel, as Mrs. Piozzi stated later (Hayward, ii. 58). This hypothesis (for which see F. R. Bracey, *Notes and Queries*, clxiii. 476, Dec. 31, 1932), if correct, will explain the failure of Mr. G. B. Hill's search for the record of the marriage at the chapel of the Spanish embassy (*Letters*, ii. 404, n. 3). The Bath marriage was, of course, a second, Protestant, one.

² They stayed at Bath until August 11, and then went to London to complete their business settlements. Lansdowne, *Querney Letters*, p. 177. A portion of this paragraph was printed by Hughes in *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, pp. 38–9.

³ *Paradise Lost*, xii. 645.

I have no Fears but for my Piozzi's Health: May that Providence w^{ch} has preserved us *for* each other continue us *to* each other—

Addio dunque con queste parole

L'Inghilterra!

And boldly venture on those Realms unknown;
They cannot use *me* worse, than *these* have done.

Miss Thrale called on me—& we parted coldly, not unkindly: I hope we sometime or another shall meet again, still better Friends.¹ It hurts me to leave London without seeing Miss Burney tho' She has played a false & cruel part towards me I find—stimulating my Daughters to resist their natural Tenderness, & continue the steady refusal of a Consent w^{ch} alone c^d have saved my Life:—Very severe in Miss Burney, & very unprovok'd—I w^d not have serv'd *her* so.²

¹ Susan and Sophy were at school with Mrs. Murray in Kensington, and Queeney had gone to the Cators, at Beckenham Place, Kent, after Miss Nicolson's departure on August 17. Cecilia was at Mrs. Ray's School in Streatham. Mrs. Piozzi's and Fanny Burney's published letters to Queeney, and John Cator's unpublished letters to Mrs. Piozzi, in the Rylands collection, allow us to follow Queeney's movements more exactly than previous biographers have done. She stayed with the Cators, both in Kent and at the Adelphi in London, until the following April, though the arrangement was clearly against her will, and she considered and abandoned many possible chaperones and private boarding-houses before reconciling herself to her situation. Lansdowne, *op. cit.*, pp. 104, 107, 178–95. In April she went to her house in West Street, Brighton, apparently alone, except for her old nurse, Tibson. John Cator wrote to Mrs. Piozzi on July 8, 1785 (in a letter wrongly endorsed 1788 by Mrs. Piozzi), that Cecilia, whose recess had begun early, had been with them, and that she was to go with Sophy and Susan to Brighton that day. On August 26 he wrote that Susan and Sophy, who had been supposed to return to school on August 9, were still with Mrs. Cator, as 'Mr. Murray was taken ill on the Road & Mrs. Murray is not yet returned'. On October 4 he wrote of Hester's recent visit (from September 24 to October 3), to settle with the guardians about her coming of age, which had taken place on her twenty-first birthday, on September 17. Her first act of independence was to select as companion a Mrs. Cochran, 'who is a Widow of about forty recommended to her by Lady Yates . . . & proper to go with her to Publick places or elsewhere and indeed I think a very good & proper person she has taken a ready furnished House in Wimpole Street & will come to town in November, she has about one Thousand Pound a Year income on which I hope & believe she will appear very respectable & not run out.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 602. The Mrs. Cochran he mentions remained apparently as Queeney's, and later as her sisters', companion until the autumn of 1788, when Mr. Lort informed their mother on November 3, after a visit to Brighton, that she was living with her uncle, Dr. Pitcairn, and that the girls were living alone at Brighton. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 544. Hayward (i. 297) has mistakenly supplied the name 'Mrs. Murray, afterwards Mrs. Aust' for her companion. This latter lady travelled with Queeney to Scotland, in 1798 (Bowood Papers), and is probably the same Mrs. Murray with whom Susan and Sophy were now at school.

² Fanny wrote to her after her marriage, and Mrs. Piozzi replied, reproaching her for not sending cordial congratulations 'and to inform me she desires to have done with all friendship in which he has not his share!' Lansdowne, *Queeney Letters*, p. 101. Fanny considered this very unjust, as she did not see why she should be expected, in the name of friendship, to offer congratulations on a marriage which she had consistently and openly opposed. On August 10 she wrote a letter of firm but affectionate protest, and Mrs. Piozzi replied on the 13th: 'Give yourself no serious concern, sweetest Burney. All is well, and I am too happy myself to make

23: Sept^r 1784.] I take Leave of Paris where I have remained a fortnight:¹ my Constitution has been much injured by past Afflictions, & I bear Travelling & Fatigue of every Kind worse than I used to do. We have never been in a Theatre since we came here, my Husband has no Taste for publick Shows I think—may his Taste for my Company & Conversation *but* continue, & I shall be too happy.

A² Hump-backed Italian Nobleman³ who lives always here, to enjoy that Liberty which great Cities are sure to afford, has offered his House near Milan for us to inhabit: while he studies Life all day, and Chymistry all Night among the Parisians—I was diverted with his Account of the People he lives with, & whom he does not

a friend otherwise; quiet your kind heart immediately, and love my husband if you love his and your H. L. Piozzi.' Fanny comments, 'To this kind note, F. B. wrote the warmest and most affectionate and heartfelt reply; but never received another word! And here and thus stopped a correspondence of six years of almost unequalled partiality, and fondness on her side; and affection, gratitude, admiration, and sincerity on that of F. B., who could only conjecture the cessation to be caused by the resentment of Piozzi, when informed of her constant opposition to the union.' D'Arblay, *Diary*, ii. 261-2.

¹ During her absence on the Continent, she intermittently kept a second journal, which fills two large quarto note-books, labelled, respectively, 'Italian Journey' and 'German Journey'. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 618. The first begins at Dover, on September 5, 1784, and ends at Milan on September [18] (misdated 'Sept. 26'), 1786; the second begins at Cremona on September 22, 1786, and ends at Lille in March, 1787. These journals both supplement and, at times, overlap *Thraliana*. I surmise that Mrs. Piozzi started a separate travel journal out of habit, according to the precedent she had established on her trips to Paris and Wales. The early entries for the Italian Journal are personal, like the *Thraliana*. But she seems, after reaching Italy, to have reserved it for more impersonal observations on sights, manners, &c., and to have used it almost entirely on journeys and excursions away from Milan. *Thraliana* remained, as before, the domestic journal for stay-at-home periods. The Travel Journal is composed in a way which indicates that Mrs. Piozzi was already contemplating publishing, since it is recurrently concerned over what has and has not been described before, and contains several revised passages. For her later use of it in writing her *Observations and Reflections* . . ., see below, p. 719, n. 5.

The entries in the Italian Journal are for the following dates:

- 1784: September 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 17, 18, 19, 25, 30; October 17, 21; November 3;
- 1785: February 10; April 6, 11, 12, 13; May 21, 25; June 15, 24; September 12, 19, 20;
- October 8, 16, 18, 24, one undated entry;
- 1786: January 20, 21; February 21, 27; April 16, 27; May 2; June 9, 12, one undated entry, 18; three undated entries; July 25; August 30 (misdated September 30); September 15, 18 (misdated 26).

A comparison with *Thraliana* shows that its entries at Paris and Genoa, of September 23 and November 3, 1784, and the single entry of February 10, 1785, at Milan, are the only points at which the two journals duplicate each other until June, 1786. After that date they are loosely parallel until the time of their departure for Germany, in September, 1786. For the German Journal, see below, p. 677, n. 1.

The early sections of the Italian Journal, including the entry at Lyons on September 30, 1784, were published in *The French Journals of Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson*, pp. 191-213.

² Part of this paragraph was printed in Hughes's *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, pp. 39-40.

³ The Conte Turconi. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

love; “ “but any thing says he is better than Etiquette & Insipidity, so I keep clear of *Milano* at least, & pass my Life in the manner I best like.” ” He seems to esteem *me*, & so indeed do all the Italians I have yet been introduced to; Goldoni dined here one day, and we struck Fire vastly well; he is such a looking man as the famous James Harris of Salisbury—& extremely garrulous; the Italians talk a great deal, but he out talked ’em all: the Venetians are it seems eminent for their Eloquence even among their Countrymen, who seem to me all violent, all rapid, all fiery, to an Excess difficult for an English Mind to conceive, or an English Tongue to express—but one must see more before one pronounces on National Manners.—Susanna & Sophia have written to me very *civilly indeed*; the eldest has been either sick or Sullen for her Handwriting have I not yet seen.¹ tomorrow we set out for Lyons where perhaps some Letters may lye in the Post Office;—mean Time I have sent Acc^{ts} to England of every thing that has past, for they shall not say that *I* am wanting in *my* Duty—whether they think proper to perform theirs or no—I have ventur’d a few Letters & Trifles too by the Marchese Trotti who is going to visit London & Bath; but God knows how those will be received by my quondam Friends, who come professedly from *me*: *nous verrons*.

3: Nov: 1784.] We staid at Lyons a Week or more; and were very happy: I met there with many cordial Friends to my Husband, & had the Happiness of pleasing them—no Letters from Miss Thrale tho’,—had She seen the Civilities paid us by the Duke² & Duchess of Cumberland, She would perhaps have thought some Expressions of Tenderness from herself less disgraceful. at Turin³ too I was kindly treated by the Prince della Cisterna who gave Mr Piozzi the Key of his Box at the Opera for me, and I used it all the Time we were there. This is written at Genoa⁴ where we have received a thousand Favours from the Consul, at whose Country

¹ Her first letter miscarried, and did not reach Milan until November. Lansdowne, *Queeeney Letters*, p. 189.

² Brother to George III.

³ Mr Piozzi says that he visited at Turin a celebrated Chymist native of Lyons but who had run away from that Town having so predicted its Demolition—to happen in ten Years I think—He bid him be careful not to chuse our Residence at *Rome* however I might be attach’d to y^e Curiosities there; for that whenever the present Pope died, some dreadful occurrences would follow—I fancy he added other Things w^{ch} Piozzi does not like that I should hear,—because he won’t let me see the Man—*all I can do*. when I talk of the World’s End as expecting it, w^{ch} I sometimes do—he thinks of his Friend the Lyons Chemist I believe but says little. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Cf. below p. 832, n. 1.

⁴ According to the Italian Journal, they reached Lyons on September 30, and left Turin on October 21 for Genoa. They left Genoa on November 3, the date of this entry.

Seat we have lived for a Week, and where I fondled the Daughter of the house, (because I had not my own Dears to fondle;) till She cried over me piteously at parting, & said She had lost her *best Friend*. pretty Soul! The Truth is I took Voltaire's Works out of her Closet, and charged her never more to look in such Books as She confessed had often poisoned her Peace, & put her on a Train of Thinking which as I told her could end only in Offence to God, and Sorrow to herself—but how does one's Abhorrence encrease of these Traitors to Human Kind! who rob Youth of its Innocence; and Age of its only Consolation: who spurn at offered Salvation themselves, and turn others from the Gate that leads to Eternal Life.—I hear the Plague is got into Europe, and am little astonished at it; in the latter Days come *Scoffers Wars & Pestilence*.

Yesterday¹ I received a Letter from Mr Baretti, full of the most flagrant and bitter Insults concerning my late Marriage with Mr Piozzi—against whom however he can bring no heavier Charge than that he disputed on the Road with an Innkeeper concerning the Bill in his last Journey to Italy; while he accuses *me* of Murder & Fornication in the grossest Terms, such as I believe have scarcely ever been used even to his old Companions in Newgate; whence he was released to scourge the Families which cherished, and bite the Hands that have since relieved him. Could I recollect any Provocation I ever gave the Man, I should be less amazed; but he heard perhaps that Johnson had written me a *rough* Letter,² and thought he would write me a *brutal* one; like the Jewish King who trying to imitate Solomon without his Understanding, said my Father whipped you with *Whips*, & I will whip you with *Scorpions*.³ I am sorry his Connection with Mr Cator, keeps him so much about the person of my eldest Daughter; whose sullenness in never sending me one Letter, after such repeated promises of constant Correspondence I can attribute only to her listening to his wicked Insinuations concerning my past Intimacy with my present Husband—a Charge which those who make it do not themselves believe, and which is false as cruel. God & himself—I mean Mr Piozzi) *know* how false that Accusation is—but as we cannot refute, we must endure—and as we ought not to revenge Injuries—we must forgive them

¹ Hayward (i. 267) quotes the first half of the following paragraph.

² Her only reference to the famous letter. It is worth noting, and has not been noted, that, four days after Johnson wrote to Mrs. Thrale for the last time, he planned an inscription and monument for his wife's grave at Bromley in Kent, which had lain unmarked, and, as far as can find, unvisited, for thirty years. *Life*, iv. 351–2.

³ 1 Kings xii. 11, 14.

I think. While we continue to love each other, the *good* Word of such abandoned Scribblers as Baretti should be despised, much more the *ill* Word: and I am only mortified to think that the Peace of the Innocent should be so much in the Power of the Wicked.¹ Dear Piozzi's honourable Heart beats with Rage at hearing his Wife traduced in a way he *knows* her to be guiltless; and those who insult *me* must now owe their Safety to my Intreaties. God knows we have both been used exceedingly & undeservedly ill: the old Man² who went out with him last Year as Friend & Companion, proved a Bosom Serpent; and would if possible by representing Mr Piozzi in his Letters to me as an interested and avaricious Man, have broken the Match; & now when I complain of his Conduct in a Letter to Mr D'Ageno—Baretti who has seen my Letter writes to me in his Defence³—and writes *such* Things! Good Lord have mercy upon me! but I think the Man is fit for Bedlam.

Milan 27: Nov: 1784.] I write now at my own Apartment in the *Casa Fedele*,⁴ so is the House called, into which Chance has thrown my Piozzi & myself: it is a genteel Habitation rather than a commodious one, but different Nations have different Ideas of Domestick Life; my Companion would make me happy in a worse Country than this delightful one, and in a worse house than this, where all who come are struck with its Elegance & Splendor, so much for the Place. The People are pleasing too as far as I can hitherto be a Judge, and seem to love my Husband, & to like his Choice. The Marquis of Araciel brings me Presents of China, the Abate Bossi writes Verses in my Praise. I have no faults to find with the Women's Behaviour neither,⁵ and even my Husband whose only Fault is Vigilance lest some one should offend us,—can as yet spy no Cause of Uneasiness—I have passed fourteen Days here, all very happy ones: we came to this City the 4th of Nov^r to this House the 13th

¹ Baretti's libellous charges were repeated in print, in the *European Magazine* for 1788. See below, p. 719, n. 1.

² Mecci. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ Baretti's story (*European Magazine*, xiv. 96) was that Mecci had been hired by Mrs. Thrale to accompany and spy upon Piozzi, that Piozzi had kept for himself the salary she sent for Mecci, and that Mrs. Piozzi later refused him the £50 annuity which she had promised him, whereupon, on Baretti's advice, he took the matter to Greenland, the lawyer, who forced them to pay it through Mr. Drummond's banking house. This kind of circumstantial lying Baretti was gifted in.

⁴ Not, apparently, the house offered them in Paris by Count Turconi (see above, p. 613, n. 2), but a house belonging to 'old Comte Fidele, a widower of seventy years old . . . an invalid'. Hayward, ii. 64.

⁵ I think the Men are *too officious* somehow; but I suppose *that is the way*. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

my Heart is happy, & my Bones begin to get Flesh upon them; if one could hear good News from England of poor Sophy's Health all would be Enchantment, but they write me word She is not settled yet: tho' a Year has now elapsed since her severe Illness at Bath. Dear Soul! were She here; perhaps the Air—perhaps the Exercise might benefit her! perhaps my personal Attendance too might be of use—but they would say I murdered *her* too if She died here; and my Heart tells me She will not live long. God send me some agreeable Accounts.

Young's Night Thoughts seem to strike the Foreigners more than any other of our Poetry: two or three People have already mentioned them to me with much Esteem: they read them translated, so 'tis the Sentiment that strikes, and what Verses indeed are so replete with Sentiment as those of dear Dr Young?

I once mentioned to Dr Johnson who was quoting Bacchanalian Verses, the Song in the Beggars Opera beginning Fill evry Glass—as particularly excellent in that way: it has says he but one Fault, which is using the Word desirous¹ instead of desirable—the Sense he means to express; one sees (added he) that it was only a poor Shift to help out the Rhyme. now I was reading his Life of Waller two days ago, & found the very same fault there²—if Fault it is—without any Temptation from the Necessity of Rhyme.

I have got Dr Johnson's Picture here, & expect Miss Thrale's³ with Impatience; I do love them dearly still, as ill as they have used me, & always shall.⁴ Poor Johnson did not ever *mean* to use me ill, he only grew upon Indulgence, till Patience could endure no further.—

Près d'une Maitresse nouvelle
On trouve toujours des Appas;
Avec une Epouse immortelle
Jupiter même ne se plait pas.

¹ 'Is there aught else on earth desirous', &c.

² Only twice used, and used correctly—first in a quotation from Waller ('I . . . am desirous to die') and secondly in Johnson's own text ('Cromwell was very desirous . . . of adding,' &c.) *Lives*, i. 264, 270.

³ Painted by George James, of Bath. On June 9, 1785, he wrote to Mrs. Piozzi: 'I am much flattered that the Italians should like Miss T's picture—the Young Lady's beauty & her English dress no doubt claims great share of the admiration—that pretty white Throat.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 555. Lord Lansdowne (*Queeney Letters*, p. 191, n. 1) thought that it must have been Reynolds's portrait of her, now at Bowood. James's portrait is not known to have survived.

⁴ I have had one cold Letter from Miss Thrale at last—better than none however. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See above, p. 614, n. 1.

a severe Epigram indeed—but our Lady Mary Wortley was even with the writer of it when She said that

Great Jupiter 'each Form & Shape had try'd
Then came a Husband to Amphytryon's Bride;
And in a Husband's Form could pleasing prove,
Who but must own Th'Omnipotence of Jove ?¹

Tis astonishing how like these Lombards are to our Welch People! the low ones in particular: I saw a Signor Curato the other day at the Country Seat of an agreeable Family near Milan—I could not keep from looking at the Man, & expecting him to speak Welch: his long straight Hair, ruddy Colour, & coarse Manners all contributed to make one stare at the striking Resemblance; but 'tis amazing that the slyness of Shopkeepers, & the quiet tho' cutting Replies of the ordinary People, should be so very similar in Nations who never proposed each other as Patterns of Imitation—It comes in my head while I write, that Howell too was struck with the Likeness, & mentions it in his Letters.²

The Milanese have a wonderful Propensity for the English, and much of their reverence for me is moderated by the Idea that all the English Women are like me; they often begin a rapturous Elogium—& break it off much to my Amusement with—*Ma le Inglese già!*³

I had no Notion of exciting so much Attention in a foreign Country where my want of Language is a perpetual Stumbling Block, but we do very well indeed; here are the Abbé Bossi's Verses in my Praise.

Al Merito impareggiabile
dell' Ornatissima Signora Donna Esther Thrale,
Inglese; — condotta Sposa in Milano
dal Signor Don Gabriele Piozzi.

Sonetto.

D'Insubria il Genio, lieto oltre l'usato,
Per le vie di Milan giva sclamando;
Agli Affanni si dia eterno bando:
Che un raro Don dal Cielo a noi vien dato.

¹ Not included in Lord Wharnccliffe's edition of her *Works*.

² James Howell's *Epistole Ho-eliane* (1650), Pt. 1, Letter 40.

³ Piozzi is wretched because we are not asked to Casa Litta—Lord! as I say what signifies Casa Litta? He wants my horses to have *Tassells* too; If we should go back to London He wd want me to have a Coronet on my Coach I suppose. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

Infelice Israel! saria pur stato
 Se dell' empio Amano al fatal Commando,
 Sospeso de' Persi impazienti il Brando,
 La bella Ebreja non avesse ostato.

Nuova Esterre dall' Anglia a noi qui scese
 Per mano di Gabriel cui l'Alma Imene
 Avvinse gia d'amore un Tempo accese.

Ah fia semper che con tal Donna a Lato
 Lo Sposo e Milan gioiscan d'un Bene,
 Cui non osi turbar avverso Fato.

Milan 7: Dec^r 1784] I pray to God it may be so, & that we may lead a long & quiet Life together—but if we are to be separated by Death—my Piozzi is now making his Will under my own Directions, to leave me charged with four Thousand Pounds to his Family; who would otherwise be losers by our Marriage, as his Fortune had he died single must have dropt among *them*: & I would wish to benefit all Who belong to the dear Husband of my heart. M^r Thrall's Daughters want nothing from me, & the little I want from *them* which is *one Spark* of Tenderness; they will I fear never pay to the Wife of my poor Piozzi—nothing have I heard from them now, God knows when ! ! ! ! !¹

The Veil which the Women all wear at Church, & the prohibition of Hats in that sacred Place are pleasing Customs here in Italy;—the second sort of Gentlemen too in their Address to a Woman of Fashion say—*mia Padrona* very prettily, & Solicit the honour (in good Time!) of kissing one's Hand: All Serv^{ts} who come to be hired half kneel & salute the *Paw* of their new Mistress, tho' their familiarity afterwards is much greater than that of our Domesticks, and I have a Notion so is their Fidelity. The grossness of their Manners is well known I believe, yet when the Venetian Ambassador's² Footman, all shining in Gold Lace seized the *Petit Pattès* as they went from Table almost in sight of his Master who dined here yesterday, and crammed 'em down his Throat; one could hardly keep from laughing. M^r Piozzi's Valet too (a Venetian) was dressing my Hair at Paris one Morning, while somebody was playing on the Violin at the opposite Windows of the same Hotel:—I observed him to fret, & seem oddly miserable: What's the matter with you said I Ercolani? If (replied he, Mistress) that Beast does not leave off soon I shall run Mad or dye directly, & you will see an honest Italian killed by a French Dog's howling.—

¹ Queeney's second letter arrived on January 4. Lansdowne, *Queeney Letters*, p. 191.

² Heinrich William, Count Wilczek, whom she mentions by name, but mis-spells, below on p. 620. He was an Austrian nobleman.

Here is not a Pen in this place one can write one's Name with, which robs me of much solitary Amusement; I am not only precluded by want of Language from telling anybody else my Thoughts, but the having no Pen prevents me from telling them to myself.

I like my Society here at Milan very well: Count *Wiltsecks* Civilities have made me all the Fashion; & few Days pass without Engagements to receive & reciprocate the most flattering Attentions.—

I was reading Lord Lyttelton (the great L^d Lyttelton's) Letters this Morning to M^r Piozzi to give him an Idea of Wales; but was ashamed for the Author when I came to the Passage¹ relating to a Lawyer retired from Business; *who lived on a[n] Estate of 500^l per Ann with a Wife & four Children: notwithstanding which Incumbrances he found means to plant all the Hills about him with Clumps of Trees*, while the Man who shew'd L^d Lyttelton his Grounds only said in reply to his Admiration—Why I don't know how it is, but he's always doing some Nonsense or other—Such (says my Lord) are the Prejudices of Vulgar Minds. Now God knows every unprejudiced Mind must be shocked at hearing Human Creatures—especially Wives & Children—considered as Incumbrances to the planting Clumps of Trees that Monarchs might envy forsooth—Oh Silly! & oh Shameful Frenzy!

When I saw Cox the Mechanist in the midst of his fine Show Room at Spring Gardens about 12 Years ago; where Gold & Silver, and Diamonds and Pearls were exhibited in a surprizing Quantity (he made a Lottery for them some Time after)—I was shocked at the sight of his only Son sneaking about the Room in a Coloured Coat when it was a Year of publick Mourning—but his Father thought him an *Incumbrance* I believe, & saved all he could from his Family to make more Elephants twist their Trunks, and more Rhinoceroses roll their Eyes, as they did by great Mechanical Powers, very ingeniously managed, and very splendidly adorned.

The Language here at Milan teizes me sadly; many of the People I like to converse with, will absolutely talk the Dialect of the province, which they are not ashamed of as we,—but rather make it their Study; & by introducing Latin Expressions into it endeavour to establish & reduce it to Rules: much of their amusement among each other is to write Milanese, and translate the Tuscan Language

¹ See 'Some Account of a Journey into Wales in two letters to Mr. Bower', in George Lyttelton's *Works* (1776), iii. 333-4.

into this hideous Jargon; some words of which are wholly Spanish; as *Gaban* for a Riding Coat, & many more¹ retained since the Time they were under Spanish Government.

Count Kinigl² tells me they act Shakespear's Plays at Vienna with great Success, and that they boast a better Lear & Hamlet than Drury Lane or Cov^t Garden can shew.

The Manner of hanging the Churches & even the Public Pillars &c. in the Streets with Black, on the Death of every rich or noble Person, keeps one continually with one's End before one's Eyes:—'Tis very dismal! but if it answers in making one any better—there is no harm done.

I thought M^r Piozzi very odd when he answered two or three Beggars to day—I have no Money *now*, I'll give you some *tomorrow*—and this in the Street: but I see the same Beggars regularly ply at the same Places, where the same People go every day. The Poor for that Reason wait the performance of your Promise with great Composure, & claim it on the morrow with Certainty of its being remembered.—

I have been reading D^r Johnson's Life of Addison again—he serves Warton in it much as Pope served Dennis—shewing his desire of opposing the Critick rather than that of rescuing the Authour; Warton says Addison was an indifferent Poet, and Johnson desirous to contradict him, only amplifies the Sentence: he could not bear to leave unoffended a cotemporary Scholar—or pass without Censure the Works of a deces'd Whig.³

I have heard M^r Evans observe that all which D^r Johnson says in his last page concerning Addison's Prose⁴—would if reversed, form an exact description of his own: this Remark is acute, if the Observation is not accurate, I would add that the Praises given to Addison would suit Goldsmith whom however he does not resemble: Johnson's Panegyrick on Goldsmith⁵ is notwithstanding

¹ *Moço* a young Man: *Buscar* to seek, & 100 more. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² A Viennese official, at Milan, from the Emperor's court.

³ Johnson says, 'A great writer has lately styled him [Addison] "an indifferent poet, and a worse critick".' *Lives*, ii. 127. On the next page he quotes Warton's description of 'The Campaign', in his *Essay on Pope* (i. 29), as a 'Gazette in Rhyme', which led Mrs. Piozzi to suppose him identical with the 'great writer' first mentioned. Actually, as Hill points out, the 'great writer' was Warburton, who wrote, 'He was but an ordinary poet and a worse critic.' Pope, *Works*, ed. Warburton, iv. 175.

⁴ 'His prose is the model of the middle style', &c.

⁵ The tribute beginning the *Life of Parnell*: 'The Life of Dr. Parnell is a task which I should very willingly decline, since it has been lately written by Goldsmith, a man of such

both pointed in Expression, and perfect in Description—In *His Works* I think is found at last, y^e true Standard of English Prose.

I have half a mind to translate Johnson's *Lives* into Italian and present them to the Library here at Milan; but I have neither Language enough yet, nor Time enough. The Circumstances that will determine my Place of Ultimate Residence, will determine me likewise as to this Intention:—I should not despair of Success in it. My old Cicisbee¹ says it would do: & he is, (or *was* poor fellow!) a famous Scholar.

Pope seems to have imitated Dryden in his Description of bad Critics

Our Isle
Like half form'd Insects on the Banks of Nile;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call
Their Generation's so equivocal.²

His predecessor had talked with just Indignation of

A slimy-born, and Sun-begotten Tribe³—

but the Philosophy was false in both.

When D^r Johnson published his *Lives of the Poets*, M^{rs} Montagu and all *her little Senate* (not always *Patricians* indeed)—censured him severely for his Treatment of Lyttelton: he used to tell me that it was only because he had not flatter'd *her* by any notice of her three Dialogues added to my Lord's; but I long thought their Indignation genuine, as they pretended to rest their Cause on the contemptuous Expression Poor Lyttelton!⁴ reading over the *Lives* again however—I find him saying Poor Dryden!⁵ in one passage; now if he could despise the meanness of such a Writer as Dryden, whom he praises not only with Liberality but Fondness, not only variety of powers; and such felicity of performance that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness.' While she made these observations on Johnson's *Lives*, he was lying mortally ill in London. He died on December 13.

¹ The People are all delighted with my Choice of a Cavalier Servente: dear old coughing Canonico Palazzi 80 Years of Age, and very infirm; he was Tutor to some Young Milanese, & was with him in England 40 Years ago: he talks *to me* of nothing else, & *I like it*. Mrs. Piozzi. The term *cicisbée* was the French form of *cicisbeo*, and equivalent in meaning to *cavaliere servente*.

² *Essay on Criticism*, ll. 40-3.

³ *The Hind and the Panther*, i. 311.

⁴ 'When they [*Dialogues of the Dead*] were first published they were kindly commended by the Critical Reviewers, and poor Lyttelton with humble gratitude returned, in a note which I have read, acknowledgements which can never be proper, since they must be paid either for flattery or for justice.' *Lives*, iii. 452.

⁵ 'Settle's is said to have been the first play embellished with sculptures; those ornaments seem to have given poor Dryden great disturbance.' *Ibid.* i. 345.

with Esteem but Veneration—surely the Foibles of L^d Lyttelton have little pretence for Exemption; they could only have escaped by the same meanness in the Biographer which he blames with Justice in the Authors whose Life he writes.

I once heard a very rough Dispute at Streatham between D^r Johnson & M^r Pepys about this matter:¹ Johnson behaved exceedingly ill in it—called the Man out to Battle insolently, and treated his deceased Friend with unprovoked Contempt. I fancy I have given somewhere an Account of the Controversy, which I was forced to silence at last by express Command. M^r Pepys conducted himself with much Propriety I remember.

It was diverting to me to hear two Gentlemen dispute a Question of General Policy *here* the other day, but I expected more difference from our Manners than I found:—Desire of Victory rather than of Truth, and of open Triumph rather than of secret Influence is natural to all Men in all Nations I believe, except perhaps a few Examples, which only prove the Rule.

Milan 2: Jan 85.] I have been at a Xmas Merry-making; where all Distinctions seemed pleasingly thrown down by a Spirit of Innocent Gaiety: the Marquis's Daughter mingled in Country dances with the Apothecary's Apprentice & Maid of the House, while her Parents looked on with Delight, and encouraged the Mirth of the Moment. Priests, Noblemen, Ladies, romped & jigged it away without the encumbrance of petty Pride; or the Vanity of giving Pain to those who lived by their Bounty. A new-married Wench whose little Fortune of a hundred Crowns had been given her by the Subscription of many in the Company, seemed as free as Riches c^d have made her, rattled in the Ears of the Gentlemen, & when they joked her coarsely—replied to them sharply, & pulled Count Cataneo from his Seat to shew him She was not afraid of using Exercise &c. The Ladies shouted with Joy, & commended her in Terms not so delicate as sincere. In short there was Grossness enough in the *Manners* of all present, but I believe

¹ In June 1781. Fanny Burney gives a vivid description of it (D'Arblay, *Diary*, i. 497–502), and Pepys, describing the affray to Mrs. Montagu in a letter, wrote: '... such a day did we pass in disputation upon the *Life* of our dear friend Lord Lyttelton, as I trust it will never be my fate to pass again ... But what hurts me all this while is, not that Johnson should go unpunished, but that our dear and respectable friend should ... be handed down to succeeding generations under the appellation of poor Lyttelton.' *Johns. Misc.* ii. 416–17. See also, for a summary of the quarrel, G. B. Hill's Appendix BB to the *Life of Lyttelton*. Mrs. Piozzi had made their antagonism the subject of the first of her 'Dialogues upon my own Death'. See above, p. 402.

more Purity of *Heart* than is found in our more refined Assemblies.¹ it was however pleasing to me only as it was curious; the utter Absence of Decorum leaves Hilarity in a State *too Natural* to delight those who have been long accustom'd to Scenes of high Civilization—'Tis *Brandy & brown Sugar* Luxury at last, & fittest for Cherokees.²

The new Year is begun, may God prosper it to my Husband, my Children and myself. I went to Church & prayed most fervently for their Happiness.

My Piozzi is not well, he has no Disorder tho' that shortens Life, notwithstanding the Uneasiness it occasions him; strong Fibres with weak Nerves produce all his Sufferings,³ and add to his natural Irritability: The constant Complaints too which he makes of his Health take off from the Envy his Situation would otherwise provoke—but he is best on a Journey, I shall like to go to Venice in the Spring—if nothing prevents me, *which I should like still better*: praying for Children is wrong however, and I will do it no more; I used to weary Heaven with Requests for Pregnancy, & now!! all I begged for are in the Grave almost, & those that are left, love not *me*.—

I had Letters the other day indeed of which I ought not to complain: Susan & Sophy's Kindness *should* compensate for the frigidity of their elder Sister, & M^r Cator says all of them are well.

Oh poor D^r Johnson!!⁴

¹ There is no merit at last in the Conduct represented over Leaf: the Marquis's Daughter is in no Danger *here*, as She would be in England of marrying the 'prentice tomorrow, because She danced with him last Night—She is already disposed of to a Man She perhaps never saw, & no 'Prentice nor 'Pothecary *could* marry her *here* even if both were willing. Things are carried on quite on a different Footing: the *Certainty* of Distance between high & low *here* makes them live so easily together, Jealousy of Rank has no Place. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² When the Cherokee Chiefs were in England, one treated them with Champagne, & another with Tokay, but Foote inviting 'em serv'd up *Brandy & Brown Sugar*, and the Indians liked his Entertainment best. *Mrs. Piozzi*. The three Cherokee chiefs from South Carolina arrived in England on June 21, 1762, and departed on August 24. *Gent. Mag.* xxxii. 293, 388.

³ He was ill of the gout, however, in the following June. Lansdowne, *Queeney Letters*, p. 206.

⁴ The average time for the post between London and Milan was three weeks. If some one wrote to Mrs. Piozzi on December 13, the day of Johnson's death, she would have received the news on or near January 2. There is nothing to show, however, that this brief entry was made on the same day as what precedes it. The news certainly reached her from Samuel Lysons, in a letter dated December 29: 'As bad news is seldom tardy in its course, you must

25: Jan: 1785.] I¹ have recovered myself sufficiently to think what will be the Consequence to me of Johnson's Death, but must wait the Event as all Thoughts on the future in this World are vain.

Six People have already undertaken to write his Life I hear, of which S^r John Hawkins, M^r Boswell, Tom Davies and D^r Kippis² are four. Piozzi says he would have me add to the Number, and so I would; but that I think my Anecdotes³ too few, & am afraid of saucy Answers if I send to England for others—the saucy Answers I should disregard, but my heart is made vulnerable by my late Marriage, and I am certain that to spite me, they would insult my Husband. Poor Johnson! I see they will leave *nothing untold* that I laboured so long to keep secret; & I was so very delicate in trying to conceal his fancied Insanity, that I retained no Proofs of it—or hardly any—nor ever mentioned it in these Books, lest by dying first *they* might be printed and the Secret (for such I thought it) discovered.⁴

I used to tell him in Jest that his Biographers would be at a Loss concerning some Orange Peel he used to keep in his pocket, and many a Joke we had about the Lives that would be published: rescue me out of all their hands My dear, & do it *yourself* said he:⁵

have heard 'ere now that the world is at last deprived of the example & abilities of Dr. Johnson—I often called at his house during his illness, twice by appointment, but he was always too ill to be seen. . . . No less than Six persons have engaged to write his life Sir J. Hawkins Dr Kippis Mr Davies & Mr Boswell are of the Number. I suppose you have been or will be applied to for anecdotes of him.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 552. This she must have received before she made her next entry, q.v.

¹ Hayward (i. 269–70) prints the three following paragraphs.

² See Lysons' letter, above, p. 624, n. 4. Kippis did not enter the field, but Lysons may have confused him with Dr. Towers, Kippis's associate in the compiling of *Biographia Britannica*, who published an *Essay on the Life* in 1787. Boswell, *Life*, iv. 40–1. Tom Davies, likewise, wrote no life. Thomas Tyers had already published 'A Biographical Sketch', in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December 1784 (liv. 899–911), which she seems to have read (see below, n. 4), although she does not mention it.

³ See below, p. 639, and Introduction § 111.

⁴ See above, p. 384, n. 4, for other references to this secret. This refers probably to passages in Thomas Tyers's Sketch (see above, n. 2). 'He [Johnson] was afraid of his disorder's seizing his head, and took all possible care that his understanding should not be deranged. . . . His imagination often appeared to be too mighty for the controul of his reason.' P. 900. It is ironical to note that in the eyes of posterity Mrs. Piozzi herself has been considered the first serious offender. Boswell, many years after, wrote in his *Life* (i. 66): 'That his own diseased imagination should have so far deceived him, is strange; but it is stranger still that some of his friends should have given credit to his groundless opinion, when they had such undoubted proofs that this was totally fallacious; though it is by no means surprising that those who wish to depreciate him, should, since his death, have laid hold of this circumstance, and insisted upon it with very unfair advantage.' G. B. Hill believed, probably rightly, that he referred to Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes* (1786) (*Fohns. Misc.* i. 199) and to Hawkins's *Life* (1787) (pp. 287–8).

⁵ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 166.

“ “Taylor Adams & Hector will furnish you with juvenile Anecdotes, & Baretti will give you all the rest that you have not already—for I think Baretti is a Lyar only when he speaks of himself.”” Oh! said I Baretti told me Yesterday that you got by Heart six Pages of Machiavel’s History once, & repeated ’em thirty Years afterwards Word for Word. O why this indeed is a *gross* Lye, says Johnson—I never read the Book at all. Baretti too told me of *you* (said I) that you once kept 16 Cats in your Chamber, & y^t they scratch’d your Legs to such a degree, you were forced to use Mercurial Plaisters for some Time after. Why this (replied Johnson) is an unprovoked Lye indeed: I thought the Fellow would not have broken thro’ divine & Human Laws thus, to make Puss his Heroine—but I see I was mistaken.

Here is a Sonett written on an Air Balloon sent up here at Milan where the *Rabies Balloonica* continues in full Vigour; & will I suppose do so all over Europe, till some fatal Accident happens to these flying Fellows.

È la Macchina che parla

Ecco del Mondo e meraviglia e gioco,
Farmi grande in un Punto e lieve io sento,
E col Fumo nel grembo, e a Piede il Foco,
Salgo per l’Aria, e mi confido al Vento.

E mentre aprir nuovo Cammino Io tento
A l’Uom, cui L’Onda e cui la Terra è poco,
Fra incerti Moti, e l’Ancor dubbio Evento
Alto gridando la Natura invoco.

Oh Madre delle Cose! Arbitrio prenda
L’Uomo per me di questo aereo Regno,
Se ciò fia mai che più beato il renda:

Ma se nuocer poi dee, l’audace Ingegno
Perda L’Opra e ’l Consiglio, e fà ch’Io splenda
D’Una stolta Impotenza eterno Segno.

Translation

In empty Space behold me hurl’d,
The Sport and Wonder of the World,
Who eager gaze while I aspire
Expanded with Aerial Fire.

And since Man’s selfish Race demands
More Empire than the Seas or Lands;
For him my Courage mounts the Skies,
Invoking Nature whilst I rise:

Mother of all! if thus refin'd,
My Flights can benefit Mankind;
Let them by me new Realms prepare
And take Possession of the Air.

But if to Ills alone I lead,
Quickly, Oh quick let me recede,
Or blaze—a splendid Exhibition,
A Beacon for their mad Ambition.¹

The people here have a notion of my Literature, and it always seems like the Story of the Jumper who jump'd only at Rhodes—to let them go on hoping, and believing, & disputing whether I can write Verses or not;—so I e'en translated this Sonnet to confirm the Report—& they are very kind, & partial, & behave very prettily as can be—they seem to envy M^r Piozzi, but with less 'Malignity' than the English people envy'd *me* always: I hear from home that a Report is current there, how my husband has sold my Joynture, & shut me in a Convent;² they *should* confine themselves to Truth; but as the Duke in Measure for Measure³ says

What King so strong
Can tye the Gall up in a slanderous Tongue?

I am afraid their ill Treatment of *me*, & my Resentment towards *them*, will make it difficult for me ever to live happily in England any more—I'm afraid so!

Scaliger believed in Witchcraft, & thought those very incredulous who doubted the Existence of *diabolical* Compacts.—Vid: Scaligerana.⁴

Come lenta, lenta, lenta,
Su le Rive della Brenta,
La Cavalla macilenta
Và l'Alzana a strascinar;
Così lento, lento, lento,
Con affanni sette Cento,
Pacchierotti mal Contento
Và le Fischie ad incontrar.

This is a little Epigram written on Pacchiorotti's Deserter which he

¹ This translation appeared later in the *Florence Miscellany*. See below, p. 643, n. 4.

² Even Mrs. Montagu, writing after Dr. Johnson's death, to an unnamed correspondent, on December 20, 1784, repeated this bit of scandal: 'I am afraid Mrs. Thrale's imprudent marriage shortened his life. Her letters to her Friends from abroad were full of her felicity, it is said accounts are now come that she is confined in a convent at Milan. Her Husband says she is insane, he is the only Person in the World who can say it with an ill grace.' Reginald Blunt, *Mrs. Montagu, Queen of the Blues* (Boston, 1924), ii. 165-6. ³ III. ii. 194-5.

⁴ See *Scaligerana*, Pt. 2, p. 89: 'Les diables ne s'adressent qu'aux foibles . . . [Ils] apparoissent aux sourciers en boucs. . . .' She refers to the same passage above, p. 469.

exhibited this Winter at Venice where they did not receive it as he wished or expected.—

27: January 1785. Milan.] Here¹ am I! with my Husband & his Friends passing my Birthday (after all past Anguish,) in the Bosom of Friendship, Love, & Good humour: with my health recover'd as far as it was recoverable; & even my Looks repaired by growing fat, so as to content my ever partial, my ever-kind Companion. What Blessings! what Comforts are these! & how grateful ought I to be for a Change so unhop'd for, though always eagerly desired.

We have a Dinner & a Concert; and I am fed with Flattery even to Repletion: but that of Course which most delights my Heart is the unfeigned Pleasure which I see my Piozzi takes in my Company—God has heard my Prayers, and enabled me to make happy the most amiable of his Sex.—Was I to *wish* for more, I might provoke Providence to lessen the Enjoyments I possess; let me suppress all inordinate Desire of a Child by the Man I so love—that only could add to my happiness.

So passes the happiest Birthday ever yet experienced by Hester Lynch Piozzi.

Here are some of the Verses repeated Improviso on the Occasion by the Abate Bossi—

Brindisi

A questa Donna Gloria ed Onor del Sesso,
 Che seppe bene con felice Successo
 Di più Vati avverrar il fausto Auspizio
 Sparso ovunque nel suo dì Natalizio,
 Di soave Liquor il Bicchier pieno,
 Ognuno di brindar—non faccia a meno.
 Sù dunque i voti miei Voi secondate
 E meco ad alta voce si cantate.
 Di noi, di Gabriel gioja ed ornamento
 Viva Viva Esthera secoli ben Cento.

Here's another spoken by the Abate Ravasi a Roman Poet.

Tu nulla sai allor quando nascesti
 Illustre Donna, chi v'era a tè d'intorno;
 Londra lo sà, e lo san anche questi
 Che festeggian con me sì lieto Giorno.
 Ma ben vegg' Io dagl' Occhi tuoi modesti,
 Che t'incresce alle Lodi il mio ritorno;
 Soffrilo in Pace, & pensa che già desti
 Prove ben degne in questo tuo Soggiorno.

¹ Hughes prints the two following paragraphs in *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, pp. 40-1.

Le Grazie tutte, e le Virtù s'uniro,
L'Onestade, la Gloria, e la Prudenza
Corona ti facian in nobil Giro.

Venere ti baciava, e la Sapienza
Attonita esclamò con un Sospiro
Qual Compagna or mi nasce in Competenza.

Some of the Company joked this Gentleman when present about his Age, & said we would all dine with *him* on *his* Birthday—To rid himself of their Importunity with Good humour, he run off the following Verses Impromptu.

Quando la Madre tua ti partorì
Mi dicea tante volte il buon Papà,
Ti diè la Vita, e poi se ne morì,
Caso, che in ver fece ad ognun Pietà—

Una Donna allor presi, e ti nutrì,
Colma ell' era di grazia e di Beltà,
Qual Figlio suo t'amava, ed ogni Di
La Pancia ti riempiva a Satietà.

Questo e quel che Sol di mia Vita Io sò,
Il Giorno che nascii chi sa qual è?
Cosa che duolmi quanto dir si può.

E ne sapete, Amici miei il Perchè?
Perche l'Onore io non mai averò
D'avervi tutti a desinar con me.

I¹ see the English Newspapers are full of gross Insolence to me; all burst out—as I guess'd it would—upon the Death of D^r Johnson. but M^r Boswell, (who I plainly see is the Authour)² should let the

¹ Hayward (i. 268–9) prints the remainder of this entry.

² A review of Thomas Tyers's *Biographical Sketch* (see above, p. 625) had appeared in *St. James's Chronicle* on January 8, 1785. The passage which gave her offence (a commentary on Tyers's assertion that 'Mrs. Thrale knew how to spread a table with utmost plenty and elegance') read as follows: 'All who are acquainted with this Lady's domestick History must know that, in the present Instance, Mr. Tyers's Praise of her is unluckily bestowed. Her Husband superintended every Dinner set before his Guests. After his Death she confessed her total Ignorance in culinary Arrangements. Poor Thrale studied an Art of which he loved the Produce, and to which he expired a Martyr. Johnson, repeatedly, and with all the Warmth of earnest Friendship, assured him he was *nimis edax rerum*, and that such unlimited Indulgence of his Palate would precipitate his End. Little did he think his Intemperance would have proved an Introduction to his Wife's Disgrace, by eventually raising an obscure and penniless Fiddler into sudden Wealth and awkward Notoriety.' Her reason for suspecting Boswell as the author was that on January 11 the same paper published a continuation of the anonymous review, which expatiated in glowing terms on the rumoured *Life* projected by Boswell, and upon Boswell's unrivalled opportunities and gifts as a biographer. It closed with another insult, this time veiled, to Mrs. Piozzi: 'One Caution, however, may be necessary even

Dead escape from his Malice at least. I feel more shocked at the Insults offered to Mr Thrale's Memory, than at those cast on Mr Piozzi's Person. My present Husband thank God is well, & happy; & able to defend himself: but dear Mr Thrale, that had

to Mr. Boswell. Let him not disgrace his Page by an implicit Adoption of such Narratives as are dictated by those who are intent only on procuring Celebrity to their own equivocal though boasted Friendship and Munificence, without too much Solicitude for the Cause of Truth, or the Memory of Johnson!' Boswell, highly gratified, replied in a signed letter, inquiring the name of the unknown puffer, which appeared in the *St. James's Chronicle* on January 18. Mrs. Piozzi, knowing Boswell's character, suspected him of being the author of all three, but she was wrong. Boswell's Diary (*Boswell Papers*, xvi. 72) reveals his bona fide ignorance. He wrote to Baldwin, the printer of the *Chronicle*, and discovered from him that George Steevens was the author. (For the origin of Steevens's enmity to her, see above, p. 122.) Her conviction of Boswell's perfidy caused her to retaliate, when shortly afterwards she wrote her *Anecdotes*, by the following passage, directly following Johnson's Latin epitaph on Mr. Thrale: 'Such was the Character of Henry Thrale, when given by Samuel Johnson. but what must be the Character of him, who in a Letter written to the Printer of the *St. James's Chronicle*—dated the 8th of January 1785 in order to distress the unoffending Survivor, dares even to deride the sacred Dead; and represent the greatest Writer of our Age and Nation, as a wretched Retailer of Latin Scraps, gather'd up to ridicule an Infirmary caused by his best Friend's Illness and ending in his Death. For this letter too Mr. Boswell is not ashamed I see to return his publick Thanks, accepting with apparent Pleasure the Praises of a Scribbler who delights in the Uneasiness that he can cause to a Family where Mr. Boswell never received anything but Civilities. Surely such Men make Aaron the Moor a Model for their Imitation. I hoped it was reserved for him alone to say:

"Oft have I digg'd up dead Men from their Graves,
And set them upright at their dear Friend's Doors,
Even when their sorrow was almost forgot;
And on their Skins as on the Bark of Trees,
Have with my Knife carved in Roman Letters,
Let not your Sorrows die tho' I be dead."

It is worth noting that she here conceals her darker suspicion of his responsibility for all three articles. Samuel Lysons, who was acting as her agent with Cadell, the publisher, saw this incendiary passage when the book was already printed, but before it was published, in March, 1786, and took alarm. He consulted with Sir Lucas Pepys, Bishop Hinchliffe, and Dr. Lort, and with their approval cancelled the passage, substituting for it an English translation of Johnson's epitaph, made for the occasion by Dr. Lort. In his letter of explanation and apology to Mrs. Piozzi, written on March 3 (*Ry. Eng. MS.* 552), Lysons justified his action on the grounds that 'in the Letter . . . of the 8th of July [January] in which *you* are so grossly insulted, not a syllable is mentioned of *Mr. Boswell*, and in that of the 11th of Jany. in which *Mr. Boswell* is so flatter'd, and for *which* of course he returns the letter of thanks of the 18th of Jany, *your* name is not mentioned, or alluded to, so that it is very probable that Mr. Boswell might never have seen the paper of the 8th. of Jany.' This was diplomatic, and true, and Mrs. Piozzi quickly saw the danger, if not the injustice, of basing a public attack on a mere inference. Consequently, she wrote on March 28 to Cadell, 'I hasten to tell you that I am perfectly pleased and contented with the alterations made by my worthy and amiable friends in the *Anecdotes of Johnson's Life*' (Hayward, i. 273-4). For a fuller account, see Mr. J. L. Clifford's 'The Printing of Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson*', *Rylands Library Bulletin*, vol. xx, to which I am indebted. The original MS. of her *Anecdotes*, in which the cancelled passage is written over and scratched out, is now in the Morgan Library. I have restored the illegible portions from *Notes and Queries*, 6th Ser., ii. 442, where the cancel as it stood in the original proof sheets is printed.

fostered these cursed Wits so long!—to be stung by their Malice even in the *Grave* is *too* Cruel.¹

Nor Church—nor *Church-Yards* from such Fops are free. Pope²

Milan. 10: Feb: 1785] I have seen a Play, & Opera acted by Fryars;—the Monks of St Victor: those who were not employed on the Stage play'd in the Orchestra, & those who did neither—entertain'd the Company: The Jokes were course, & trivial, & little capable of diverting any body but Babies, or Men who by a sort of Intellectual Castration contrive to perpetuate Childhood in order to preserve Innocence. The Devil, who is however continually on the Watch, prompts the Superiors to permit them this Amusement; & as no Women must be admitted to act with them on the Stage, they get Soprano Singers to represent the female Parts, and I saw *them* blush at the Freedoms used to them by the Fryars in tender Scenes.

I must acknowledge that the Tragic part was very touching, & affected me even to Tears: I was surprized likewise to see how well they understood those feelings of parental Fondness, from the Experience of which they were so completely excluded.

The Brothers who remain'd unemployed, & at leisure to chat with the Friends that came to the Show, resembled Welch Farmers exactly—with straight Hair, grave Deportment, & Countenances full of intelligent Slynness & arch Penetration—The Country People hereabouts all seem to have been transplanted from Merioneth, or Caernarvonshire; they like my Person, & fancy me some thing approaching to pretty—I dare say it is because I have the Welch Physiognomy so strongly marked in my Face & Features.—

The grossness of the Women's Behaviour both high & low shock[s] my English Maid & myself excessively—God keep our Consciousness of their Errors from blunting by frequent Observa-

¹ Boswell, though free of this charge, was guilty of a worse one, and Mrs. Piozzi was entirely correct in her assumption of his enmity. Eight days after Mr. Thrale's death, on April 12, 1781, he had written, in the company, and apparently with the sanction, of Reynolds, his scurrilous 'Ode by Dr. S. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale on their supposed approaching nuptials'. *Boswell Papers*, xiv. 196. He circulated it in MS., but did not publish it until 1788 (*ibid.* xvii. 109), with the date 1784 on the title-page. His reason for taking this belated stab at her was clearly the pique he had suffered from reading the *Letters to and from . . . Johnson*, and the exclusion therefrom of his own image. See the *Boswell Papers*, xvii. 74–6, 80, 84.

² 'No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,

Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard.'

Essay on Criticism, ll. 622–3.

tion—and God keep us likewise from condemning too hastily a Conduct to which we have no Temptation—I believe they have many.¹

25: Feb: 1785.] Young Bartolozzi² has been here in his way to England, he never saw M^r Piozzi look so well, or heard him sing so well in his Life he says; he will give a good Acc^t of us to the envious Italians resident in England; & I sent by him a little Box of Trash to please Susan & Sophy—if I *could* please 'em all I *would*; but 'tis better leave off trying, & only study to please him, with whom only, one is sure of succeeding by endeavour. let us obey God, & he will be pleased.—

27: Feb: 85.] I have seen or rather heard the *Passione* de Metastasio performed in S^t Celso's Church; it shocked me to see S^t Peter represented by a Castrato:³—but the Comte de Kinigl said it was happily imagined; for says he, they think of nothing else but castrating S^t Peter here: in Allusion to the Reformations or Innovations made in Religion by the Emperors,⁴ who throws down the Convents, & loosens the hard Knots which Divines have long tried in vain to untie—in an Instant.—

1: March 1785.] This Moment, on the Day of our tutelary Saint,⁵ my husband brings me a Copy of verses which he says he found on D^r Johnson's Picture this Morning—I cannot guess who wrote 'em: we have seen very few Englishmen here.

From Earth retir'd and all its empty Cares
In brighter Scenes my raptur'd Spirit shares,
The rich Rewards that here attend the Blest,
Their holy Transports, and their sainted Rest:
For this so long, in yon dim Spot confin'd,
I gave the noblest Efforts of my Mind:
Religion's, Truth's and Virtue's Cause sustain'd,
(For ne'er my Page licentious Folly stain'd.)
And in these blest Abodes my Thoughts embrace
With fond Affection still the human Race;
Still in my Breast its wonted Ardors glow,
And many a wish I frame for those below:
But chief for thee, fair Friendship's sacred flame,
By Death unquench'd, for ever burns the same.

¹ Her Italian Journal has an entry for the same date, in which many of these observations are duplicated.

² Gaetano Stefano Bartolozzi, engraver and musician, and son of the famous engraver, Francesco Bartolozzi. See above, p. 611, n. 1.

³ 'Tis Time to reform the Custom of suffering Castrati to take Holy Orders, & say Mass however: God has expressly said let no mutilated Man approach my Altar. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁴ Joseph II. Milan had belonged to Austria since the Peace of Utrecht, in 1713.

⁵ St. David, patron saint of Wales. See below, p. 634.

While to the British Muses lost too long,
 Far off you listen to Italian Song,
 Drooping their absent Patroness they mourn,
 And much they fear you never will return
 But not I trust with such supreme Delight,
 You hear some Hero panting for the Fight,
 Trill out his noble Rage and fierce Disdain,
 In the soft quavers of a Eunuch's Strain:
 For each just Claim allow'd to nice Virtù,
 Yet still methinks some small Regrets are due,
 To martyr'd Sense, 'mid Crowds exulting round,
 In solemn Pomp a Sacrifice to Sound.
 Nor can the Manners falsely call'd refin'd
 Obtain the Sanction of your chaster Mind;
 A British Female nurs'd in Virtue's Lore,
 And early taught her Maxims to adore;
 Beholds with Horror Hymen's sacred Tye
 By Interest form'd and broke by Gallantry.
 If then a once-lov'd Friend may dare advise,
 Short be thy Stay beneath those Southern Skies;
 Lo! Britain courts thee,—in thy native Isle
 The Virtues flourish, and the Graces smile;
 If Scenes Theatrick can thy Mind engage,
 There Shakespear's mighty Spirit fills the Stage:
 A Siddons there the captive Bosom thrills,
 To Pity melts us, or with Horror chills;
 Or there, if social Pleasures more invite,
 Free Converse offers unrestrain'd Delight.
 Unknown each foolish Prejudice that binds
 In other Countries, Subjugated Minds;
 The Spirit wide diffused of equal Laws,
 Exalts the humble, and the haughty awes:
 Thro' ev'ry Rank the liberal Flame is spread,
 And conscious Independence lifts her head;
 While honor'd Merit sees her crowded Court,
 Of Commoners and Lords the mix'd Resort;
 Yet—'ere you from Italian Plains depart,
 Go see the Monuments of ancient Art;
 Whate'er adorns fair Arno's flow'ry side,
 Or Tiber's Banks reflect with classic Pride;
 And all you see to judge what's good or fair,
 With the pure Models in your Breast compare.

Johnson.

I have this Instant heard they were written by a M^r Parsons¹ of the

¹ Later a member of the Della Cruscan group, in Florence, which printed the *Florence Miscellany*. See below, p. 643. The verses, entitled 'To Mrs. Piozzi, placed under a Print of Dr. Johnson in her Dining Room', were included in the *Miscellany*, appropriately revised to include a complimentary allusion to her *Anecdotes*, 'which now th' impatient World expects to see'.

Sussex Militia of whom I know little, except that he comes to our Concerts—I wrote the following simple Lines in Reply, but durst not send 'em for fear of their being seen in this Land of Power, and of Prejudice.

While Saints & Martyrs now once more we see
Fall daily by an *Emperor's Decree*:¹
Our David² safe on Britain's rocky Coast,
Of British Votaries makes his Honest Boast;
Pleased while so well you celebrate his Day,
Possess his Harp, and emulate his Lay.

The best Scraps of Wit & small Talk that I have picked up here at Milan are as follows—The Prince de Belgioioso d'Este appeared at the Court & Corso some Day of grand Gala last Week—in A fine Chariot which cost 2000^l English, besides Hussar, Running Footmen &c. to an immense Amount: I mentioned his Splendour with proper Surprize. *Già Già* replied the sarcastic Marchese d'Araciel: *L'Altezza hà fatta tutto quel che deve; e deve tutto quel che hà fatta ancora.*

Somebody praised a Soprano Singer; the Arch Duke³ asked Zingarelli what *he* thought of the Man. *Io penso* replies the Master, *che sia Nemico di Giove*; ma come mai? says the other. *Altezza Reale* answers Zingarelli again, *Giove tuona, ella sà; e questo Stuona.*

There was a Talk of a new Comedy in the little Theatre, but the Manager could not get it up on account of the Expence; and urged so many Reasons which the Authors Friends thought were dictated by mere covetousness, that one of them said *sapete far una Comedia senza spese verune?* No Signor; *facciamo dunque quella d'Adamo e d'Eva, così risparmierete li Abiti.* Ma lo Scandalo:—*Oibò! la faremo all' Oscuro, e così risparmierete anche i Lumi.*⁴ how severe!—

Apropós to the *Lumi* a Preacher here who was much followed for his Eloquence this Lent, was observing the necessity of good Works particularly Almsgiving before Death; for says he all the Ladies

¹ The present Emperor pulls down the Churches & Images of the old Saints which the Roman Emperors martyr'd. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

² St David is the tutelar Saint of Wales & this 1st of March is dedicated to him & observ'd in England as a Holyday. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

³ Ferdinand, Duke of Massa and Carrara (1754–1806), brother to the Emperor.

⁴ This story appears in *Letters to and from . . . Johnson* (ii. 234), dated February 16, 1782, and ostensibly written from Bath. She professes there to have got the story from 'our Italian friends', and adds, 'I dare say you have heard it from Sastres'. Since she obviously never heard it before her residence in Milan, it must be added to the other evidence of her tampering with the text of her published letters. See below, p. 711, n. 4. She tells the story again below, p. 660, where she names Abate Ravasi as her source.

that hear me prefer sending the Lights before their Coaches, to the less efficacious Method of carrying Flambeaux or Lanthorns behind 'em. *bisogna mandare i Lumi avanti, e così non s'intopperanno i Cavalli*. Well! all this was natural and proper enough one would think, and easily to be understood: but a Lady of the Congregation who had it seems long sighed for a Running Footman with Torches, as they use here; made this an Excuse, and insisted on her Husband's giving her the *Lumi avanti*: for said She the Preacher recommended them himself in the plainest Terms. This is the only Instance of Folly or Simplicity I have seen here, & is so unlike the rest that I am inclined to think She was *più Furba che Sciocca*, & meant to impose on her Husband instead of being imposed on herself.

The Emperor tears away their favourite *Funzioni* here with both hands to be sure, & sends the Church Plate to the Mint by Pounds—I wonder how 'twill end: the Priests lament aloud, the Nuns are driven *into* the Streets, & the Poor driven *out* of them.

Cesare o bene o male riforma tutto,¹

says a Line of a pretty Sonnet I cannot just now find. I said to Cardinal D'Orini who exclaimed against these Innovations & Violencies, by which his Fortune like that of many other Ecclesiastics had been impaired; that the Eagle had been always a Bird of Prey, & that *this* perhaps, having two Heads, eat double. His Eminence was delighted; but I am inclined to think 'tis dangerous to touch these truly revengeful Italians, and that some of them will make the Emperour repent his hasty Spirit of Reform.² The Arms of Milan being a *coil'd Serpent*, brought to my Mind the Omen in the 12th Book of Homers Iliad:³ the readier perhaps as it open'd naturally there when in a playful Humour I once tried to discover their Country's Fate by the *Sortes Homericæ*.

I have however no Care for the Event to be sure beyond Curiosity. May Heaven set me & my Husband safe away from Bigotry & Infidelity, from Wickedness and Rascality, and then—let the Viper & the Toad decide their Quarrel as they can.

All I ever heard, and much more than ever I heard concerning

¹ written by Abate Ravasi. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² Count Wiltseck is very civil to us—but very proud. his whole Business here seems to be that of depressing the old Italian Nobility of the Place:—he rather delights in patronizing *me* to spite *them*: these Austrian rulers are very tyrannical indeed. Count Kinigl another German Nobleman wants me to join in *downing* the old Court—but I won't. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ An eagle carrying a serpent is stung by it, and lets it drop. See *Iliad* xii. 201 ff.

the depraved Morals & confined Ideas of Religion reigning in this Country, are terribly true.¹ The *Cavalieri Serventi* are indispensable, and the whole Nation adapts itself with great Composure to a settled Scheme of Vice, a System of Adultery. I asked a very pretty Woman how *She* managed among them? She was the only Person who had venturd to chuse her own Partner, as all the others are disposed of in their Cradles; so I thought She might possibly remain true to her original Taste. “ “What can I do replied She but follow the Crowd? my Husband will not go out into Company with me, nor sit an Hour Tête a Tête with his Wife—lest *People should laugh at him*: I would not else attach myself to other Men, none of which I ever should prefer to *him*; but what must I do? it is the Custom to have a Cavalier Servente, & when a Woman has no Money of her own, & dares not ask her Husband—why he lends me you see, & so the Connection draws closer, & the Master of the House is more pleased than vexed when he sees me well-dress’d without any Expence of *his*.” ” but Good God interrupted I, what does the Confessor say to all this? is he contented too as well as the Husband? not very *contented* replied the Lady, who spoke all the Time what they call *strett Milanese*—but he is already *assuefàà*.²

This however will be observed is a picture of *high* Life only, but no Footman here is unmarried, and no Footman’s Wife other than a professed Harlot: which the Man recommends to his Master, & hopes for the Preference. I will add no more Stories of their Behaviour but one. a Coachman to a noble House had got a Wife he liked, so he kept her close, but as his Lord had heard of it, he bid him produce her: The Fellow said She was with Child, & sick, & dying, & every Excuse he could invent; till the Master resolv’d to

¹ I have now seen Castrated Priests officiate at the Altar—sure this Ceremony is borrowed from that of the Priests of Cybele

Matrisque Deūm Chorus intrat et ingens

Semivir obscaeno facies reverenda minori

Mollia qui rapta secuit genitalia testā &c.

Juvenal. Mrs. Piozzi.

See *Satires*, vi. 512–14.

² i.e. he is used to it. Mrs. Piozzi. The Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco, who reprinted portions of Mrs. Piozzi’s *Observations and Reflections* . . . under the title *Glimpses of Italian Society in the Eighteenth Century* (1892), states that all foreigners misinterpreted the *cavaliere servente* convention. The custom arose, says she, from the strict rule of Italian society that no woman could appear unaccompanied by a man in any public place, and the impossibility of any husband’s being able, ‘outside the honeymoon’, to dance such constant attendance. He therefore appointed a substitute, who performed ‘in nine cases out of ten the eminently unromantic cavalier servitude of fact. . . . There is little doubt that habit and opportunity did, now and then, prove too strong for the two individuals thrown so constantly together . . . but that such lapses represented the rule rather than the exception, is not borne out by either reason or record.’ Pp. 12–14.

punish such open Rebellion to Italian manners, & such a squeamish Refusal of those Honours other Servants here are proud of: so one Night when it snowed & rained in a dreadful way, he ordered the Coachman to put to—and after making himself be driven all round the Town, till the Wretch who sate on y^e Box was wet almost to the Bones; he went to his poor little Apartment, ravished the Wife, & left her Husband to enjoy the Feelings of his own Mind at the Door, during the Continuance of the Storm.

The Abate *Divecchio*¹ told me this Tale from his own Knowledge; & I think no one in the Company was shocked at it but myself.

Well! these are the Vices of hot Countries—& as such let 'em pass, for I hate General and indiscriminate Satire. but as M^r Nelson² observes no Man can alledge that he is born of a *Swearing* Constitution; and the Intercalations of these People are more horrible than Xtian Ears can endure with Patience: Blood of God! Body of the Lord Jesus! Father of Christ! are the common Exclamations even of the Clergy; & when I complained of it to Cardinal D'Orini, who praised me for setting a good Example here in Milan, where he wished me long to reside &c.—why says he I hope you will find matters mend a little at Rome—*quantunque il Santo Padre è un po' portato per tale Cosettine, come ancora Lambertini*³ *lo era per Porcheria*. so they call the grossest and most hateful Conversation. I⁴ told Piozzi the other day that I thought such a Person's⁵ Talk—naming him—was like nothing I had ever heard of but a Midwife's Evidence in England upon a Tryal in a Court of Justice.

¶ *Shall I not be revenged on such a Nation as this?* as says the Prophet of the Lord. but indeed Vengeance is coming on them with hasty Strides; I hope I shall have Time to view the Monuments of ancient & Modern Art before they are all destroyed by the Judgments of an incensed Creator, & then retire with my virtuous Husband untainted by their Crimes, to *Some* Corner of the Earth:—*any* Corner, where Christianity is tolerated in a purified State; and Moral Virtue is not become ridiculous. I have always been partial to *Peter* as elder Brother, tho' I acknowledge him neither for Padre

¹ Don Angelo Divecchio is a sensible Man & a Gentlemanlike Scholar; his Manners resemble those of a Cambridge Student who has caught something of the Ton in London, & is always afraid of betraying the College Rust: somewhat too affected, but a very thinking Man, & void of vulgar Prejudices without being loosely principled. he is *not* an Ecclesiastic. *Mrs. Piozzi*. ² Robert Nelson, *A Companion for the Festivals and Fasts of the English Church*.

³ Pope Benedict XIV, who died in 1758.

⁴ The rest of this entry is printed in Hughes's *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, pp. 41–2.

⁵ It was Senator Morosini. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

nor Monsignore: but I shall now be a follower of dear *Martin* as much from preference as from being born and educated where his Heaven-dictated Reformation is the established Church. These People by treating my notions as Heretical, have made me a *Protestant* in despite of myself; who always used to say that tho' I dissented from the Romish Church, I did not *protest* against it: but when they *profess* to worship *Man* instead of God, 'tis Time to protest against such gross Impiety. No Sir said I to a Priest t'other day, you do not pay *divine Honours* either to Saints or Angels—you *respect* them. On the contrary Mad^m replied he *We adore them*; and so we do the *Pope*; and it is Heresy to oppose that Adoration.

Here I finished, & resolved never to speak to them upon that Subject more—Could I but separate my Piozzi from these *Goats*!¹

Milan 30. March 1785.] On Monday next we leave Milano:² Oh Lord protect us, and place us in some State of Safety for our Immortal Souls!

Milan Casa Fedele 27: June 1786.] By the Permission & with the Protection of Heaven, here are we returned after a Tour all over Italy: I have now as my Countryman Howell says, seen Venice the rich, and Florence the fair; Padua the learned & Bologna the fat:³ examined Rome's artificial & Naples's natural Rareties, I have lived much among the English who travel, & more among the Italians who stay at home; I have been diverted with Folly, & shocked by Vice, pained by Incredulity, and sicken'd with silly Implicitness of Belief. entertained extremely well upon the whole though, and en-

¹ The Blessing of y^e Fields practised here is apparently taken from the old Custom in pagan Rome, where a Fraternity called *Fratres Arvales* went about to scatter Holy Water at the Boundaries, in honour of Ceres towards the latter Times; but y^e Superstition originally begun in Policy, to please Romulus with venerating the Field where he was found, & carried to his Peasant Nurse *Acca Laurentia* I believe Mrs. Piozzi.

² The current volume of *Thraliana* was left in Milan, but the gap between this entry and the next is filled in by her Italian Journal (see above, p. 613, n. 1). They left on April 6, going by Lodi, Cremona, and Mantua to Verona, where they arrived on April 11. They reached Vicenza the next day, and on the 13th proceeded to Padua. From Padua they sailed down the Brenta to Venice, where they spent five weeks, returning to Padua on May 21. On May 25 they started towards Florence, via Bologna. There they stayed from June 15 to September 12, when they went on to Lucca and Pisa. Shortly before September 20 they took a brief trip to Leghorn, where she had her *Anecdotes of Johnson* transcribed for the press, and sent it to England. They then returned to Pisa. On October 17 they went to Siena, and thence to Rome, arriving on the 24th. At an unspecified date, before January 17, 1786, they went on to Naples, where they stayed until February 22, then returned, via Terracina, to Rome, reaching it on February 27. On April 19 they left for the north, arriving at Bologna on the 27th, and staying there until May 2. They then continued to Ferrara, revisited Padua, and went on to Venice, leaving it on June 10 for Padua again, and from thence returned to Milan, by Verona, Mantua, Parma, Piacenza, and Lodi. They were back in Milan on June 21. Ry. Eng. MS. 618.

³ James Howell, *Epistolæ Ho-eliæ*, Pt. 1, Letter 42.

riched with many new Ideas, among which those excited by Vesuvius Pompeia &c. will be the last to forsake me. The Works of Man may be great & lovely: Apollo de Belvedere however, or Venus de Medici soon fade from one's Remembrance, & leave the Cascade of Terni, and Gloom of Pozzuoli indelibly impressed. Of all I have seen—Venice¹ most pleased, & Naples most astonished me: Rome is dazzling without Sublimity in its *Materiale*, and Splendid without being Majestic in its Religious Functions. Gold & Glare, Pomp & Pageantry soon sicken the Observers of Life & Manners, who seek for Images that will not tarnish, and Truths which will never decay. Such² Happiness had I once in the Company of dear Doctor Johnson, whose Knowledge of the World I now find to have been nearly intuitive, excepting only that he never could persuade himself to think Mankind as wicked as I have since found them to be. The Anecdotes of his Life³ written by me in various parts of Italy—begun here at Milan, continued at Florence & finished at Leghorn, met I understand with an extremely favourable Reception in England;⁴ so I ought to be thankful, & in good humour with my own Country now—for every Reason. Indeed comparing it with others, one must allow it a gainer; for tho' vicious enough God knows—our People do not run after each other with unbridled Licentiousness as the Venetians make no scruple of doing

¹ I liked Mr Piozzi's Brother whom I saw at Venice excessively: he is the very Image of my Husband, but it seems the Father & Sister are still more so; I shall for ever love all who love & who resemble him. They all treat me with much respectful Affection. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Piozzi, as is shown by his will (*Ry. Charter* 1249), had at least three brothers alive at this time, Giambattista and P. Luigi, who survived him, and another, whose name I have not recovered, who died in 1806 (see below, p. 1080). The reference here is to Giambattista, his favourite brother, whose son, John Salusbury, he later adopted. See below, p. 984. The will names four sisters, Maria and Laura, unmarried, Madalena [Tamotti], and Ippolita, a widow. Some of the family, at the time of the drawing up of the will, were living in Brescia, and the rest in 'Quinzano near Brescia'. *Mrs. Piozzi* says elsewhere that her husband was originally one of fourteen children. *Hayward*, ii. 51.

² The rest of this paragraph and the next are printed, with omissions, in *Hughes's Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, pp. 42–3.

³ For a discussion of the composition of her *Anecdotes* see the Introduction, pp. xvi–xxvi. The book was published on Saturday, March 25, and, as is well known, sold so rapidly that the first edition, of a thousand copies, was exhausted before nightfall. It went into a second edition on April 5, a third on April 11, and a fourth on May 5. For a full account of its printing see J. L. Clifford's article, in *Rylands Library Bulletin*, vol. xx. R. B. Adam's *Catalogue* (iii. 239) prints the original booksellers' agreement, dated March 25, 1786, for the terms of sale: 'proposed at 3/0—kept at 3/3—sells for 4/0 in boards.'

⁴ My Letters from England have been much more agreeable since the Publication, but that does not make me love the Writers any better—*One knows the Reason of their present Civility too well*. One lives on to love every body and every thing less & less I think—and to see that they less & less deserve one's Attachment; The Abate Bianconi says, nothing will do but Study—he is right enough. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

—passing their Time like Silk-Worms in the last Stage of Existence when become Butterflies they forbear to eat drink or sleep, & think only of leaving Successors behind 'em.—Our People of Fashion do not rob, nor our Robbers acknowledge themselves such without a Blush, like the Inhabitants of Milan or Ancona; our *Beckfords* & *Bickerstaffs*¹ too run away at least from the original Theatre of their Crimes, & do not keep their Male Mistresses in Triumph like the Roman Priests & Princes. This Italy is indeed a Sink of Sin; and whoever lives long in it, *must* be a little tainted. Our young English for that Reason run to Switzerland from hence with haste, where morality is I believe substituted for Religious Belief, to as great a Degree (or I fancy so;) as the External Rites of Worship here are supposed a complete Compensation for the utter Absence of all moral Virtue, & all Sense of honor.

England certainly does keep the Golden Mean; and though wickeder than one would wish it, & more defective both in Faith & Works—I verily do believe it is the *best* part of Europe to live in, for almost every Reason.

I have made no Friendships except with Mr^s Greatheed & her Husband² whom I like exceedingly, & one Family at Venice where I loved the Mistress of the House sincerely—*All* the other English I have seen, disgusted me for one Reason or another; except perhaps Mr Merry,³ who we saw a good deal of at Florence—and the Italians grossness of Conversation is still *very* offensive & nauseous, tho' so long accustomed to it. I do not like however to let my Husband *see* the Defects of my Country folks, a Partiality they in some measure deserve; for not one of 'em has ever failed to desire & promote our mutual Happiness, by saying & doing every thing possible to keep us high in reciprocal good Opinion—which the Italians seem in the same Degree desirous to lessen, & to dwell when in Company of the one upon the Defects of the Partner as far as the Customs of the World will admit, so as to encourage & foment a Dissolution of that conjugal Felicity which they who never felt, cannot forbear to envy.—

When I was at the Bagni di Pisa⁴ among the Appenines & at the

¹ Both accused of unnatural vice. Bickerstaffe was an Irish playwright, and Beckford, the celebrated author of *Vathek* and builder of Fonthill.

² Anne Greatheed, and her husband, Bertie Greatheed, of Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire, one of the Della Cruscan group whom she had met at Florence, and with whom she had collaborated in the *Florence Miscellany*. See below, p. 643, & n. 3.

³ Robert Merry, who called himself 'Della Crusca', and from whom the Della Cruscan coterie took its name.

⁴In September and October 1785. Italian Journal, *Ry. Eng. MS.* 618.

foot of St Juliano's Craggs which I so delighted in; climbing to gather that sweet Myrtle we used to burn for Perfume to destroy the Animals that pestered us; I made the following Verses, of which having given away some Copies & lost others, I have now no Paper to write them out from. We called it I remember however

An Ode to Society.

I.

Society! gregarious Dame!
 Who knows thy favour'd Haunts to name?
 Whether at Paris you prepare
 The Supper and the Chat to share;
 Where fix'd in artificial Row
 Laughter displays his Teeth of Snow;
 Grimace with Raillery rejoices,
 And Song of many-mingled Voices;
 Till young Coquetry's artful Wile
 Some foreign Novice shall beguile,
 Who home return'd still prates of thee,
 Light, flippant, French Society.

2.

Or whether with your Zone unbound
 You ramble gaudy Venice round,
 Resolv'd th' inviting Sweets to prove
 Of wanton Mirth and willing Love,
 Where gently roll th' obedient Seas
 Sacred to Luxury and Ease.
 In Coffee house or Casino gay
 Till the too quick return of Day,
 Th' enchanted Votary who sighs
 For Sentiments without Disguise
 Clear, unaffected, fond and free,
 In Venice finds Society.

3.

Or if to wiser Britain led,
 Your vagrant Feet desire to tread
 With measur'd Step and anxious Care
 The Precincts pure of Portman Square;
 While Wit with Elegance combin'd,
 And polish'd Manners there you'll find, }
 The Taste correct, and fertile Mind, }
 Remember Vigilance lurks near,
 And Silence with unnotic'd Sneer,
 Who watches but to tell again
 Your Foibles with tomorrow's Pen,
 Till tittering Malice smiles to see
 Your Wonder—grave Society!

4.

Far from your busy, crowded Court
 Tranquillity makes her Resort,
 Where mid cold Staffa's Columns rude
 Besides majestick Solitude;
 Or where in some sad Brachman's Cell
 Meek Innocence delights to dwell,
 Weeping with inexperience'd Eye
 The Fate of a departed Fly:
 Or in *Hetraria's* Heights sublime,
 Where Science self might fear to climb,
 But that She seeks a Smile from thee
 And woos thy Praise **Society**.

5.

Thence let me view the Plains below
 From rough St Julian's rugged Brow;
 Hear the loud Torrents swift descending
 Or watch the beauteous Rainbow bending,
 Till Heaven regains its favourite hue,
 Æther divine! Celestial Blue!
 Then bosom'd high in Myrtle Bow'r,
 View letter'd Pisa's pendent Tow'r;
 The Sea's wide Scene, the Port's loud Throng,
 Of Rude and Gentle, Right & Wrong—
 A Motley Groupe! which yet agree
 To call themselves **Society**.

6.

Oh Thou! still sought by Wealth and Fame,
 Dispenser of Applause or Blame!
 While Slander ever at thy Side
 With Flattery can thy Smiles divide,
 Far from thy Haunts Oh let me stray,
 But grant *one Friend* to chear my Way:
 Whose Converse bland, whose Musick's Art,
 May sooth my Soul—& heal my Heart;
 Let soft Content our Steps pursue,
 And Bliss Eternal bound our View—
 Pow'r I'll resign, and Pomp, and Glee,
 Thy best-lov'd Sweets—**Society**.

These Verses were written in a State of complete Solitude, for I never saw a Place more secluded from the Hum of Men than our little Habitation was at the Bagni di Pisa; it was very delightful to me to have a Cottage in the Country after running from one great Town to another for so many long Months pass'd in France & Italy; I therefore call'd the Chickens under my Window, tasted the new Wine in the Barrel, caress'd the meek Oxen w^{ch} do all the

Work in these Countries, and felt a Sensation of Pleasure so unaffected, that I soon began to teize M^r Piozzi to stay here till quite dead Winter at least, & not go on to Rome as we proposed, when we parted with the Greatheeds, M^r Parsons &c at Florence.—A furious Storm¹ however of such Thunder & Lightning as English Eyes & Ears seldom have experienced; a strong Shock of an Earthquake, and a new Discovery, that our House was haunted by every noisome Beast; make me sick of the Appenines & tasteless to the Joys of that fine Cold Bath, of w^{ch} I fondly hoped never to be weary. No sooner too did I breathe a Wish to be gone, but My Husband's Illness² obliged me to stay where there was no Physician, no Conveniencies, no Eateables hardly—Such are one's hopes of Happiness in this World! The little printed Book compiled during our Stay in Tuscany, and called by us the Florence Miscellany³ contains all the Scraps I could write or gather for the Diversion of my Coadjutors, who would worry me out of a Preface, a Motto, and some Verses⁴ for their little Collection so I will not here write out the Translation

¹ On October 8, 1785. Italian Journal, Ry. Eng. MS. 618.

² Fever and sore throat. Ibid.

³ Printed privately, at Florence, in November 1785. The group, consisting originally of Mr. and Mrs. Greatheed, Mr. Parsons, Mr. Biddulph, Mr. Merry, Lord Pembroke, and the Piozzis, met at the English pension of Mr. Meghitt. They soon formed a coterie, dining together each day either in the Piozzis' or the Greatheeds' apartments. Later they moved to another hotel, after Merry was threatened with arrest by Meghitt. *Mainwaring Piozziana*, ii. 50–2. The coterie grew to include the Italians, Doctor Lorenzo Pignotti, Abate Parini, Count Angelo d'Elci, and Marquis Ippolito Pindemonte, all of whom contributed to the *Miscellany*. The English contributions, according to the Table of Contents, were written by Mrs. Piozzi, Greatheed, Merry, and Parsons. Mrs. Piozzi seems to have been unaware of the literary and political significance of the coterie, and of its modest publication. Robert Merry, a grandson of Chief Justice Sir John Willes, was already a young man with liberal political ideas when he went to Italy in 1784, and there threw himself into the cause of down-trodden Italian patriotism. The Grand Duke, Leopold, had abolished the famous Accademia della Crusca on July 7, 1783, because of its espousal of Italian freedom and Italian letters, and had established in its stead the Accademia Fiorentina, under his own control. Merry accepted membership in the new Academy, with the purpose of aiding the Italian cause from within. It was with this purpose that he formed his own English coterie, and many of the poems in the *Florence Miscellany* bear witness to the indignation which their authors felt for the muzzling of the Italian muse. All of the Italians associated with the group were distinguished poets, who had the cause of Italian culture and nationalism at heart. Merry's later adoption of the pseudonym 'Della Crusca' (see below, p. 714, n. 3) was an acknowledgement of his sympathy with their cause. See Roderick Marshall's *Italy in English Literature, 1751–1815* (1934), pp. 174–200.

⁴ Mrs. Piozzi's contributions to the *Miscellany*, according to its Table of Contents, were ten in number: the *Preface* (in which she says: 'Why we wrote the verses may be easily explain'd, we wrote them to divert ourselves, and to say kind things of each other'), pp. 5–6; *Translation* (of Pindemonte's *Hymn of Calliope*, which precedes it), pp. 19–23; *To W^m Parsons Esq^r*, pp. 43–4; *Imitation of the Foregoing Sonnet on an Air Balloon* (by Abate Parini), p. 59; [*Enigma*] *Imitated*, p. 60; [*Arietta*] *Imitated*, p. 61; *Translation of an Italian Sonnet upon an English Watch*, p. 62; *Song*, pp. 92–3; *La Partenza*, pp. 209–11; *Conclusion*, p. 217.

of Pindemonts Ode which will be better preserved in our little joint Volume. At Rome Mr Parsons printed some pretty Verses of his writing, and at Naples I was again seduced to *try my simple Skill*¹ as Pyramus says in the Midsummer Night's Dream. Mr Chappelow² who knows what Poetry is & should be—well enough—liked them violently, but I gave him no Copy. before I write them out³ let me record a little Epigram given me by Artizza: *Anselmo* Artizza as I recollect; an agreeable Benedictine Fryar at Rome. belonging to St Paul's.

Redde Aquilam Cesari, Francorum lilia Regi,
Sydera redde polo, cætera Brasche tibi.⁴

The Fryar who gave me this Jeu d'Esprit is an accomplish'd Gentleman of Ragusa whose Acc^t of Turkish Manners made his Company very pleasing to me: I met a young Englishman too whose Name I have forgotten, y^t told me some curious particulars of the new Prophet's⁵ Success against the Ottoman Troops, which lay down their Arms at his Approach, considering him as invulnerable by what I can gather—& all Resistance hopeless.—This Youth has travelled much thro' Egypt, and Barbary, & seems not at all to have mispent his Time; I was sorry to hear him lament that Mr Coxe⁶ had treated him capriciously, I hope it was not Pride but Ill health that made him behave with unmerited Insolence to a Man who as far as I saw of him deserved Praise rather than Contempt. Mr Coxe is the only Man I have seen since I left London

¹ 'To show our simple skill.' *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. i. 110. The speaker is Quince, the Prologue.

² Mr Chappelow gave me this pretty Translation of the Lines under a French Print representing Skaiters.

Pleasure's slippery Paths when Adventurers try,
As on Ice if they cautiously go;
Gliding on every Moment they'll happily fly
From the Gulph of Destruction below. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

The Rev. Leonard Chappelow of Roydon, near Diss, Norfolk, was an amateur botanist and poet, and friend and correspondent of the Ladies of Llangollen. The Piozzis made his acquaintance on their tour (see below, p. 958).

³ See below, pp. 651–3.

⁴ The arms of the present Pope are an *Eagle*, some *Stars*, three *Lilies* and a *Wind*. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

⁵ Sheik Manseer, an Arabian so-called prophet, who had appeared in upper Asia and gained a great following, supported by a Mohammedan tradition that a new prophet was to appear when the world drew to its close. *Gent. Mag.* lv. 999.

⁶ A letter from Charlotte Lewis, written on September 10, 1785, makes clear that this was Mr. George Coxe ('good natured George Coxe I love dearly'). *Ry. Eng. MS.* 556. Her later commonplace book, 'Minced Meat for Pyes', calls him a brother of the Russian traveller (William Coxe). Peter Coxe was a third brother, according to the statement above, p. 518, n. 1.

whom I ever saw before—except the Duke of Cumberland.—Oh Yes! I just saw the Whalleys¹ at Venice one Day.²

Here is a common Italian Expression used chiefly at Rome I think, of which nobody seems to have found the original meaning: by the way of saying they live particularly well & even splendidly at such a Place they say *Stò pur in Appolline*. Quere whether this don't come from the famous Story of Pompey & his Friend going to see Lucullus in hopes of finding a mere family dinner, and being treated with uncommon Magnificence w^{ch} when they enquired the Clue to (as he was alone:) were told that there were Dinners of appointed Expence to ev'ry appointed Dining Room, and he ordered them that day to prepare the Table in the *Apollo* o' purpose to make them Stare.

I think I have found out too the Derivation of Punchinello by living long at Naples—his original Kingdom: The Mask he appears in is exactly cut & colored so as to resemble a *Flea*, with Hook Nose, & wrinkles like the elastic Body of that Animal; his Employment is to skip and jump about like that Creature wth which they Neapolitans are particularly intimate, & his real Name however we may corrupt it, is *Pulicinello* a little Flea.³

Among my rare and notable Discoveries—such as Theobald's Notes on Shakespear are composed of—is y^s that the Word *Godinette* in French signifying a Fille de Joye, comes from the Italian *godere* to enjoy and *Godimento* Enjoyment—Monsieur Charpentier need not if he had thought of that, so fretted that he could not find out the Etymology.⁴

There is another Mistake in the *Carpentariana*;⁵ where he speaks of the Contention between Carracci's⁶ two Scholars, which their Master sent for an old Woman to decide. Mons^r Charpentier says

¹ The Rev. Thomas Sedgwick Whalley, prebendary of Wells, poet, traveller, and exquisite, and his wife, Eliza, who was a cousin to Mrs. Piozzi's friend, Sophia Weston. She had known Mr. Whalley at Bath. See D'Arblay, *Diary*, i. 328.

² Oh if one could live *alone* in Italy—who w^d ever leave it? not H: L: P. God knows. but these Priests do so buz about my Husband, & so try to make him hate me for a Heretic—it is very dangerous to stay.

I am *sure* the *very good* ones among 'em would not scruple putting a cunning Country woman of their own about him, to get him *from me*. Mrs. Piozzi.

³ According to the *O.E.D.*, it is variously supposed to be derived from Puccio d'Aniello, whose features were used as a model for this puppet, and from *pulcina* (chicken), or *pollicena* (young turkey-cock), to which the mask bears a resemblance.

⁴ In *Carpenteriana* (1724), p. 164. Charpentier himself suggests the derivation from *L. gaudere*. 'Godinette' is obsolete in French.

⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 223-4.

⁶ One of the three Carracci, who founded the Bologna school.

the Dispute was between Domenichino¹ & *Albano*²—who painted the Martyrdom of S^t Andrew a *Gara* as the Italians call it. I have however seen the Pictures, & heard the Story told in the Cappella St. Gregorio at Rome; where Domenichino has chosen the Moment of Flagellation and Guido³ his Rival—not *Albano*—has represented him contemplating that Cross at a Distance on which he was soon to suffer.

Every single Figure is best express'd by Guido I think, but the other seizes one's Attention by the general Result, & leaves no Pause from Admiration of the *tout ensemble* to look for particular Faults. Albano had more Sense than dispute the Prize in such a Composition with Domenichino and so the old Woman would have known tho' M^r Charpentier did not: besides She was probably the *Donna di Gros* or *Vecchia* of the Family, as a House Maid all over Italy is regularly called; & had been I suppose consulted a Hundred Times by the Members of the Academy—for 'tis impossible to imagine with what Familiarity these proudest of all Mortals live with their Servants, & how completely those Servants are their Equals here, except in point of Birth; by which alone the Masters hope or even *desire* to feel superiority. The *Vecchia's* Answer was admirable to be sure⁴—but they all give such Answers here every day.

My next piece of conjectural Criticism⁵ is concerning *Guercino's* Name, which was derived from his squinting; but tho' I never heard that Reason given, my Fancy always was struck by the peculiar manner in w^{ch} the Light falls on his heavenly Pictures:—& casting about I began to have a Notion that he Squinted. at Cento therefore the Place of his Nativity I made enquiry about his real Name to which I was soon pointed out a *profane* Allusion as *we* think, a respectful one as *Guercino* fancied, in the Church [call'd]⁶

*Giovanni Francesco Barbieri*⁷ is curiously represented by S^t John the Divine, S^t Francis so justly fam'd, and the Eternal Father himself with a long Beard—in good Time! to make us understand that it means *Barbieri*. Surely these People are still in a State of Babyhood,

¹ Or Dominic Zampieri.

² Giovanni Battista Albano.

³ Guido Reni.

⁴ In the story, the old woman 's'arrêta fort long-tems a raisonner . . . devant le tableau du Dominiquain, et . . . ensuite passa devant celui de l'Albano, sans rien dire'.

⁵ I have likewise found out why we call the great Flow'r whose botanical Name I forget,—Queen Margate. Margherita is a Daisie in Italian, & this is the Queen of the Daisies. This Stuff is almost as good as Theobalds Notes on Shakespear!!!—The Shoes of the modern Romans resemble those of the ancient ones exactly, I've a notion; Persius mentions his Ploughman thus, *Peronatus arator*: & one sees the few fellows who do work in the Fields near Rome, dress'd just so about the Feet now. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See Persius, *Satires*, v. 103.

⁶ The word is erased, and the name left blank.

⁷ *Guercino's* real name.

like the little Children of Lady Clive who were whipt severely by their Governess for playing at *Father Son & Holy Ghost* as they said—sitting up on three Chairs with solemn Countenances to impress their own Minds with the Notions they had formed of the incomprehensible & mysterious Trinity.—let us remember tho' that the eldest of *them* was but six years old, the youngest only four, when they were caught in this Folly. Our Italians do little better & wiser for ought I see all Day long.—

I have mentioned my Conjecture in another Place of the beardless Jupiter being worshipt at *Terracina*, and my Notion that the Reason *Anxur* is both masculine & Neuter may be justly drawn from that particular Statue and the Honours paid to it—See the Line in *Propria quæ maribus*—

Et genus Anxur quod dat utrumque.¹

What has been already observed in this Farrago concerning a Spread Eagle is all false I believe: see Page 154.² The Truth is when the Roman Empire was divided—they *split the Eagle*, and made one Head look towards the East, & one towards the West: it is on this Principle that the Present Sovereign of Germany retains the Spread Eagle for his Arms, & is called Cesare by his Milanese Subjects almost constantly.—

The Antiquity which pleased me best at Rome was the great Egyptian Pillar, which lies down in an unfrequented Place, of which I have forgotten the Name, & It don't signify; the Column by our best Calculations was built and ornamented as we now see it with no very uncouth Figures of simple & even complicated Animals, in the 3^d or 4th Century after the universal Deluge:³ but that Word is wholly out of use now; the modern Philosophy holds the Eternity of the Earth, or at least an Antiquity of 50,000 Years; & Mr Byers⁴ gets thirty Zecchines apiece for his Infidel Lectures from all the English who travel thro' Rome; I can get such large Doses of the same course Commodity cheaper, that I disposed my Husband not to purchase any of Scotch Manufacture.

¹ From the table of genders in the Eton Latin Grammar. See above, p. 59, n. 4. *Anxur* was the Volscian name for the city, Tarracina the Roman.

² Above, p. 575.

³ If we are contented to believe his Word who made the World,—'tis certain that 2348 years before X^t came to redeem it, the Deluge was sent to destroy y^e impenitent Sinners & baptize by a Flood of Water y^e Survivors to a new & better Life. 140 Years after y^t the Kingdom of Egypt was founded; & why in 200 more this Pillar might not be built—I cannot see, The Preservation of it is the wonder *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁴ James Byers, of Aberdeenshire, an antiquarian who lived for forty years in Rome.

The best Effort to commemorate sacred Seasons, & excite temporary Devotion at Rome, or indeed any where else that I ever saw, was the Illuminated Cross on the Night of Good Fryday in St Peter's Church; where its Effect on the Architecture is very powerful indeed; and raises such sublime Images in the Soul, that I have never felt any thing to equal: being obliged to go in Company takes off an infinite deal of one's Sensation, and turns the Mind into another Channel disagreeably enough; but where there is a Thing to be seen, every body will naturally go see it and that which was intended to impress one with Sentiments of Sadness, Gratitude, or Wonder—ends in being *a Show*: where the remarks of one Acquaintance, the behaviour of another, the utter Insensibility of a third perhaps, seizes one's Attention; & leaves too little to the Object meant (and very wisely too) wholly to possess one.

Every thing done by mere Man however—*might* be done better always; and I fancied this Cross would be sublimer still, depending from the high Top of the Domo di Milano, or the gloomy Cathedral of Exeter, and why it should not be received into either I cannot guess.—We protest against the power of the Pope, not against the Cross of Jesus Christ I suppose, and God knows there is need enough to endeavour at exciting Devotion now by every lawful Method. The manner of the Romanists however hanging their Churches with red Damask, & making Musick in a regular Orchestra there—is a despicable Effort—and defeats its own purpose completely, by turning the house of God into a Theatre, where Lords & Ladies meet, chat, & mingle pretended Piety with casual Conversation: while the Holy Sacrament is hourly expos'd to Insult and Irreverence, and the Attention is divided or more properly suspended between Heaven and Earth like the Prophets Tomb we read of.

The best Thing I saw at Rome for the Improvement of Civil and Social Life was the School of Abate Sylvester, who teaches Deaf & Dumb people to speak, read, & cast Accounts—and gives them likewise the Principles of Logic, and instructs them in the Mysteries of Religion: I am not naturally credulous, nor apt to take payment in Words for meaning; so I can only say they *appeared* to have learnt a great deal: that Appearance is itself so difficult to obtain, the Patience required from the Master so prodigious, & the Good he is doing so extensive that I would not offensively try to detect the difference between *knowing* an Argument or Syllogisme—and *appearing* to know it.

Did ever anybody yet see a Person qualified either by Braidwood¹ of Edinburgh, Mr L'Epeè of Paris, or this good Roman Abate Silvester for the Duties of Society I wonder! did ever Man keep a deaf & dumb Servant or Apprentice? or did ever any arrive at the Power of making a Manteau or a Pair of Shoes,—I am afraid not.

Milan 30: June 1786.] The Emperor is going (as People say) to build a Protestant Church here, and the Prince of Wales (as People say) is already married to a Roman Catholick Lady:² surely the Wall which has parted our Churches so long, is breaking down on every side at last: a Jewish Rabbi of great Eminence is turned Xtian too in our Country, the English Newspapers say—Hasten the Time Oh Lord! I beseech thee, when we shall all become one Fold under one Shepherd. Amen.³

The World begins to be wiser if not better than it was, that's certain; we do not now think we are promoting our Salvation by struggling about the Colour of a Priest's Cope or Gown; till Lives are lost, and Fortunes confiscated for the sake of so glorious a Contention: the old Scholiasts disputes however about Grace, Free Will, & Predestination are now revived wth prodigious Acrimony at Pavia, which greatly amazes me:—& there is Talk how true I know not, of y^e old Nestorian Heresy being revived under the Emperors Sanction, who wishes to call the Blessed Virgin in the Ave Marias thro' his Dominions, Mater Christi, instead of Mater Dei: see now how curiously the Devil deceives his Votaries! for if She was Mother of Christ, She was Mother of God too: as God & Man make one X^t I only wish his imperial Majesty would think a Moment whether the late Empress Queen Maria Theresa was Mother to the *Emperor himself*, or only to *Joseph the Second*. such Sophistry is below a School Boy, and much unworthy even of Refutation: but it shews one the Heart of the Man.

They say too, but I hope without Reason; that he means to change the words of the Lord's Prayer, and instead of *Our Father*

¹ Thomas Braidwood's school for deaf-mutes, in Edinburgh, was the first of its kind. Dr. Johnson visited it on his Scotch tour. *Life*, v. 399, 574. The Abbé de l'Épée's school was also for deaf-mutes.

² The notorious Mrs. Fitzherbert. She was Maria Anne Smythe, and had married, first, Edward Weld of Lulworth Castle, and, second, Thomas Fitzherbert of Swynnerton. He died in 1781, and she then married George, Prince of Wales, in December, 1785, and lived with him intermittently until 1803.

³ Perhaps the Time *is* coming—but the Romanists say no Woman is to bring a Child for seven Years before the World ends—I cannot find the ground of this Fancy—tis new to me—& at least better than many of their unfounded Fancies. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

which art in Heaven to make his Subjects repeat it—Our Father which art every where.—

I did hear that some Wag had written in Consequence of this piece of Information, the following Sentence on the Door of a Madhouse in Vienna.

Josephus ubique Secundus,—hic primus.

I have not found quite as much rank Idolatry in Italy as I expected—The worst Shock was given to my Blood by seeing the Pope kiss St Peter's Statue on the Foot with fervent Devotion; and that not quite for Ceremony's Sake I think, but *tout de bon* as the French say—what could the Man think he was doing? At Padua I saw People fairly adore St Antonio to be sure, and that in the grossest Manner: but kneeling when Reliques are exposed to View is not positive & certain Idolatry: those who at the Moment a dead Martyr's robe or other Remains are shewn them, beg of God grace to follow his example should the Occasion present itself, are doing no Harm in the World;—yet I do not praise the Church which permits their Exposure, without a Sermon preached to explain their use; because vulgar minds are easily misled to substitute the Creature for the Creator, w^{ch} is the definition of Idolatrous Worship.

Altho' the Roman Abate settled here at Milan told me so flatly that they adored the Pope, & that it was the indispensable duty of a Catholick so to do—I saw no adoring of the Man: People knelt to him as before a Sovereign Prince, and beg'd his Blessing as a venerable old Bishop, but tho' they carried him about on their Shoulders on solemn Days with much silly Ostentation, & no small degree of Profaneness—painting or embroidering the *Dove & Glory* on His Chair:—yet I thank God I saw nobody mad enough to worship him neither.¹

Nothing is either as good or as bad as one *hears* it is.

When I arrived at Naples there was luckily an Eruption of the neighbouring Mountain;² nor have I ever yet seen anything which rival'd the first Sight of Vesuvius for Interest or general Effect. it Looked like a Ladder of Fire from Capua; but as one drew nearer, & observed the Bend of the Torrent, I soon discerned its resemblance to all the Views one sees, & all the descriptions one reads of

¹ I did not *see* the Word Mystery in the Pope's Tiara, yet I do believe it is there too. *Mrs. Piozzzi*.

² On November 12, 1785, a hundred successive shocks rocked the country around Vesuvius, and the mountain continued in eruption for some time after. *Gent. Mag.* lvi. 74. The Piozzzi went to Naples in the latter part of November. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 618.

it. Nothing however can describe the passing of a Cloud charged with electric Matter over the Mountain from whence a Column of Flame proceeding in that Instant, lets off the Lightning in a Way no Words can express: I saw the Phænomenon more than once & shall not easily lose the Impression made on my Mind.

As a Proof of those Feelings being wholly irresistible, I shall write down the Verses they, & the other Sensations excited by the Objects around me daily inspired—perhaps Pozzuoli which one is scarce ever out of the sight of, is the most sublime among them—perhaps! but 'tis impossible to forbear glowing up into Enthusiasm when one treads a soil so warm; while one turns one's Eyes only from one Animating Sight to another—from Nerva's Cavern to Virgil's Tomb.—

Irregular Stanzas—written at Naples Feb: 1786.—

1.

First of Achelous' Blood!¹
 Fairest Daughter of the Flood!
 Queen of the Sicilian Sea!
 Beauteous, bright Parthenope!
 Syren sweet, whose magic Force
 Stops the swiftest in his Course!
 Wisdom's self when most severe²
 Longs to lend a listening Ear,
 Gently dips the fearful Oar,
 Trembling eyes the tempting Shore,
 And sighing quits th' enervate Coast
 With only half his virtue lost.

2.

Let thy warm, thy wond'rous Clime
 Animate my artless Rhyme,
 Whilst alternate round me rise
 Terror, Pleasure and Surprise;
 Here th' astonish'd Soul surveys
 Dread Vesuvius' awful Blaze:
 Smoke that to the Sky aspires,
 Heavy Hail of Solid Fires!
 Flames the fruitful Fields o'erflowing,
 Ocean with the Reflex glowing:
 Thunder whose redoubled sound
 Echoes o'er the vaulted Ground
 Such thy Glories; such the Gloom
 That conceals thy secret Tomb
 Sovereign of this enchanted Sea
 Where sunk thy Charms—Parthenope!

¹ alluding to Ovid. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

² alluding to Ulysses. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

3.

Now by the glimmering Torches Ray
 I tread Pozzuoli's Cavern'd Way;
 Hollow Grot! that might beseem
 T'Etnean Cyclop—Polypheme:
 And here the Bat at Noon-day 'bides
 And here the houseless Beggar hides,
 While the holy Hermit's Voice
 Glads me with accustom'd Noise.
 Now I trace, or Travellers err,
 Modest Maro's Sepulchre;
 Where Nature sure of his Intent
 Is studious to conceal,
 That Eminence he always meant
 We should not see but feel.
 While Sannazarius from the Steep
 Views well pleas'd the fertile Deep,
 Give Life to them who seize the scaly Fry,
 And to their Poet Immortality.

4.

Next beauteous Baia's warm Remains invite
 To Nero's Stoves my wondring Sight:
 Where Palaces and Domes destroy'd,
 Leave a flat unwholesome Void;
 Where underneath the cooling Wave
 Ordain'd Pollution's fav'rite Spot to lave,
 Now hardly heaves the stifled Sigh,
 Hot, hydropick Luxury!
 Yet chas'd by Heav'n's correcting hand
 Tho' various Crimes have fled the Land,
 Tho' brutish Vice, tyrannic Pow'r
 No longer tread the trembling Shore,
 Or taint the ambient Air:
 By Destiny's kind Care arrang'd,
 Th' Inhabitants are scarcely chang'd;
 For Birds obscene, and Beasts of Prey,
 That seek the Night, and shun the Day
 Still find a Dwelling there.

5.

If then beneath the deep Profound
 Retires unseen the slippery Ground,
 If melting Metals pour'd from high
 A verdant Mountain grows by Time,
 Where frisking Kids can browse & climb,
 And softer Scenes supply:
 Let us who view the varying Scene,
 And tread th' instructive paths between,

See famish'd Time his favrite Sons devour,
 Fix'd for an Age—then swallow'd in an hour;
 Let us at least be early wise,
 And forward walk with heav'n-fix'd Eyes;
 Each flow'ry Isle avoid—each Precipice despise.
 Till spite of Pleasure, Fear or Pain,
 Eternity's firm Coast we gain;
 Whence looking back with alter'd Eye,
 These fleeting Phantoms we'll descry,
 And find alike the Song and Theme,
 Was but an empty, airy Dream.

Mr Piozzi said that Pompeia would never be discover'd completely by the Neapolitan Workmen they were so lazy;—but that a Hen & Chickens or a few of his Sicilian Majesty's Pheasants would remove the light Earth presently. it is a Shame sure enough to see how little advanced they are since the first Year that curious Ground was opened;¹ I think another Eruption will cover it again before they have examined the Effects of that w^{ch} happen'd in Titus's Time.

To make one happy in the Reformation, a Journey to Rome & Naples is quite the Thing: for one sees how Life is carried on in Places where the Romish Religion reigns *unreformed*: A Fryar killed a Woman in the Church while I was resident in the last nam'd City, for not consenting to his Desires;—nor was any Step taken towards punishing the Murderer—because he was *Religioso* forsooth,—& di più *Cavaliere*. When one sees high Birth, & outward profession of Sanctity protect such horrid Crimes from Justice, one feels the Necessity of Reform, and desires the Execution of it: *Yet let not their precious Balms break my head* as the Psalmist says;² and I am very sorry to see the Coat likely to be torne, because the Embroidery is grown all greasy, old-fashion'd, & tarnish'd.³

Milan 3: July 86.] A Gentleman told us yesterday that the Emperor had abolished all holydays whatsoever—that the twelve Apostles were to be no longer respected, and y^t in future Almanacks & Calendars they were not even to be named—Let him at least leave S^t Peter ad vincl:—said I.—

Let me recollect whose Company I have much liked since I left London, among all the Italians I have seen & conversed with—I must look [for] them at Venice⁴ where Luggiati & his Family were

¹ Excavation was begun in 1763, but not advanced until the Napoleonic occupation (1806–14).

² Ps. cxli. 5.

³ Cf. Swift's *Tale of a Tub*.

⁴ The Abate Bossi here at Milan is I believe one of the *best* human Creatures the World has

particularly pleasing to me; & where the Count & Countess Carrara were agreeable enough: Pindemonte & Bragadin very accomplished indeed, and highly cultivated—Abate Arteaga very learned, Quirini knowing in the belles Lettres, & highly skilled in making his Casino¹ comfortable to all the Wits & Blues as we now call them in London. Florence contains People of great Abilities, but one can love none of 'em unless 'tis D^r Pignotti; a quiet inoffensive Companion, with good plain sense, & Taste for elegant Poetry. Cavalier D'Elci² with all his Erudition is odious, and Mannucci's³ ill Humour & Hypochondriack Disposition keep him from being agreeable, though polish'd & kind in his Manners: the Abbate Fontana & the Cavalier Mozza⁴ disgusted me with their deistical Sentiments, Jean Figliuzzi seems contented to live a Lick-spittle of old Sir Horace Mann's, and Moneta was too vulgar—otherwise a good Fellow for ought I saw; & less disposed than his Neighbours to lament the Tyranny of the Gov^t and tremble for fear of Spies; which whether Phantoms or Realities serve to spoyl Conversation at Florence, and give a sourness to the Subjects which make[s] them resemble the Milanese too much for me to endure them with Patience. I should never have known but for this Journey how much State Affairs influence private Manners—but wherever the Italians are governed by German Rulers, they grow obstinate, sullen, yet spiritless like so many Asses. At Rome where they are Subjects of a Church they love—tho' one hears now & then Complaints of the Sovereign's Partiality, they complain like Children at least; they do not growl discontent, and churn future Revenge like this bleeding Serpent *Milan*,⁵ who waits I am sure but for an Opportunity to sting the Eagle that has pounced her.

At Naples the people seem all merry and fat, dirty rude, and savage like their Prince;⁶ who rides, & rows, and catches Fish and

in it both for the great and the small Duties of Life—he is likewise a Scholar & a Gentleman—but he is only amiable from his Excellence; he is not eminently agreeable in his manner. Something like this may be said of Canonico Casati too—but he is rather more pleasing, & less valuable I believe: as a Man of the World if good, is always better than a Man of Retirement. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

¹ Senator Angelo Quirini was at the same time owner of a Casino and head of a literary coterie which met there. *Piozzi, Observations* . . . i. 179.

² For Pignotti and d'Elci, see above, p. 643, n. 3.

³ Count Manucci, whom she had entertained in England in 1776. See above, p. 156, n. 3. *Mrs. Piozzi* said later that he called on *Piozzi* without knowing the identity of his new wife, and that when she appeared he exclaimed, 'Ah Madame! Quel Coup de Theatre!' *Mainwaring Piozziana*, ii. 56.

⁴ Probably Cavalier Mozzi, mentioned in Walpole's letters as the squire of Lady Orford. Walpole calls him a philosopher. *Letters*, vii. 320, 335; xiii. 208.

⁵ The Serpent is the Arms of Visconti their last natural Duke. *Mrs. Piozzi*. ⁶ Ferdinand IV.

sells it, and eats Macaroni with his Fingers—resolves to be happy himself & make no Man miserable: when the Emperor & the Grand Duke talked to him of their future Projects, he replied that they might do their way—but he would do his: that he had not *now* an Enemy in the World, public or private; & that for the sake of establishing new Doctrines which he did not understand, he would not make himself any—so invited them to come the next Day, & see him play a Game at Tennis.—

I love the King of Naples!¹—

The Reason however why the Venetians are more amiable, more polished, more gay, and less malignant than other People; is I believe chiefly because they are happier:² most of the second—& *all* of the first Rank there, have themselves some Share in the Governēnt: it is therefore necessary to exclude Ignorance, and natural to encourage the Pleasures of Society; each Individual feels it his Interest as well as Duty to support the general Fabrick of the State, as far as his Power extends, while the lower Class willingly perform the Condition exacted—and punctually pay Obedience for Protection. They have a Confidence in their Rulers who are their own Countrymen and can wish them nothing but Good:—*how* they are governed they think not of enquiring, well assured that where the Power is divided among Numbers, one will be sure to counteract another if he sees that Mischief to y^e whole is intended.—

Of all Aristocracies the Venetian State is undoubtedly most respectable, for tho' I hate Baron & Vassal where there is a Monarch over them all; and where those petty Tyrants live like Lions in the Desert, or Eagles on the Rock;³ thinly scatter'd, and secure in their Distance from Equals or Superior: yet when *every* Nobleman is a Baron, and all live together in one small City; *no Subject* can suffer much from the Tyranny of any: each is separately in awe of his Neighbour, and willingly secures his Vassall's Tenderness by Indulgence, instead of desiring to disgust him by Oppression. It is for this reason too I fancy that the Terra firma People are more savage & less happy than their Fellow Subjects in the City of Venice.

At Rome few Things shock one so much as the Theatre; where

¹ Oh! the Pillars at Pæstum says Abate Bianconi have seen Rome born, & die, & rise again; and will see her dye her second Death now very soon. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

² Il Turco mangia St Marco, (say the Venetians) St Marco mangia mi; mi mangia ti, e tu tu mangia un altro. *Mrs. Piozzi.* The verb forms in this note are corrected.

³ as in Poland Russia, and even Sicily itself. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

Men perform the parts of Women both in Song & Dance, and where the rapturous Applauses of Priests & Fryars who compose the Audience are more indecent if possible than the Representation itself:¹ one can hardly sit to see or hear the gross & worse than beastly Manner in which those Gentlemen express their Satisfaction at a Fellow kicking his Hoop half over his Head—'Tis too bad indeed! I went but one Night, & M^r Piozzi said nothing should tempt him to a second Exhibition of such Behaviour

The Facility of escape from one State to another, & the Fear that one Sovereign here has of being thought less clement than the rest, gives great encouragement to Murder & Manslaughter—neither is there any Restraint from Principles of Honour or of Shame: a Man is thought no worse on for being a Homicide, & hardly for being a Thief: and when once he wears a Clog about his Feet, becomes an Object of Compassion—not disgust—Oh glorious Mandeville! one would think the People all acted o' purpose to prove his Positions:² for there is no such Talk of Christianity³ in the World, as at Ancona I suppose—and there a Man fairly said to M^r Piozzi who exclaimed at their Shamelessness.—

Why Sir (says he) the Man is *castigato* you see,—no need of making him ridiculous beside—*sarebbe poco Cristiano il ridicolarlo di più*. So he called himself a poor Thief, & begged Charity in the merry Manner of the Roman Mendicants, reciting his own Enormities with more gayety than Concern.

So every Subject takes his Course
And bad at first they all grow worse

as Prior says of John & Joan's Servants.⁴ I can never believe that punishing such Offences to Society is contrary to Xtianity however; & when I find them looking on the frequent Executions in England

¹ The Abates cry out Oh my Dear Maddalena, Oh my enchanting Cecchina! to the Men that excite their horrid Appetites & cry aloud. at Naples two Fellows lived in criminal Intimacy on Mount Vesuvius for many Years in Hermit's or Fryars Dresses; How astonishing! Mrs. Piozzi.

² *The Fable of the Bees*, *passim*.

³ Without Charity there can be no Xtianity however, & the Romanists think it meritorious to believe those People damned who do not acknowledge the Preeminence & Superiority of the Church founded by St Peter, above all other Churches: this I never *can* or *will*. We have a coarse Saying in England that tis a folly to make one's dish Clout one's Table cloth; tis foolisher still to call one's *Brother* one's *Father*. St Peter was no more than the other Apostles, as our Saviour repeatedly told him; nor is the Church he founded more than y^e Church St John founded at Ephesus, to be sure:—how should it? so they may damn my Unbelief at their Leisure. Mrs. Piozzi.

⁴ See 'An Epitaph', ll. 25–6, in *Poems on Several Occasions*:

'So ev'ry servant took his course,
And bad at first they all grew worse.'

with horror, am apt to reply that 'tis better living where Thieves are hanged, than where honest Men are Murdered with Impunity.—

Casa Fedele 16: July 1786] Well! we are going now to try what Pleasure can be found in a Party of Friends & Musical Performers on *Lago Maggiore*: may it prove a more fortunate Experiment than that of Seged in dear Dr Johnson's Rambler!¹ Mr Piozzi has *his* Wish completed before setting out—he makes the Milanese stare, and says to himself

Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur Invidia.²

Mine is to accompany him wherever he goes;—the more one sees of different Places & People, the less Effect has that diversity upon one's Mind—If you take a Boy's Top, and paint it in Stripes of red, Blue, Green, & Yellow only; whip it merrily round—& the general Appearance will be *white*. I care less every day of my Life where I shall spend the morrow, & Sickness alone recalls my Heart to England: one may rationally like well enough to *live* anywhere, but to *dye* at home must be for ever desirable: & 'tis more Sullenness towards one's Own Country than delight in any other, that makes People ever contented in a foreign Nation—supposing equal Degrees of Kindness, who would not prefer that of their native Land?

The People persisting in my being Damned so, teizes me terribly: I am so afraid they should make my Husband hate me for being a Heretick.

10: August 1786.] We are returned from our Villeggiatura, which has enlarged my Acquaintance not only with Italy but with Italian Manners; which are very coarse indeed, but very comical from the Indulgence they take to say all that comes uppermost; their Meanness in seeking to plunder Foreigners without Mercy makes them hateful to my Husband, while their steady Resolution to consider me as a Heretic, makes my Affection for 'em difficult enough to excite, tho' the more I detest their unevangelical *Principles*, the more I endeavour to quicken my Love & Charity towards *them*, that so I may profit by their Vice, and be led to practise the contrary Virtue with greater earnestness.

Our Time has been spent not only in Pleasure, but with a Magnificence they are little accusom'd to contemplate—every shaft of Malignity is therefore new dipt by them on this Occasion I believe; but our Conduct & Character is so completely out of

¹ Nos. 204, 205.

² Martial, *Epigrams* IX. xcvi. 12.

their Power to find fault with, that all the Arrows fall harmless to the Ground: & they must be contented with Pillage, and leave Evil speaking, where there is not a Word to be said.

Were the Inhabitants of Italy charming as their Country, all other Regions would be depopulated I think; and Lombardy in particular crowded with Deserters from divers Nations—so heavenly a Spot as the Environs of Varese can hardly be imagined—much less express'd; and the Borromean Islands¹ remind one of the stories in the Poets, & the Acc^{ts} of the Golden Age; Heaven has however in order to check our growing Envy of their Happiness, suffered 'em to be governed with a Tyranny they are not contented with tamely enduring, but w^{ch} they likewise appear to me even *desirous*—I will say *ambitious* to deserve.²

Their Spite Envy Hatred & Malice to Mr Piozzi for not being what they Call *Cavaliere*, is equally odious & laughable:—they all love *me* well enough.

Distichon

Si Pater est Adam, et Mater fuit omnibus Eva,
Cur non sunt omnes Nobilitate pares?

This was I fancy the original Thought of Prior's Epitaph upon himself

Nobles & Gentles by your leave
Here lye the Bones of Mathew Prior;
The Son of Adam & of Eve
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher?

It was Canonico Palazzi who shewed it me.

16 Aug. 1786.] I³ have seen a stranger Thing however here at Milan than any Critical Studies can afford.—Nature & her Varieties are better worth studying after all, than all other Sciences could one acquire them.—Dr Johnson once said nobody ever saw a strange Thing, and challenged two or three Friends, (myself among them,) to say I had in my Life been Witness to any Sight justly called a *strange* one: but I had not then seen *Avvocato Borghi* a Lawyer of

¹ The Italian Journal gives a full account of their five-day sojourn at the Borromean palace on l'Isola Bella. The then Count Borromeo used the palace during only one week in the year. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 618.

² The Colossal Statue of Carlo Borromeo was very well worth seeing—I will obtain its exact dimensions from Bianconi, it is in such matters that he is I think particularly Conversant He prefers Poussin's Time & Truth to Domenichino's I find; but perhaps 'tis only because he has heard Poussin call'd the Painter of the Men of Taste tho' y^t is not commonly y^e Principle on w^{ch} an Italian speaks neither. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

³ This story is reproduced in Hughes's *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, pp. 43-4.

this Town, & a Man well respected; who actually *chews the Cud* like an Ox, which he did in my Presence & at my request. He is eminent for Strength, his Person like that of another Man, till stripping he shews a Set of Ribs & Sternum very surprizing indeed, & worthy the Inspection of Anatomists. his Body on a slight Touch even thro' his Clothes, throws out Electrick Sparks; with all these Peculiarities no man has better health I'm told, and he is eminent for lifting great Weights, holding a Man in the Palm of his hand & such Tricks. He can throw up his Meals at Pleasure, and to oblige me—did go thro' all the Operations of eating, masticating, & vomiting, so as entirely to satisfie all curious Enquiries I could make, & leave me no doubt of the Fact, which I would not have believed from the Relation of any Mortal *now* living. I could hardly have refus'd Credit to Johnson.

They pronounce *Bicchiere* here—a Glass, as an ignorant Englishman would read it: & I am inclined to think our Word *Pitcher*¹ owes its derivation to Milan—for every thing here that carries Water is *Bicchiere*; & when a Tuscan Gentleman called for a *Vaso d'Acqua*, the People brought him a chamberpot.

The Italians are like us all incessant talkers about the Weather,—but their Strain of Lamentation is differently founded—all their Concern is to keep away the *Heat* and when a cold Wind comes into the Box at an Opera, or the Window at an Assembly—*Che bel Freschetto!* they cry, while I am shivering and starving. To say the Truth I never suffered from the Summer's fervour but in Tuscany, where it was not the Weather, but the Gnats consequent on the Weather that plagued me—Venice indeed was too hot for me this Summer, but it was the effect of the burning Sun drying & exhaling Stink from the Canals—not its immediate Heat that gave me Uneasiness. I like warmth so well, we had often a Fire even at Naples.

Living much abroad, greatly lessens one's *fondness*—tho' it may perhaps tend to encrease one's real *Esteem* for home—every day however diminishes one's desire of return I think—at least mine—as Canonico Recupero's² Needle, told of by Brydone,³ when he placed his Compass on the Lava of *Ætna*, seemed at first strongly agitated, but soon began to lose all its partiality to y^e North; w^{ch} he

¹ It is cognate with Italian *picchiere*, but comes ultimately from Latin. *O.E.D.*

² An Italian mineralogist, who spent his life in making scientific observations on Mt. Etna.

³ Patrick Brydone, *Tour through Sicily and Malta* (1776), Letter 11, p. 230. Canon Recupero performed his experiment after the eruption of 1755.

said never more recovered its original Force, till it was again touched by the Loadstone—Just so I feel with Regard to England I think:—Touching my native soil may perhaps restore pristine Sensations—We shall see.

The¹ Americans have got a Trick of travelling I find,—it is very foolish in their Gov^t to suffer 'em—they will get spoyl'd.

Donna Louisa Appiani a very agreeable Woman, made me laugh Yesterday: M^r Piozzi was speaking of English Cleanliness, when her Husband who had been to London confirmed all he said; & added as an additional motive to Wonder, that every Cavalier there put on a clean Shirt every day—and every Lady had that portion of the Trottoir before her *Palace* whether in Street or Square washed by her own Servants every Morn^g

Bless me! exclaims the Lady, but I conclude 'tis all by Command of the *Prince*!²

The Abate Ravasi told me a droll Story³ of a Project for a Theatre; but the Managers were so stingy, and proposed so many Schemes to avoid Expensive Representations, that at last he begged leave to be heard: for says He if you get up the Story of Adam and Eve it will save all the Cost of Dresses you see; & to avoid Scandal it may be acted in the Dark—so then there will be no need even of Candles.

They acted a Tragedy at Padua when I was there last June 1786 I think:⁴ the Actors struggled & bounced, and sprunted as if in Convulsions; like Patients under the Influence of a Disease called in Jamaica the *Opishotonos* or dry Gripes:—I told M^r Shard & M^r Chappelow so,—adding that it would have pleased me better had they laboured under a *Lock'd Jaw*. che Spaccamonte mail says M^r Piozzi—Spaccamonte means just our English Drawcansir.⁵—a Man that splits Mountains with his Bluster.

When at Rome there was a Masquerade at the Theatre w^{ch} advertised to open at 10 o'Clock, we went among others; & found

¹ Hughes, in *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, pp. 44–5, prints this sentence.

² The Italian Women I have liked best were the Barberiga at Venice, where the Conversation of Giustina Micheli pleased me well enough too;—the Countess Rosenburgh, my charming Friend Theresa Luggiati, the half crazy Brescian Lady Virginia Lechi; so well read, and kind-hearted but more than half mad I think: The Marchioness Soncini here at Milan & a Banker's Wife at Naples, whose softness of Manners & delicacy of Deportment could not fail to charm one after seeing so much Courseness—but She was a *Prussian* by Birth, & a Lutheran by Religion Madame de *Mericoffre*, & spoke three or four Languages fluently. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ A repetition. See above, p. 634.

⁴ June 12 and after. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 618.

⁵ The braggart in Buckingham's *Rehearsal*.

the Doors fast shut at 11. Lords & Ladies quietly waiting on the Stairs, till some Nobleman had supped, who gave an entertainment there that Evening;—& tho' all were mortified, & all were crowded, nobody repined, or even seemed the least out of humour except M^r Piozzi, who had been spoyl'd by living once for two or three Years together in a free Country—How will he like it *now* I wonder! it must needs be curious to see. my steady Resolution never to lead his Mind *any* Way, towards *any* Nation, Gov^t or Religion, will leave me full Opportunity to observe which way it will tend, after having seen so much.

It¹ has been always my Maxim never to influence the Inclinations of another: M^r Thrale in Consequence lived with me 17½ Years, during which Time I tried but twice to perswade him to *do* anything, and but once (& y^t in vain) to let anything alone.

Even my Daughters as soon as they could reason,—were always allowed & even encouraged by me to reason *their own* way; & not suffer their Respect or Affection for me, to mislead their Judgment. Let us keep the Mind clear if we can from Prejudices, or Truth will never be found at all. The worst part of this disinterested Scheme is—y^t other People are not of my Mind—& if I resolve not to use my lawful Influence to make my Children love me, the lookers on will soon use their unlawful Influence to make them hate me: If I scrupulously avoid perswading my Husband to become a Lutheran, or be of the English Church, the Romanists will be diligent to teach him all the narrowness & bitterness of their own unfeeling Sect, & soon perswade him that 'tis not Delicacy, but Weakness makes me desist from the Combat.

¹ Hayward (i. 299–300) quotes the three following paragraphs.

- ¶ Oh rail not at Custom my love-stricken Fair,
Nor suppose She has done you a wrong;
For your Eyes can your Passion as fully declare
And more tenderly too than your Tongue.
To reciprocal Love should the Youth be inclined
Whom you wish to secure as a Prize,
He no longer will fear to discover his Mind
When once promis'd Success by your Eyes:
But if to another his duty be paid
Or of you he's regardless and Shy;
Your Passion's within y^r own Bosom conceal'd
For he feels not the force of your Eye.

Verses by W^m Boycott Esq^r he gave 'em me at Milan July 1786. Mrs. Piozzi (a marginal note without relevance to the page). The author was a young member of the Boycott family into which her Aunt Philadelphia Cotton had married. The Piozzis befriended him when he was imprisoned by the Italian police for carrying fire-arms and resisting arrest. *Ry. Eng. MS.*

Well! *let me do right* however, & leave the Consequences in his Hand who alone sees every Action's Motive, and the true Cause of every Effect—let me endeavour to please God, & to have only *my own* Faults & Follies, not those of *another*, to answer for.

Miss Burney has got 200^l a Year my Letters¹ tell me, & a Place at Court. What a glorious Country is ours! where Talents & Conduct are sufficient to draw mean Birth & original Poverty out of the Shades of Life, & set their Merit to ripen in the Sun. No such Hopes, no such Possibilities in these wretched Nations; where Pride & Prejudice, Pedigree & Pomp chain up every liberal Idea, and keep the Mind enslaved, as their Tyrants keep the Body of their Subjects; never permitting them to quit the Capital without leave asked of the Prince. Why do I not sigh to return where Liberty & Virtue hold their Residence? why do I not rejoice in the notion of kissing my Mother Country once again?—Yet I do not *now* as formerly, feel a *fondness* for England: Esteem and Preference over evry other Place is all that's left. I shall be half sorry in earnest to leave these rascally Italians—prying, pilfering, and paltry as they are—but tis the natural Horror of *the last*²—I may perhaps not live to see them again.³

¹ One informant was Samuel Lysons. His letter of July 31 reads: 'Miss Burney is lately appointed Dresser to the Queen on the resignation of Mrs. Hagerdorn, the salary is 200^l a year but the attendance is so constant, I am told, as to render it by no means a pleasant situation; it was given without any application having been made for it.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 552. The post was that of Keeper of the Robes, under Mrs. Schwellenberg. Fanny accepted it, with trepidation, on June 19. D'Arblay, *Diary*, ii. 361, 367. ² Cf. *Idler* No. 103.

³ To understand the following Verses I must mention y^t y^e Abate Ravasi is a famous Epicurea, of an excessive Gaiety & Hilarity, & when any one talks of Death, or any other melancholy Subject, we have a hack Joke of his saying *Deh discorriam del Cuoco*. he was very ill however yesterday, & went home to bed M^r Piozzi sent to know how he was y^s Morn^g & rec^d this Ans^r by y^e Ser^t

1.

Piozzi mio Carissimo
La Febbre l'è svanita,
Onde Io sto benissimo
E franca è la mia Vita.

2.

I miri Calori scemano
La Testa non mi duole,
Ma le Budella tremano
Come un Spagnolo al Sole.

3.

Mentre non vuol il Medico
Ch'io mangia quei Bocconi
Che furon sì solletico
E tanti *miei Passioni*

4.

No non vi conto Favola
Così così alle corte
La vostra buona Tavola
Darebbe a me la Morte.

5.

Ora dei Brodi a bere
Mangiar poco Salato
Lasciar le Spezie e 'l Pevere
Ed anche il bon Stufato

6.

Ah non resiste L'anima
Io manco e vengo senza
Ah troppo mi disanima
Questa fatal Sentenza.

My Letters from England say that little Evans is dying—it would seriously grieve me much; he is a very good Man I believe however; & has little to apprehend, go when he will.

The Lamentation he made about my marrying Mr Piozzi, was from a mistaken regard to Mr Thrall;—He loved *him* exceedingly, & fancied I ought never to have left off crying when he died—Mrs Evans did faint away from excess of honest Sorrow—& Gratitude seldom felt: my Husband gave them all they had to live on—poor dears! and what She will do if little Evans dies? I cannot guess for my Part!

Doctor Lort thinks, & so does Abbate Bianconi, that *Cicero* & *Cæsar* were pronounced by their Cotemporaries *Chichero* and *Chesar*, as the modern Italians do:—Johnson was of Opinion that the Latins read *Kikero* and *Kesar*; and some Ancient Coins dug up from the Mountains of Verona with the Word *Carolus* upon them, spelt *Karrulus*, seems to confirm his Idea. but this must have been *modern* not *ancient* Latin, for there was no *Carolus* at all I believe in the Romans Time.

The Italians are strangely partial to our Poet Philips—Bonducci¹ of Florence translated his *Cyder* and said he was *emulous of Milton* in good Time! but none of the Italians except the Romans have any Idea or Taste of a Joke unless 'tis the coarsest imaginable.—

Doctor Carpanni says that here in Lombardy they had a Custom of burying a great Lord or Possessor of Lands, with the Oriental Ceremony of killing his finest Horse & favourite Dog upon his Grave apparently with the same Idea that the Wife in India is burned to accompany her Husband—all this in the Memory of his Father. so lately has the Folly been extirpated.

7.

Si tutti mi prescrivano
Modi più veri e sani
Oggi di voi mi privano
Ma nol sarà domani

8.

Così dunque aspettatemi
Domani all' ora istessa,
E Voi frattanto amatemi
Che vi dirò una Messa.

9.

Acciò il vostro Viaggio
Che far dovrete in poco;
Oh Dio! che fier Contaggio
Discorriam del Cuoco.

Mrs. Piozzi.

¹ Abate Andre Bonducci, who taught Gray Italian (Walpole, *Letters*, i. 339, n.; xiii. 167, n.), and who, in 1739, turned Buondelmonti's Italian version of Pope's *Rape of the Lock* into *vers sciolti*.

Mr Hill told me he had seen the manuscript mentioned by Pennant in his *Scotch Tour*¹ written in Henry 7th Time by Zachary Boyd—where the Old Testament is turned into Verse. he repeated the Lines from the Prophet Jonas, who being enclosed in the Whale's belly exclaims.

“ “What House is this ? here's neither Coal nor Candle,

“ “Nor find I ought but Fish's Bones to handle.” ”

and from Moses's Vision of the burning Bush, where God asks him What is that in thine Hand?—he replies

“ “Alas ! most mighty and eternal God,

“ “Thou seest tis nothing but an Osier Rod :

“ “Oh 'tis a Serpent now, I plainly sec,

“ “I am afraid, and from its Face will flee: ” ”

but when he hears—

No, no, my kindness even in this shan't fail,

Go to him straight, and take him by the Tail.

his Courage begins to recover—Who in the World reading, seeing & hearing such Things, but must confess it was time to reform, purify, & regulate the Xtian Religion, overgrown as it was with Weeds which throve in the Vineyard of our blessed Lord—yet who that now looks on the manner in which Reformation bursts upon these overwhelmed Italians, can forbear to lament that hasty Zeal, & wild Rapacity which spares nothing Sacred, & venerates nothing ancient: which pulls down Statues never made ill use of—& carries Church Plate in Cart Loads to the Mint.² If the People who urge on this Fury of Destruction would publish in the Vulgar Tongue that Book which contains the Precepts of true Religion—if they would erect public Schools where Children might learn to read their native Language,—& put the Holy Scriptures early into their hands; I should say their Intentions were good, however their rage against old Customs grown corrupt by Time, might hurry their Hands into sudden Violence for the sake of abolishing them—but here the lower Rank of People are ignorant as Infants; the Pictures on the Walls, and Crosses in the Streets were all that told them they

¹ *Tour to Scotland and Voyage to the Hebrides*, Pt. I (1790), p. 156. The verses are mentioned in connexion with Pennant's account of the University of Glasgow, to which Zachary Boyd, a minister of that city, had bequeathed his property and MSS., 'but not on condition of printing his poem as is vulgarly supposed'. I owe this information to Dr. L. F. Powell.

² Baron Cronthal here the Librarian of Brera is very clever—an ex Jesuit and an Infidel. Monsignore Schiaffinati is very partial to me, and Abate Bettolini is a great Genius; but I like Divecchio & Bianconi's Company best: they are least dangerous some how: I am terrified when I see Piozzi beset by the Bigotted Priests,—terrified I mean on *my own* Acc^t and I hate the Infidels should come about him for his own Sake. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

had a Saviour born of a Woman, and crucified for their Salvation—when these are gone, they will not know even that much: for read they cannot—& if they could—no Bible but a Latin one is suffered in any House. when *We* put the Candles out in *our Country*, we waited at least to do so till Noonday;¹ but these poor Wretches if they are to have all the Extinguishers clapt suddenly on, while the Window Shutters are kept close barred against the Sun;—must break their Noses I think, unless a peculiar Providence preserves 'em. M^r Piozzi tells me that in his Time they used to dress up a Wench in Jewels Brocade &c. on the days we venerate the Blessed Virgins Annunciation, Purification &c. and carrying her all painted & patched with a Bare Neck about the Streets for three or four Hours, praying to her from Time to Time, & repeating Litanies in her praise; they finished the Day by Debauchery, after having begun it by Idolatrous Superstition: and possibly one of the Fryars slept with the Girl all Night.² Now y^s is certainly what he justly calls *Porcheria* from beginning to end; repugnant to Reason, Religion, & Common Sense of Decency—& that such Shows should be prohibited is very rational & proper—it is however curious to see how little forbiddance is necessary; for these Superstitious Brutalities die away of themselves gradually, & when I was at Rome last Winter—they carried about a very fine Figure of the Virgin dressed from a Picture of Guido Reni, with a Drapery of red & Blue properly adapted to the Costume. no one kneeled at all, but the People suffered the Procession to pass with Decorum enough, and no appearance of Worship as I could observe, who looked very attentively. One folly I wish to see put a Stop to more perhaps than any other—it is the Rage some Female Devotees here have of sticking a trumpery Silver Coronet on the Head of a Madonna painted perhaps by Raphael or Correggio if they can get at it, & so ruining all the Effect of the Artist's Ingenuity—putting up little Candles beside all round some favourite Figure, they smoke & destroy by their silly, & perverse & despicable Fondness the works of Painters never enough to be admired.—Of the same Nature is their Notion that 'tis a clever Thing, & greatly to the honour of Religion to cover the fine Architecture of their beautiful Churches with red Damask,

¹ England was perhaps never so truly learned as in the Days when the Reformation begun, & Arguments for both Sides the Question were publicly urged till the People c^d be ignorant of y^e Merits of neither sect. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

² They used to represent the passion of our Saviour too in a strange indecent Manner—"Take away that Magdalen from the foot of the Cross exclaimed y^e Fellow who personated Jesus Christ—take her away I say; because Oh Lord have mercy upon us! what horrid Facts are these & Facts they are. *Mrs. Piozzi.* Mrs. Piozzi has erased a portion of the note.

and give the Air of a tattered Theatre to God's holy House—Oh Dear! what a variety of ways people do take to be absurd! I hope that Species of Idiotism is going out of the World though at last—but so very weak & ignorant are these Italian Catholicks, that when the Emperor *boldly* if not *impiously* declares his Intention no longer to let Christ's twelve Apostles be venerated in his dominions; they are not a Whit more shocked than when he abolishes their Processions, & forbids public Concerts in their Churches & foppish Decorations of Altars unnecessary & indeed obstructive of true Devotion.

Milan. 24: Aug: 1786.] M^r Cator writes me word at last that at Michaelmas we shall not have a Debt in the World¹—so the young Ladies are paid; & I am discharged from an Obligation w^{ch} M^r Crutcheley told me was very great, tho' not a Jew in the Alley would have refused me the Money at the same Price—he told me so when they were in the Room too I remember, & they took Care never to forget it while I lived with them at Bath—and try'd to save Money to get rid of the Incumbrance—but Lady Salusbury's cruel & unjust Rapacity,² insisting on payment when such was the Situation of Public Affairs Nov^r 1782 that no Cash could be borrow'd without Land Security, & scarcely with it: M^r Crutchley's unmerited Roughness towards me, insisting not only on five per Cent to the Misses, but on my paying 800^l of the principal the 1st Year, a Thing scarcely possible; his Censures of me afterwards for not living *grand* enough, when he himself had cramped my Power of living better; he and Cator all the Time tacitly agreeing to keep me ignorant of my Claim to no less than thirteen Thousand Pounds, settled on me at marriage w^{ch} I *had forgot*—have much sour'd my Temper towards my Daughters Guardians:³ who could not urge in Defence of their Conduct my future Marriage, because Crutcheley never heard of any such thing till the Jan^{ry} after, when he came to me open mouthed about it, & said he had heard on't *by Miracle*; and Cator had not an Idea of the sort, till M^r Piozzi

¹ His letter, written on August 8, was a reply to hers of June 24 and July 14. He said: 'by Michaelmas you will be entitled to all your Income, your Welchmen give me most trouble and with all the Pains I take I cannot keep them up. . . .' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 602.

² See Page 112 of y^s Vol. Crutchley's calling in those Girls & saying to me Now Ma'am make your Daughters a Curtsy for keeping you out of a Goal is harder for me to forgive than any Peculation could be & I dare say neither Cator nor he ever were guilty of any Peculation in their Lives: tho I see M^r Piozzi suspects Cator of cheating us in our Absence. Silly Stuff! Cator wants no Money of ours, he is a very rich Man I have heard. *Mrs. Piozzi.* See above, p. 550, for the reference to Crutchley.

³ Tho' I do believe they are exceeding honest Men too. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

arrived at Dover in June 84. & I wrote a circular Letter to each of my kind Coadjutors—How glad I am now that all Debts are discharged however! & that I paid the Attorney's Bill even before I married Mr Piozzi—see Page 115 of y^s Book¹—it is a Comfort to me to think on't to be sure.

Now let the Mortgage Deeds be destroyed, and these Mortifications forgotten for ever.—

30: August 1786.] The Abate Bossi is very clever at rendering the sense of an Authour into his own Language—just like Dr Burney. here is a famous Epigram preserved—I forget where; of a Lady who losing her Husband at 18 Years old, never married again for love of her first Companion.

Immatura perij; sed tu felicior annos
Vive tuos Conjux Optime! vive meos!

he translates it thus—

Dalle tue Braccia, in verde Etade il Fato
Senza Pietà rapimmi O buon Consorte!
Ma prego il Ciel tu viva in miglior Sorte,
Gli anni tuoi, gli Anni miei, ognor beato.

Ausonius's well known Lines too so happily done into French

Infelix Dido! nulli bene nupta Marito,
Hoc moriente fugis, hoc fugiente peris.
Pauvre Didon! ou t'a reduite
De tes Maris le triste Sort?
L'un en mourant cause ta fuite,
L'autre en fuyant cause ta mort.²

we repeated 'em one Night at Bergamo as we were setting to see the Opera of Didone Abandonata³ in the Marquis of Araciel's Box, who is himself a good Scholar, & has a great deal of ready Wit: & the next Morning Abate Bossi produced us these Verses at Breakfast.

Povera Elisa! cui l'iniqua Sorte
Mai diè di goder stabile un Consorte:
Se l'uno muor — ten fuggi; poi tu muori,
Se dell' altro il fuggir divide i Cuori.

When we were on the Subject I told the Story of Lady Diana

¹ See above, 552, n. 4.

² Sichei merens obitu Sidonia Dido
Audet abire, necem Conjugis ulta fuga
Eneæ merens abitu Sidonia Dido
Audet obire, fugam Conjugis ulta nece
Scipione Scambato Scripsit.
Mrs. Piozzi.

³ By Metastasio.

Spencer, Sister to the Duke of Marlbro', who having married L^d Bolingbroke, & being grossly ill used by him, made a public Discovery & Confession of her own Adultery with Topham Beauclerc about 15 or 16 Years ago in order to obtain a Divorce;— which took Place, & the Lady married her Lover, who likewise died in seven Years; leaving her a Widow in the Eye of the Law—tho' Lord Bolingbroke is still alive now for ought *I* know to the contrary, who made this Epigram on Beauclerc's Death the Year 1779 or 1780 as I remember—

Ah lovely, luckless Lady Di!
 So oddly link'd to either Spouse;
 What can thy Gordian Knot untye?
 Or what dissolve thy double Vows?
 And where will our Amazement lead to
 When we review thy various Life?
 Whose living Lord made thee a Widow,
 Whose dead one leaves thee still a Wife.¹

These Verses pleased Don Giuseppe Bossi² so well that he translated them thus.

Ah Diana infelice al par che bella
 Fra nodi marital confusa e avvinta;
 E qual mente sarà che a sciorli accinta
 Dell' intrico ne dia chiara novella?
 Oh qual fora stupor del Mondo intero
 Quando spiegate le tue insane Voglie
 Misera! ti vedrà Vedova in vano
 Del vivo Sposo, e dell' estinto — Moglie.

The Abate Divecchio brought me some pretty Fables the other day written by his Friend Bertola;³ I liked 'em exceedingly, & translated y^t of the Lizard & the Crocodile in five Minutes after they came

Una Lucertoletta
 Diceva al Cocodrillo,
 O quanto mi diletta
 Di veder finalmente
 Un della mia famiglia
 Sì grande e sì potente!

¹ Repeated from above, pp. 434–5.

² Epigram on a prating Fellow by Don G. Bossi

Giace in quest' Urna un Chiaccheron Serrato
 Che vivendo assordì tutta la Gente;
 Or che tra Morti più non si sente
 Non può tanto tacer come hà parlato.

Mrs. Piozzi.

³ Abate Aurelio Bertola de' Giorgi's *Cento Favole* (1785) was in Mrs. Piozzi's library when it was catalogued for sale in 1823.

Ho fatto mille Miglia
 Per venirvi a vedere,
 Sire fra noi si serba
 Di voi memoria viva;
 Benche fuggiam tra l'Erba
 E il sassoso sentiero,
 In sen però non langue
 L'Onor del prisco sangue.
 L'Anfibio Re dormiva
 A questi Complimenti,
 Pur su gli ultimi Accenti
 Dal sonno se riscosse,
 E dimandò chi fosse:
 La Parentela antica,
 Il Viaggio, la Fatica
 Quella tornò a dire;
 Ed ei tornò a dormire.

Lascia i Grandi e i Potenti
 A sognar per Parenti;
 Puoi cortesi stimarli
 Se dormon mentre parli.

Walking full many a weary Mile
 The Lizard found the Crocodile;
 And thus began—how fat, how fair,
 How finely guarded Sir You are.
 'Tis really charming thus to see
 One's Kindred in Prosperity.
 I've travelld far to find your Coast
 But sure the Labour was not lost;
 For you must think we don't forget
 Our loving Cousin now so great;
 And though our humble Habitations
 Are such as suit our slender Stations,
 The Honour of the Lizard Blood
 Was never better understood.
 Th' Amphibious Prince who slept content,
 Ne'er listening to her Compliment,
 At this Expression rais'd his Head,
 And pray who are you ?—coldly said.
 The little Creature now renew'd
 Her History of Toils subdued,
 Her Zeal to see her Cousin's Face,
 The Glory of their ancient Race
 But looking nearer found my Lord
 Was fast asleep again—and snor'd.

When once distinguishd by the Nation
 Press not upon your rich Relation;
 Or if you will disturb your Coz
 Be happy that he does but doze.

When we say Abate here, it is no Proof of the Person being a Clergyman; the Abate Divecchio is one of those who wear the Dress for Disimpegno¹ as tis called—so is Bianconi—but Don Giuseppe Bossi says Mass, & is in every Respect a Priest.

I have scarce ever seen so gentle so unruffled a Mind as y^t valuable Man possesses—

But his peaceful Day Benevolence endears,
His Night congratulating Conscience cheers

as Dr Johnson said of his Mother²—so sweet a Character animating so Celestial a Countenance did I never behold—Yet tho no human Event c^d put him out of humour, he does not shrink from the Bustle of Life, but stands to his Post, & pours oyl on every rising Wave, without repining at the Storm. Gentle & kind to all, his House is an Asylum to the sick and needy—yet careful not to wrong by his Charitable Spirit his Brother's Children³ to whom he is Guardian, all the Expences of that Sort come from his private Purse. Was I to be asked Who was the best Man I *now* knew alive, I should hesitate between Old Hutton,⁴ Mr Smelt,⁵ and the Abate Bossi.—

When Pope said in his last Hours upon Mr Hooke's advising him to send for a Priest & confess himself—that tho' he did not think it essential, he would do so, because it was better dye like his Father & Mother than not—one can't help recollecting Malherbe's *finale* who refused to see a Clergyman or receive the last Sacraments a long Time, and was at last only perswaded to suffer the Ceremony by a Friend saying *You had better do like other folks: every body is confessed you know, & receives the Sacrament before their Death.* Why I believe says Malherbe, that's right enough;—Call the Man in directly then,—for as You say, God Almighty won't make a Paradise of a new sort o' purpose for me I suppose—

So all was done according to Rule, & he died.

3: Sept^r 1786.] The Marquis of Araciel has done Ausonius's Epigram in two Lines better than any of them. he brought me to day—

Misera Dido! fra i nuziali Ardori,
L'un muore e fuggi; l'altro fugge e muori.—

¹ For convenience, or to escape obligations.

² *Vanity of Human Wishes*, ll. 295–6.

³ Giuseppe Bossi (1777–1815), the painter and poet, was probably one of these children.

⁴ James Hutton, friend to Dr. Johnson and the Burneys. He founded the Moravian Church in England.

⁵ Hannah More wrote of Leonard Smelt, who had held the position of sub-governor to the Prince of Wales during his minority, that 'as he would receive no settled appointment he is distinguished by the high appellation of the King's friend'. *Memoirs*, i. 274.

That of Guarini preserved by Crescembini¹ and likewise by Monsieur de Chevreau,² is more elegant: but then 'tis five Lines long.

O sfortunata Dido!
 Mal fornita d'amante e di Marito!
 Ti fu quel Traditor,—questo tradito:
 Morì l'uno e fuggisti,
 Fuggì l'altro e moristi. —

Dr Johnson's Epigram on Miss Maria Aston³ who talked in praise of Liberty, has likewise found a Translator in the Marquiss of Araciel but he has amplified it a little too much.

Liber ut esse velim suasisti pulchra Maria,
 Ut maneam liber—pulchra Maria Vale!

Perchè di Libertà nutra il desio
 Maria, che belle cose m'hai tu detto?
 Perchè sì avvevi ognora il tuo Concetto,
 Bella Maria, Io già ti lascio—Addio.⁴

These People are very droll indeed; so knowing on one Side their heads, so ignorant on the other. The Marquis of Araciel is more than a competent Scholar, and a pleasing writer either in Verse or Prose—yet he asked me if Ireland was an Island of itself, or part of England? & Donna Antonietta Vigoni a very accomplished Lady, who speaks & writes French & German both very well; enquired when I shewed her Mr Gibbs⁵ an American Gentleman—what Language he could speak, expressing great desire to see him—and apparently expecting a Cherokee Chief. The wisest among them ask very odd Questions, about very common Things; and are at once respectable for their Knowledge, & despicable for their want of it. The difference of Dialects too is mighty distracting. a Child is call'd Bambino at Florence, Putto at Venice, Creatura at Rome, Schietto at Brescia, Bergamo &c. and a Girl at Milan is Tosa. what can one say in such Cases? Don Angelo Divecchio is my best Dictionary, for being a native of Florence he speaks his own Language divinely; & by travelling all over Italy, knows their various Words to a Strange Degree of Perfection a *Fan* for example is called Ventaglio in Tuscany, Ventola at Venice, Crespino at

¹ i.e. Gian Mario Crescimbeni, author of *Storia della volgar poesia*.

² In *Chevræana* (1697), p. 268.

³ See above, p. 539.

⁴ Here is another done by the Abate Bossi.

Che libero Io fossi pur vorresti
 O Donna! e me ne ispiri ognora il Petto;
 Ma fuggo lungi da te, e dal tuo detto
 Se in fatti vuol, che libero io resto. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁵ Mr. William Gibbs, of Philadelphia.

Milan, and Muscalora at Naples—an Apron is Grembiale at Florence, Traversa at Venice, Senale at Rome, Bigarrol in other parts of Lombardy, & at Milan Scozzà. The Expression here when they see one dressed all in white—*tutto in Albedine* is exquisitely pretty and when I asked the Countess Fossati about the Dance this Year, & She replied non hò ancora letta *la Programma*: I thought it very pleasing.¹

I² am exceedingly obliged to the Milanese Nobility for their partial Regard & Tenderness towards *me*, whom they consider as entitled to every Distinction both by my Birth & Acquirements; but though they respect my Fidelity to the Man I have married, they scruple not to declare their Opinion of its being very ill bestowed: all the Gentlemen loudly proclaim their Envy of M^r Piozzi,³ & Astonishment at his good Luck in getting for his Wife a *Dama di nascita* for that all over Italy is held to be first of all worldly Felicities; & in fact perhaps Birth may be really the sole indeprivable Good, I can think of nothing else which one cannot lose by Folly or by Accident—Virtue excluded, and *that* is a Quality the Italians do not trouble themselves to think of. Our Visit at Bergamo was delightful, our Treatment magnificent, & I do think was I to settle here at Milan nothing w^d be left untried by the Friends we have obtained here, to make that Residence agreeable to me in every possible Respect. M^r Piozzi would always like living splendidly—to *plague them*,—and if they thought he failed in Attentions to his Dama, I cannot tell what they would do to him. the English abroad, where they are in want of Civilities for themselves, would be always more willing to shew them us—than at home: whither however 'tis very right, wise, & necessary for us to go; 1st as I have entangled myself about the Book,⁴ w^{ch} I now have

¹ They were speaking of an Overturn, & said the Horses had suffered as well as the Master—*neanche non furon illesi i Cavai*. Mrs. Piozzi.

² Hughes quotes the following passage (in garbled form), including the gloss in n. 3, in Mrs. Piozzi's *Thraliana*, p. 45.

³ Every Man I have seen almost has made Love to me—but when I found how the Land lay, a steadily kept Resolution never to sit with *any Man alone*, even for five Minutes, settled that Stuff completely. The Italians are sad Lyars, I would not trust *one of them*. Mrs. Piozzi.

⁴ Johnson's letters to her, for whose publication she had agreed with Cadell. She had originally intended to include them with the *Anecdotes* in 'two or three little volumes'—a plan she proposed to Cadell on June 7, 1785, while she was composing the *Anecdotes* in Florence. Her scheme then was to delay publication until her return to England. Hayward, i. 272. Cadell, however, replying on June 28, wanted the work to appear not later than the following spring, in order to take advantage of the popular interest in Johnson: 'If you shou'd agree with me in expediting the publication perhaps it may be possible to convey to you your Collection of Letters &c. by which means you will be able to compleat the Work so as to publish early in the next Spring.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 554. Mrs. Piozzi replied, on July 18, that she

made it my *Duty* to publish; 2^{dly} by *returning* we shall at least shew that we are *returned*; and that all the malicious Reports of my Husband's having sold my Joynture, & shut me up in a Convent, were false, frivolous & groundless:¹ I fancy Miss Thrales & their Agents Povoleri, Baretti, M^{rs} Horner the Italian Governess &c. were the sole Authours & Propagators of that Report, I can only say God forgive as I do their wicked *Intentions*, for I know not whether any *real* harm has been done us by it, or Good. had no such Stories been driven about, I should not have driven my name about by writing Johnson's Anecdotes, Florence Miscellany &c. for all that Stuff was meant only to keep the English from fancying that I was *lost* to the World; w^{ch} when I came hither I was willing enough to have *left*—but could not bear to hear that I was *obliged* to leave it; and that by the ill Treatment of a Man perfectly innocent of any such ill Action, or I dare say Design. Our flashy & expensive Manner of travelling however, & of treating my Country ffolks at every Place; will have shewn the Injustice & Cruelty of such Tales very completely before we get home; where I expect in three Months sincerely to regret Italy, & particularly Venice & Milan—for all the Pleasures of which two Places I can think of nothing in London that is to make me amends: excepting a Muffin in the Morning, & M^{rs} Siddons at Night.

A Muffin, a Mop, & a Morning Post as I said to M^{rs} Greateed²

The Abate Ravasi has this moment brought me another, & I think a better Version of the Infelix Dido.

Misera Dido! che fra gl'Amor ti struggi,
L'Un fugge e muori, l'altro muore e fuggi. —

here is another by the same hand

Dido! a qual Marito serbar gl'onori?
Se un muore e fuggi; l'altro fugge e muori—

This is the best because that other puts Eneas before Sicheus perversely enough.—

Cardinal Perron when old bought an Estate at Bagnolet for twice could not trust the key of her bank vault, where the letters were stored, to 'any one's hand except my own', and proposed as an alternative scheme that the *Anecdotes* appear separately. Hayward, i. 273.

¹ The *Gentleman's Magazine* for January 1787 (lvii. 79) carried a report that Signora Piozzi had purchased the title of marquis for her husband, for £800, 'if the Italian prints may be credited'. The English press does not seem to have been solely at fault in persecuting her, if this rumour was true.

² These old Priests teizing me so to change my Religion—is the *worst* thing.—I am afraid of their making Piozzi hate *me*, and of their putting a Woman about *him* to keep him steady in the Good old Cause. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

as much Money as it was worth, only because he had jump'd a great Jump there when young: My Desire of going to England (if it was a strong one,) would be of the same Nature: I should probably spend more than sufficient for the sake of seeing again the old Place where I had *once made a Figure*—yet *what Figure?* my Jump was not a great one; & 'tis now plain that *nobody ever loved me* when there.

All the People plunder one here, yet one makes a prodigious Figure for a very little Money; they are honest enough in England; yet there one must be content to spend a vast deal, & make a very small Figure. Cator says our Debts are paid however; The Book is well-liked, and dear Mr Selwin writes word we may chuse our Society at London, & do very well.

Buffon the Naturalist is grown blind it seems; his Illness has occasioned this Epigram

Ah s'il est vrai que Buffon perd les Yeux,
Que le Jour se refuse au foyer des Lumieres;
La Nature a la fin punit les Curieux,
Qui penetroient tous ses Mysteres.

Don Giuseppe Bossi has translated it thus very neatly.

Ah s'è ver che Buffon cieco diventa;
Se alle pupille sue il Di s'asconde;
Natura alla fin gelosa confonde
Chi entro gl'arcani suoi penetrar tenta.¹

This Epitaph of his for Metastasio is very pretty too

T'arresta Oh Passaggier! e col tuo Pianto
D'eccelso Vate la grand' Urna onora;
Vanne quindi — e n'udrai Fama sonora
Che dice: Costui sopra ogn' altro hà vanto.

His Paraphrase upon the Latin Ode on the Grief of the blessed Virgin, is too long, & too Cold, & there is mention made of Avernus for the Gates of Hell, ^{wh} in sacred Poetry I cannot bear—so I won't write it out.

Written by Mr Voltaire under a Cupid.

Qui que tu sois, voicy ton Maistre,
Il le fût ou il l'est, ou il le doit estre.

Bettorina—

Qual che tu sia, il tuo Signor sta qui
Ei fullo, od è, oppur saràllo un di.

¹ Buffon's bright Eyes at length grow dim,
Dame Nature now no more will yield;
Or longer lend her Light to him
Who all her Mysteries reveal'd. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

H.L.P.

Whoe'er thou art thy Lord and Master see,
For such he was, or is, or soon shall be.—

Here is an odd French Epigram on a poor Man relieved by y^e King of France; who set up a Snow Monument in his Cottage by way of grateful Remembrance—odd enough too! that the Munificence of *this grand Monarque* should not have taken him out of so wretched a Habitation methinks.

A Louis 16: *Homme.*

Louis! l'Indigent que ta Bontè protège
Ne peut t'élever qu'un Monument de Neige;
Il est bien plus cher a ton Cœur genereux,
Qu'un Marbre élevé du pain des Malheureux.

Traduzione dall' Abate Bossi—

Il Mendico da tua Bontà protetto
Sol può di Neve alzarti un Monumento;
Sì; il tuo gran Cuore o Luigi è più contento
D'un di Marmo col di lui Sangue eretto.

It was ingeniously hit off by him too on 13: *May* 1775—recollecting y^t on that day the Empress was born, on that day the Archduke arrived at Milan on a Visit to his Brother, & on that day the Duchess his Consort was deliverd of a Son he wrote these Words which you may read our own way, or the Chinese Way if you will

| | | |
|------------|--------------|------------|
| Natalis. | Adventus. | Partus. |
| Matris. | Fratris. | Conjugis. |
| Felix. | Optatus. | Incolumis. |
| Principem. | Aulam. | Urbem. |
| | Letificabant | |

3^d May 1775.

There was a Church here at Milan; built, that is founded, by the famous Beatrice di Scala in Consequence of a Vow She made to erect one, if God would send her a Son: This Church has been lately pulled down, & a Theatre built in its Place;¹ and the Arch Duke lost his eldest Son that same Year; and the pious People were shocked, & cry'd a Judgment—but the Reform goes on.

I consulted the Professors at the Ambrosian Library yesterday about y^e Existence of Satyrs, as represented by the Heathens, *half Man half Goat*; & added that they were named in the 13th Chap: of the Prophet Isaiah:² Dugati examined the Polyglott³ before me,

¹ The famous Teatro della Scala, built in 1778.

² Isa. xiii. 21.

³ *Biblia Sacra Polyglotta*, ed. Brian Walton, S.T.D. (1657). It gives the Hebrew original,

& found 'em *Hairy Men* in the Hebrew as in St Jerome's Vulgate Version; *Dæmons* in Syriac, *Centaurs* in one of the Greek Versions, & *Demons* in the other;—*Satyrs* in Castellio's¹ Bible, and in the English Translation.²—*Dæmons* in Diodati³ w^{ch} is of great esteem—I have a strong Idea there were Satyrs in those days, or perhaps it was the Orang Outang or great Ape of Borneo, that was the *hairy Man*: we call him *Homosylvestris*. As to the calling them Centaurs, I believe that word means only *half* & *half*; it has no Affinity with Horse or Ass, & may as well mean Satyr, Gemenos, or Minotaur, as the Creature usually represented by Painters; & described by Ovid in His Combat between them & the Lapithæ.⁴

Well!⁵ I am now about to close my Residence in Italy, at the same Moment as I close my 4th Vol: of *Thraliana*. and must confess that no Days since I began it, have been so happily spent by me as those I have past in this beautiful Country; where my little Talents have been respected much beyond their Deserts: my Conduct extolled far above its Merit, & my Conversation sought from the mere Prevalence of true Admiration and Esteem. I shall not leave People who deserve so much from *me* without sincere Desire & fervent Prayers for their future Welfare. With regard to my Husband, it is difficult to express how kind & how attentive he has been; May that Tenderness not lessen from an Idea that when I am once in England I shall need it no longer—for to that only I shall owe my Life, which depends entirely on him; & which his Company can alone render pleasing in any Nation, & beneath any Sky. Five Years have elapsed since this last Vol: was begun; the next if I live to open & begin it at all, will be opened & begun in old England—I wish M^r Piozzi may like that Country to fix in, because it is *my* Country: & the Religion & Government is such as I approve. These Individuals have indeed treated me better than those at home, & I hope to be always grateful—yet I *know* that their Respect is all paid to my *Birth, Talents, & Behaviour*; while they consider & lament my Soul as forfeited to eternal Punishment:—I therefore feel a secret Uneasiness in their Company, especially

with St. Jerome's translation (*pilosi*), and the Greek, Chaldean, Syriac, and Arabic versions, with the editor's translation (*dæmones* in each case). There is only one Greek text.

¹ She means Edmund Castell's *Lexicon Heptaglotton* (1669), an outgrowth of his work on Walton's *Biblia Polyglotta*.

² The Authorized version reads: 'And owls shall dwell there, and satyrs dance there.' The American Revised Version translates the disputed word 'wild-goats'.

³ Giovanni Diodati's Italian translation. He translates *i demoni*.

⁴ Ovid calls them *populum biforem* in *Amores*, ii. 12, 19.

⁵ Hughes quotes the rest of the volume in *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, pp. 45–6.

that of the old bigotted Priests, whose Tears spring to their Eyes very often while they think so much Excellence forsooth devoted to Destruction—and make me obliged, afflicted, & disgusted all at once.

here then

Farewell fair Italy say I,
Whilst other Modes & other Climes we try.

15: Sept^r 1786¹

Milan Contrada della Spiga
Casa Fedele

¹ Her German Journal (*Ry. Eng. MS.* 618; see above, p. 613, n. 1) fills the gap between the close of this volume and the opening of the next. They left Milan on September 22 and proceeded, through Cremona, Mantua, Verona, Trent, Innsbruck, Munich, and Salzburg, to Vienna. From thence they made an unsuccessful excursion into Hungary, mostly spent at a wretched town called Edembourg, where Mrs. Piozzi was ill. By November 1 they had returned to Vienna, where they stayed until the 24th. They then went to Prague, where they remained a week. On December 4 they reached Dresden, after a trying journey over all but impassable winter roads. On January 6 they arrived in Berlin, which they did not like. On the 11th they started on a tour through Potsdam, Brandenburg, Magdeburg, Helmstedt, Brunswick, Hanover, Osnabruck, Munster, and Dusseldorf, which they reached on January 28. They proceeded through Liége and Louvain to Brussels, where they stayed until February 28. They then made an abortive effort to embark at Ghent for England, but were turned back by the rough weather in the Scheldt. They returned to Brussels and set out again going, via Lille (where the last entry was written), to Calais. They reached England on March 10, as she says below (p. 678). The German Journal contains only nineteen entries in all, three of them undated. It is less carefully written, and more impersonal, than her Italian Journal.

THRALIANA

29: April 1787.] God Almighty having graciously preserved us through a Journey of four Thousand Miles, without any thing w^{ch} we could call a real Illness, or a real Accident; and restor'd me on the 10th March 1787 to my native Country:¹ I rejoyce in the arrival of this Blank Book² exceedingly, that I may open and write in it at my new House here in Hanover Square where we have fixed our Residence, and that I may testifie in *this* way my Thanks to the Allgiver for such signal Mercies. Poor M^r Lawless who we made Acquaintance with at Naples, Venice, and Milan, died at Nice; & never reached *his* Home tho' but 23 Years old; Abbé Bourbon too: a beautiful Young Frenchman about two Years older, was not permitted to see his beloved Paris any more, while every body meets *me* with Expressions of Surprize at the Healthfulness & youth of my Looks—in good Time! but who can be sick, or who ought to be sullen after so diverting a Drive round Europe, and so very comfortable a return to London?

Verona is demi-divine, Inspruck pleased me from its Situation, & Munich from the Company we kept while we were there; I really liked Abate Buchetti³ vastly; a Jesuit far from home & without any Power is a most delightful Companion—talkative, insinuating, penetrating & informed. Saltsburg was pleasant to me from the Ideas it excited: myself the last Heir of its old Princes! but I really was much respected on that Acc^t the Benedictine Convent on the Hill contains the Sepulchre of my Ancestor, & the Records of the Town prove the migration of his youngest Son Adam to Great Britain with William the Norman who conquer'd it, and gave him Lands to settle on—in the Year 1070.⁴

Vienna⁵ pleased M^r Piozzi better than me, he found some Musical Houses very much to his Taste, but I disliked both the City & People exceedingly. Prague was horrible; Dresden won my Heart, was I sixty Years old I should like to settle at Dresden:—though

¹ They went first to the Hotel Royal in Pall Mall, where they stayed at least until March 24. Lansdowne, *Queeney Letters*, pp. 248-9.

² i.e. the fifth volume of *Thraliana*, which begins with this entry. The blank volumes had probably followed her from Italy.

³ Marquis Trotti's companion, who visited them later. See below, p. 812.

⁴ and all this was kindly acknowledged & I was offer'd the Tabouret if we had staid. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Cf. above, p. 274.

⁵ Hughes quotes the two following paragraphs in *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, pp. 47-9.

Bloomsbury Square & Southampton Row are somewhat nearer to be sure, the Manners very similar, the Society just such I think:—more Women than Men, & the Men poor Creatures—I made some Friends¹ there who appeared to love me sincerely. Brunswick, Hanover, & Osnaburgh, form a Climax of Misery; God keep one from ever se[e]ing those Places again—Berlin & Potsdam were *Superbly dull*. The Gallery at Dusseldorp is worth running across to look at; but Aix la Chapelle was a wretched Place, & the Spa Baths made one sick to look at them. Brussels? Ay Brussels was something like indeed; never were People so caressed as M^r Piozzi and I were at Brussels. the Duke & Dutchess of Arenberg² quite adored us, Lord & Lady Torington³ professed themselves jealous of our fondness for *them*: the *Princesse Governante*⁴ invited our further residence in her City, & asked me if *nothing* She could do, would induce us to stay?—the Archdutchesses learned English out of my Book (Johnson's Anecdotes)—and Prince Albert would not have M^r Piozzi out of his Sight.

We entertained sixty four English Friends with a Concert and Supper at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, we dined & spent the Evening with y^e first Company every day, and we left 'em much to my Regret after spending five Weeks in Gayety & Good humour.—Why *did* we leave them?? I never could tell certainly; but the best Reason was the Hope of seeing our Mortgage to Miss Thrales fairly discharged & cancelled, *that* Satisfaction I expect next Thursday. As for seeing our Daughters⁵ why we never do see them here, any more than when the Sea parted us—or hardly. the eldest has called twice, and we have called twice on Susan & Sophy, who refused dining here at our Invitation; perhaps from an Idea that *they* are superior to the petty Sovereigns of Germany: I suppose Jerry Crutcheley tells them so, and they believe him—if their Old Nurse confirms y^e wise Opinion.

M^r Piozzi *tout empressé* to please 'em, presented Miss Thrale with some Italian Pictures which She accepted, & I think saw him no more.

¹ Female ones. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² i.e. Louis-Angilbert, Duc d'Arenberg, a German nobleman whose estates had been confiscated after the Treaty of Luneville, and who lived in Brussels in exile.

³ George Byng, 4th Viscount Torrington, and his lady, who was daughter to the Earl of Cork and Orrery.

⁴ The Archduchess Christina, daughter of Maria Theresa. She and Albert, Prince of Saxony, her consort, succeeded her uncle, Charles of Lorraine, as vice-regents of the Austrian Netherlands in 1780, and ruled until 1789, when the Brabançonne revolution broke out.

⁵ Hester was now living at 30 Lower Grosvenor St. (Lansdowne, *Queeney Letters*, p. 248), and the other girls were at Mrs. Stevenson's School in Queen's Square, London.

The little Cecilia is his Darling, & while She is at School¹ will honour us with her Visits no doubt, but her Tenderness will end there I trust, as her Spirit is the same to that of her Sisters. Well! never mind, my heart is vastly more impenetrable to their unmerited Cruelty than it was when last in England. Let them look to their Affairs, & I shall look to mine: the World is wide enough I'll warrant it for Miss Thrales and M^{rs} Piozzi.

1: May.] Johnson's Letters² are at Press—may they *but* succeed! if my eldest daughter would have given me hers from him,³ how it would have helped the Compilation! but perhaps She keeps them for some professed Enemy of mine: it would be droll enough if after refusing them to her Mother She should give them to Sir John Hawkins as a Reward for having insulted me with every unprovoked, & undeserved Abuse.⁴ Very likely. I do *believe*, God forgive me, that She and her old Nurse between 'em, dictated Baretti's most *audacious Libel* mentioned in the last Vol: of Thraliana⁵ and sent after me to Genoa. Tis an astonishing Performance.

It⁶ was not wrong to come home after all, but very right, the Italians would have said we were afraid to face England, & the

¹ In the summer of 1786, Cator had informed her mother that they had removed Cecilia from Mrs. Ray's school at Streatham to Mrs. Stevenson's, 'as it was thought she did not advance so much as she ought at Streatham'. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 602. ² See above, p. 672, n. 4.

³ These letters were carefully preserved by Queeney, and were passed on to her daughter, Georgina Elphinstone, who, though twice married, had no children. On her death in 1892 the letters passed into the possession of the descendants of her father's (Admiral Keith's) first marriage, then represented by the 5th Marquis of Lansdowne. The Keith estate, Tullyallan, near Kincardine-on-Forth, was sold in 1904, and the family papers removed to the English seat of the family, Bowood, Calne, Wilts. Lansdowne, *Johnson and Queeney*, p. xxi. The letters were discovered and published by the 6th Marquis in 1932, under the title *Johnson and Queeney*. They also appear in the larger collection, *Queeney Letters*, published by Lansdowne in 1934. Mrs. Piozzi had written to Queeney on the previous March 24, from the Royal Hotel: 'You have perhaps already heard from others what I ought to tell you first: that my Letters written by Dr. Johnson are loudly claimed by the Public, & that I shall print 'em directly. What shall I do with the dear Name of *Queeney*? scratch it out, & put Miss T—— in I believe. it occurs very often, but always mentioned with Tenderness & Respect. Tell me *what you would have* me do, and assure *yourself* that nothing is more precious to me than your approbation, which I still venture to assure *my own self* shall at length be most fully obtained by Your truly Affectionate H. L. Piozzi.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 533. This letter was obviously written before she had asked Queeney for her letters.

⁴ His *Life of Johnson*, which had appeared shortly before this entry, expatiated upon Johnson's views of Mrs. Thrale's degradation of herself in her second marriage, and published an excerpt of a letter from Johnson, written from Ashbourne: 'Poor Thrale! I thought that either her virtue or her vice [meaning, as I understood, by the former, the love of her children, and, by the latter, her pride,] would have restrained her from such a marriage. She is now become a subject for her enemies to exult over, and for her friends, if she has any left, to forget or pity.' P. 570. The bracketed remark is Hawkins's.

⁵ See above, p. 615.

⁶ Hayward (i. 300) prints this paragraph.

English would have said we were confined abroad in Prisons or Convents or Seraglios or some Stuff. I find M^r Smith one of our Daughters' Guardians told that poor Baby Cecilia a fine staring Tale, how my Husband locked me up at Milan & fed me on Bread & Water, to make the Child hate M^r Piozzi: Good God! what infamous Proceeding was this? My Husband never saw the Fellow, so c^d not have provoked him.

This is a pretty House here in Hanover Square, and we live very comfortably; dear M^{rs} Lewis the Dean of Ossory's Widow is with me, very sick & infirm; & my sweet kindhearted Companion fondles her about as if She were his Mother. he is a good Creature indeed.

The old Blue Stocking Society as the folks call them, appear to be shy of me this Spring; & Sir Lucas Pepys has been but a half-faced Friend at last.¹

I think all the People here look very little altered since we went abroad: few if any it seems expected that we should ever return. D^r Lort is attentive and kind, so is M^r Selwin, & Sammy Lysons retains his officiousness & Gratitude: We have miss'd seeing Sir Philip by Chance, but he has not forgot me. M^{rs} Byron seems glad of my Return, but hates my Husband cordially, Perkins's respectful Behaviour surprizes & pleases me much, but the Misses at Kensington's Conduct is wholly unaccountable, & Sir Lucas Pepys's worst of all. We are somehow got much into new Acquaintance by one Accident or another, but shall contrive to drive Life along very well among them, I nothing doubt.

The Whalleys who at Brussels were my Delight & my Counsellors are come over, but do not like England: they live with M^{rs} Siddons whilst in London—how charming that dear M^{rs} Siddons is! off the Stage as well as on.

19: May 1787.] We² had a very fine Assembly last Night indeed, in my best Days I never had finer; there were near a Hundred people in the Rooms which were besides much admired. Miss Thrale & her Companion were asked & refused:—pass'd my Door, & looked insultingly up at the Window, as they went to Mortellari's Benefit. was that worth the while?

¹ On November 30, 1786, he had written, candidly acquainting her with the attitude she must expect to find in England, and advising her to take her younger daughters to live with her, in a good house in London. He likewise expressed approval of her rumoured intention to change her name to Salusbury when she returned. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 536. How he failed her does not appear.

² Hayward (i. 301) quotes this sentence.

What Hero would this Fan celebrate? if it could speak, says a Clergyman at Mr^s Streatfield's last Week. nobody replied—Koulikan to be sure answered he; Cool I can. Dr Vyse cried out then all Impromptu what Ecclesiastical Writer would your Spectacles name? if *they* could speak:

Eusebius without a doubt—*You see by us.*

Dr Vyse is shilley shall I still with Sophy Streatfield¹ I find, Dr Lort tells me all, for we dont visit; but sometime or other the Match will be made—he does however

Bid her sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish her Soul away.²

very proper *Punishment*.

Laura Carter is become a fine Lady & very rich, her Name is Rush³ now—I could not guess who the Wench was when She addressed me: I kept her in my Nursery & about my Person for Charity as a Maid Servant thirteen Years ago—& here is Laura the finest of the fine at every Publick Show.—

Another Wonder! the Mortgage is paid,⁴ & Cator says 'twas *he* who lent the Money at last, not the Ladies, who kept me in Subjection all those miserable Months at Bath, because they supposed themselves my Creditors.

21: May] London is larger & more lovely than ever, the increasing Population, Riches, & Splendour are scarce credible; and its Superiority to all other Capital Cities very striking.

Our Weather is celestial, no Inconvenience from Heat can be complained of, yet here is Sun enough for Health and Plenty, & even the Foreigners appear content.

Parsons has published his Poems,⁵ but I fancy few will read them; Merry's Paulina⁶ is a prodigious Series of beautiful Lines, & nobody looks even at that. An Idea runs round the Town that he had my Assistance to write it, very false & foolish—Merry writes Poetry much better than I can do—he wants no help from me or any one.⁷

¹ For Vyse's early marriage which prevented his marrying Sophia, see above, p. 378, n. 3.

² Johnson quotes these lines in a letter to Queeney, in 1781. Lansdowne, *Johnson & Queeney*, p. 26. I have not discovered their source.

³ Later Lady Beaumaris Rush. Her husband, W. Beaumaris Rush, of Roydon, was appointed sheriff of Suffolk and knighted in 1800. *Gent. Mag.* lxx. 176, 582. For her earlier history, see above, pp. 117-18.

⁴ The legal fee for the transaction was paid to Robson and Norris in March. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 601. ⁵ *A Poetical Tour, in the years 1784-86* (1787). ⁶ Published in 1787.

⁷ He implies, however, in a letter dated May 29, 1786, that he was encouraged to publish by her praise of it. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 558.

Our petrified Fish are greatly admired—so they well may; but even our favourite Dog¹ is eminent for his Wit & Beauty, in good Time! and we are going to be all the fashion once again. Piozzi seems happier here too than I ever expected to see him, what Reasons have I not to be thankful?

When Pope saw Farquhar in a Coffee House & insultingly asked him if he knew what a Note of Interrogation was: every body must have laughed I think at the Captain's promptness of Reply—Oh yes (said he) it is only a little crooked Thing that asks impertinent Questions. This is a Story of M^{rs} Lewis's—She is half Irish.

When Lord Shelburne asked Gainsboro' the Painter what he thought of his Countenance—Looks—&c. Upon my Word replied the Artist I never was very good at seeing through Vernish; & my Eyes now are even worse than they were.

Nobody ever told me how many Years it has been in Use to put the *Bar* in a Bastard's Coat Armour;² our general Idea of its meaning is to keep out illicit Offspring from Inheritance: but my Notion is, that *Bar* meaning Son in the Hebrew Language, as Fitz James, Fitz Roy, &c. in French or in our Own Tongue *Johns son, Harry's Son* &c. as Camden says, the Bar was put in the Armour either symbolically or by mistake & Corruption, as our Barber's *Pole* is substituted for *Poll* the Head.

Here is a great Talk about the Animal Magnetism: I am very earnest to satisfy myself whether those who profess to be Adepts & Believers are misled by *Delusion*, or whether they share the Profits, and faint & sleep & all by *Collusion*; or whether 'tis some Diabolical Business in earnest.

Scaliger certainly believed in Demonology—& Scaliger was not only a very learned, but a very clear-headed steady Fellow: he did not credit strange Tales from Warmth of Imagination as Johnson did—he thought he had Evidence of the Facts.³

The Animal Magnetism is probably no worse than Idiotism in those who think themselves cured—no Man of Sense appears to credit it, except D^r Lort; who I fancy thinks it some infernal Agency, but he never told me so.

I see my dear M^{rs} Lewis thinks me exceedingly foolish to be

¹ Florin. Mrs. Piozzi.

² The correct heraldic term is *bend sinister*. It has never been used officially to denote illegitimacy.

³ See above, pp. 469, 627.

hanging & whimpering after my ungrateful Daughters who have treated me & my Husband so ill, & who still continue their truly unaccountable Behaviour in spite of others Example, & I should suppose—their own Disapprobation

When I was at Brussels Lady Torington shewed me a French Riddle of only six Lines upon a *Beard*—with many Excuses as if Riddles were beneath my Notice. in the Even^g I sent her these Lines

That quibbling France should chuse my Name
 To make a Riddle, moves my Shame;
 Whilst all their People *du bel Air*
 Find me the first Thing they can spare;
 Yet let them treat me as they may
 I still return the following day;
 And spite of Anger Shame & Sorrow,
 Am sure to come again tomorrow.
 What Wonders on my Steps attend!
 To Poverty a useful Friend
 My Form the Miser's Heart unlocks
 And lures the Penny from his Box;
 With varying Climates much affected
 Yet by Religion's Rules directed.
 While Asian Realms revere my State
 And rich Perfumes my Train await,
 Canadia's Chiefs my Presence loath,
 And soft Italia stops my Growth.
 Jews, Monks, Mahometans invite me,
 But Protestants agree to slight me.
 No more! one only Wish have I—
 May Lucy's Eyes my Form descry,
 When her great Grandsons hail my Visit,
 And younger Children Cry—What is it?

The Verses I left at the opposite Inns of Calais & Dover have been picked up & printed in the Newspapers—

Over Mountains, Rivers, Valleys,
 Here are we return'd to Calais;
 After all their Taunts and Malice,
 Entering safe the Gates of Calais:
 While constrain'd our Captain dallies
 Waiting for a Wind at Calais,
 Wandring Muse! prepare some Sallies
 To divert Ennui at Calais.—
 Turkish Ships, Venetian Gallies
 Have We seen since last at Calais,
 Yet tho' Hogarth—Rogue who raillies
 Ridicules the French at Calais,

We who have walked o'er many a Palace
Quite well content return to Calais:
For striking honestly the Tallies
There's little Choice 'twixt them and Calais.

He whom fair Winds have wafted over,
First hails his native Land at Dover;
And doubts not but he shall discover
Pleasure in ev'ry Path round Dover:
Envies the happy Crows that hover
About old Shakespear's Cliff at Dover,
Nor once reflects that each young Rover
Feels just the same return'd to Dover.
From this fond Dream he'll soon recover
When Debts shall drive him back to Dover,
Hoping tho' poor to live in Clover
Once safely pass'd the Streights of Dover.
But he alone 's his Country's Lover
Who absent long, returns to Dover;
And can by fair Experience prove her
The best he has found since last at Dover.

1: August 1787.] I have been a pretty Tour lately—round by Bath, Salisbury, Southampton &c. We set dear M^{rs} Lewis down at Reading, the place of her present Abode; and carried Count Martenengo a Venetian Nobleman about to see Sights: particularly the Shipping at Portsmouth which we English are justly proud of. With regard to other Things, Foreigners have a much stronger Manner of setting their Possessions off than the natives of Great Britain, whose cold Way of mentioning all that does not relate to War or Politics, makes People think they care less about 'em than they really do; & that the Things are in themselves less valuable than they really are. We cannot puff—We are above it.¹—

While I was at Bath Miss Thrale wrote me a strange Letter thanking me for my *polite Attentions* to Cæcilia, but observing that they were superfluous, for that *She* intended removing her from the School She is in, to another *further from me*; and that She should take her immediately away to the Isle of Wight. I sent such an Ans^r² as the Letter deserved, & received a Reply which must I

¹ The state of the Harvest is very fine, & I feel interested in its Success, a new sensation: I never could care in Italy for any body there, or any *Thing*. less still in Germany, whence I was only desirous to be gone. Switzerland would have been better perhaps, but we did not see it. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² On July 7, from Bath:

'Dear Miss Thrale,

I have very few Letters from you, and this last is an odd one. I had no Notion till I read it, that Cecilia was either generally unhealthy, or at this Time particularly ill: when we

think have been dictated by *Baretti* and so it probably was: it would have been scarce justifiable to send such a one to the last Woman who was hanged.

Patienza!

I have got the Child home to us however, & Piozzi doats on her. —I hold her to my Heart all Day long, as Niobe did little Chloris; if they steal her away from me now, I shall lose my life: 'tis so very comfortable to have *one* at least saved out of *twelve*.

The Harrass of these Letters made me miscarry tho'; and that was a bad Thing; we laid the Blame on a fall, but external Causes affect my health but little; if I *did* miscarry, (and all the Doctors say I did,) the Letters caused the misfortune.

Sir Lucas Pepys & I are friends again: what signifies quarrelling with every body so, whilst Death is always ready to quarrel with us all? I was glad to be sick almost, that I might send for him, and make up. I love Sir Lucas Pepys. He told me Miss Burney spoke kindly of me, but that I count nothing on; it proves nothing indeed, except that She thinks we are coming into Mode again. That Family has certainly been *too* ungrateful, they were dabbling in News paper Abuse of me all the Time I was away in Italy.¹

parted She made no Complaints: and Mr^s Stevenson—under whose Care I am told *You* placed her, said She was perfectly well. If London however disagrees with her—why is She there? I left her in the Country at Mr^s Ray & Fry's School Streatham, where She enjoyed the Air of her *native Place*, and if you removed her thence, on pretence of Improvements which you now say are Trifling Matters at so early an Age—it will be found necessary perhaps some Day for you to produce your Authority for so doing.

'That I am her Mother & Guardian appears by her Father's Will, which expresses that no Marriage made by her while under Age shall be held legal if it has not my Consent: and it is no longer ago than last Month, that I was called with Mr Piozzi to the Chambers of an Attorney to sign Settlements & Papers relative to her Fortune. Now as you did not appear that Day in the Character of Parent or Guardian, I conceive the Laws of England do not consider you as such; and I must add, that to bathe a lean growing Girl of large Expectations, whom *you* say is unhealthy—in the Sea without more & nearer Medical Advice than the Isle of Wight would afford—seems somewhat a rash Step when taken by a young and single Lady who cannot pretend to the smallest Degree of Legal Power over the Child's Person. Your proposed Removal of her to some other School is in the same Strain—*We intend* &c. the Expression I acknowledge to be Kingly, but we do not feel a like disposition to recognise the Authority—as I have the Happiness to be hers as well as

Your Affectionate Mother H: L: Piozzi.'

Lansdowne, *Queeney Letters*, pp. 250–1. This letter, and the subsequent removal of Cecilia by her mother to their home, was the beginning of an estrangement which lasted for six years between her and her daughters. See below, p. 856.

¹ Actually Fanny Burney was at this time defending, to Queeney, Mrs. Piozzi's right to keep Cecilia, and only yielded when Queeney insisted that her sister would be corrupted by association with her mother. On March 22, 1788, she wrote to Queeney: 'The word *corrupt* must silence me forever . . . *Corrupt*, indeed, I did not think her. . . . Favour me with an answer to this, my Dear Miss Thrale & let me not have the grief to find that in trying to unite Both, I have been able to retain neither.' Bowood Papers. See below, pp. 755, n. 1, 760, n. 3.

Well! I came home very careless somehow whether I came or no; but I grow more & more attached to England every day, and suppose that by the Time I have rivetted my heart to my Country, and my Child, I shall be called to quit them. I dare say so: for my Heart tells me that all my Sorrows are not yet over.

Mean Time we are going to Guy's Cliffe Mr Greatehead's House; and intend to be happy & quiet there for a Month if possible.

Adieu London for a little while.

2: Aug:] Before we leave Town I will remember to write out a Fable which I imitated for Cecilia at Southampton last Month.

The Jessamine and Bay Tree

You love a Fable, this may do
To pass in Talk an hour or two;
Bertola's Lines¹ inspired the Lay,
Mine but reflect a borrow'd Ray.

When Birds and Beasts, and Flowers and Trees
Could speak all Languages with Ease;
A Jessamine whose early Bloom
Scatter'd around a soft Perfume,
In pride of Youth would needs deride
The Bay Tree springing by her Side:
And thus began. What Fool was he
Could plant me in such Company?
When not a Gardiner lives but knows
My near Connections with the Rose:
Some Pinks perhaps my Parties share,
But Shrubs of meaner Names despair;
I once returned Myrtilla's Bow,
But can't on that Account allow
Of each stale Evergreen's dull Visit;
And this queer dusky Thing—What is it?

Born to survive the rolling Year,
Replied the Bay with Words sincere;
I little heed thy taunting Tale,
Offspring of Summer! pert and pale.
Whilst these dark Leaves those storms defy,
That gather in a Wintry Sky;
Whilst with some neigh'ring Laurel twin'd,
The Bard and Heroe's Brows they bind:
Thy feebler Blossoms dropt around,
Shall strew with faded Sweets the Ground.
Thou then no more in wanton Pride
My unoffending Boughs deride;

¹ In his *Cento Favole* (1785).

For as to sage Experience—Youth,
 As faery Tales before the Truth,
 As Beauty's Morn to Learning's Day,
 Such is the Jessamine to the Bay.

I ought likewise to have recorded my Admiration of Herschel's Telescope,¹ and its Object the Moon; We could not however *say* we saw the Volcano; but it appears that the Place is all over Mountains, many of which have burned out I fancy, for one can see the empty Craters quite plain, and as to Water or Collection of Water, no Appearance can be found to be sure: all the dark Spots are solid Bodies only hollow, but luminous at bottom of the Dell where perhaps there is a new still formed by some Accident or other. For my own part it gave me the Idea of a ruined, not a habitable World, but such a State as ours is likely enough to be thrown into by that general Conflagration the Scriptures bid us expect.

Now² for the new Journey. Guy's Cliffe was our first Flight & I liked it much. The Place is respectable from a Thousand Circumstances. Warwick Castle visible from one Window, & Gavestone Hill from another—The Avon of Shakespear running thro' its Grounds, and the Cavern of old Guy still kept in its original State besides a Colossal Statue of the Champion standing in their Chapel.³ The Dwelling House however is neither commodious nor elegant, but too spacious for the Estate, though to complete it more Rooms still must be built, & added, where there are already too many: a Fault found with all those Habitations of last Century which are never either venerable or airy—splendid or snug; but ingeniously contrived to escape every Excellence of Architecture. The Possessors of Guy's Cliffe are however adorable: M^r Greatheed is very clever & is now employed in writing a Tragedy⁴ which has my warmest Wishes.

Birmingham was less agreeable than I left it 13 Years ago, but far grander; the People more rich & more insolent of Course—God send 'em ten times more so! They will not now shew their Manufactures.⁵

¹ At Bath. The Thrales had made his acquaintance there in the spring of 1784, and Johnson wrote to Susan: 'With Mr. Herschel it will certainly be very right to cultivate an acquaintance; for he can show you in the sky what no man before him has ever seen, by some wonderful improvements which he has made in the telescope.' *Letters*, No. 944.

² An undated entry written after their return in September.

³ Guy, according to the legend, turned penitent after his marriage, and retired finally to a hermitage, with which later tradition identified the cave at Guy's Cliffe. The statue was erected in the fourteenth century.

⁴ *The Regent*. See below, p. 713.

⁵ I would not ask Hector for any Anecdotes or Letters from Dr. Johnson, because they

Hagley is a heavenly Place after all one has seen in Italy, & the dear Leasowes charming beyond Expression: one as the Seat of a Nobleman, the other as the retreat of a poor but tasteful Poet—have hardly any Equals on the Globe. Mr Piozzi liked Matlock, it put him in mind of Savoy as he said; but the Rocks of Dovedale looked too despicable to people who had just crossed the Alps. The meeting of the Rivers at Ilam seemed to strike him as very surprizing. I received vast Civilities from Miss Seward at Lichfield,¹ and was

told me he had already given all to Boszy. Mrs. Piozzi. The Thrales and Dr. Johnson breakfasted with Hector, as her Welsh Journal records, on their return from Wales, on September 20, 1774, and he afterwards took them to Clay's papier maché works, and Bolton's button and watch-chain manufactory. Broadley, pp. 213-14. In her account of that journey (above pp. 314-16), she fails to mention the stop in Birmingham. In Johnson's 'Journey into North Wales' (*Life*, v. 458) the visit is recorded, but Duppa, who originally printed it, misread *Hector* as *Wheeler*. G. B. Hill, however, after consulting the MS. of the journal in the British Museum, corrected the mistake. Johnson, *Letters*, i. 369, n. 4.

¹ Her chief objective on this jaunt was to collect more materials, with which to fill out her second volume of *Letters*, then in the press. Samuel Lysons, who had been editorial adviser in the preparation of the letters for the press, wrote to her on August 16: 'The first volume of the Letters was finished before I came away . . . and a good fairly printed volume it makes, tho' when bound it will not be so thick as you suppose—how they will be able to fill up a second I do not know, unless you should be so fortunate which I hope you will, as to procure some of these Litchfield Letters—Mr. Strahan's people think that with a good deal of what they call *driving out* (a printing Term of which you will comprehend the meaning) it is possible that the remainder including the verses may make about three hundred & fifty pages, but it will not I fear look very handsome, to have the second volume printed so much more loosely than the first.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 552. Anna Seward, who called without an introduction, started an effusive correspondence in August, after Mrs. Piozzi had gone on her way. What was more to the point, she offered to intercede with Sir Brooke Boothby, and his son, Mr. Brooke Boothby, who was in France at the time, for Johnson's letters to his aunt, Miss Hill Boothby, and with Dr. Taylor for Johnson's letters to him. Miss Boothby's letters were in the possession of Dr. Taylor, and at the express direction of Sir Brooke he forwarded them to Mrs. Piozzi, with the following covering letter, dated October 13, 1787: 'I have sent you at Miss Seward's Request, by Mr. Boothby's Direction, Dr. Johnson's Letters to Miss Hill Boothby. Dr. Johnson's Mental Powers and extreme good Heart, all Men very well know, and his Enemies acknowledge; but I shall be greatly grieved to see the ridiculous Vanities and fulsome Weakness's which he always betray'd in his conversation and Address with his amiable female friends, exposed; and I cannot forbear to entreat you to change your Resolution about printing these Letters.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 892. He apparently ignored the request for Dr. Johnson's letters to him—Boswell himself secured only three. In spite of his earnest request to the contrary, Mrs. Piozzi persevered in her intention, and Miss Boothby's letters appear in her collection in vol. ii, pp. 391-400. She secured also while on this tour, and later, the anecdotes which appear in her second volume (pp. 378-90), the anonymous letter to Miss — (pp. 400-1), the letter to Joe Simpson (pp. 402-4) (sent to her by Mary Adey, Joe Simpson's cousin), and the five letters to Mr. Sastres (pp. 405-12). The volume was further 'driven out' by inserting at the close Johnson's Latin verses to Dr. Lawrence, her translation of them, and her and Johnson's joint translation of the *Odes* of Boethius, which filled pp. 415-23. For a fuller account of Mrs. Piozzi's activities in supplementing the second volume, see J. L. Clifford's 'Further Letters of the Johnson Circle', *Rylands Library Bulletin*, xx. 278-82.

happy at heart to find Mr Newton¹ & Mr Greene² and almost all the People alive—& black Frank³ in good Time! settled among them. I picked up some Anecdotes of Johnson whose Friend Hector I passed by, because we were told y^t Mr Boswell had got all from him that was to be had: Dr Taylor was kinder than I counted on. Buxton is become so fine I hardly knew it again, & if the Ground be at once coverd with Marble & fertile of Silver—Buxton *may be* fine, but not else: the Country round is *too* dismal; the Duke of Devonshire however, does his best for it, & the new Crescent & Stables are exceedingly handsome. We liked some fresh Acquaintance picked up at these two Places very much—particularly a certain Mr Hardcastle⁴ who married Lady Mexborough, he will be to me a mighty useful Acquisition for many Reasons. The Sight of my old Butler Daniel & his Wife Nancy pleased me at Liverpool: he was a cheating Fellow I believe, but not as bad as he was painted by the old Nurse and her Associates who were worse still. besides he used to bring my Piozzi's Love Letters to me of a Morning in Argyll Street, that dreadful Winter which I spent there; so we were both glad to see him again somehow, & give him a Guinea for old Acquaintance sake: he is Waiter at an Inn now, & has three sweet Children. Chester Wall put me in mind of poor dear Dr Johnson who said one day very drolly; *now have I known my Mistress sixteen Years, & never saw her out of Humour yet—except once upon Chester Wall.*

Well! my Journey to Wales was exquisitely delightful indeed, and I hope the Gratitude of my Heart was acceptable to that God

¹ Andrew Newton, the wine merchant, whose East India rarities they viewed on their previous visit. Broadley, p. 162, and n. 3.

² Richard Greene, the apothecary, whose remarkable museum they had seen on the same trip. Op. cit., pp. 160–1.

³ Francis Barber, Johnson's negro servant, who, after Johnson's death, inherited most of his property and, according to Boswell, 'by the recommendation of his master, retired to Lichfield, where he might pass the rest of his days in comfort'. *Life*, iv. 402, n. 2. Mrs. Piozzi, writing to Hester (then Lady Keith), on May 15, 1813, about Johnson's old desk, which had been at Streatham, said: 'but my Notion is now,—hunting back my Memory—that I gave it him when we parted—along with a Carpet I had worked, & an old Silver Tea kettle & Lamp which had been my poor Mother's Virgin Establishment:—They all went to the Blackmoor, with my Portrait by some of the Burneys.' Bowood Papers. Frank lived for seven years in a house in the parish of St. Chad belonging to Mrs. Gastrell. In 1799 he was living in the parish of Burntwood, with his wife Elizabeth, and three children, Elizabeth, Samuel, and Ann, and had in that year to give evidence before a court of law that he was not likely to become a parish charge. A. L. Reade, *Times Literary Supplement*, April 12, 1934. He died in the Stafford Infirmary on January 28, 1801. Reade, *Johnsonian Gleanings*, i. 80.

⁴ The Rev. Sandford Hardcastle, rector of Athol, who had married the dowager Countess of Mexborough in 1780. *Gent. Mag.* l. 251.

who has protected & conducted me to my own Country again—such a sweet Country as it is too! and Dear Piozzi so pleased with it! the People have a Notion that Lead is likely to be found in our Mountain: if so I will surely build a pretty Church at its foot, & Sir Joshua shall make the Design for a painted Window. I remember my poor Father always said that he was an unlucky Dog, & could not arrive at finding it; but that he had almost a Certainty that there *was a Mine* in the Rock, which some fortunate Fellow would find after his Death, who had spent Money to no purpose in the search. Who knows but my Husband may be the Man? Our Caernarvonshire Hills looked very respectable after seeing both Alps & Appenines; we agreed that Penmanmawr was about the size of Vesuvius, & looked not unlike it one Evening from Bangor Ferry, when I shewed it Cæcilia as a light Cloud covered its Top, & told her that it represented the Smoke issuing out of the Crater cleverly enough, & so it did.

Paris Mine in Anglesey is however the capital Lyon of North Wales¹ now: a solid Rock all of Copper which employs 1500 people, produces enormous Wealth, and by the dispersion of that Money embellishes the whole Country in a Manner I had not dreamed on: but the Inns are now as much *above* mere comfortable Inns, as they were *below* that State 13 Years ago, when dear, cruel, unkind Queeney was my sweet Companion. Will Ciceley ever treat me as *She does now*? Hope & Fondness answer *no sure*; but Reason, Experience, & Knowledge of the World all agree to say “expect no better Behaviour from any of the Breed—they are all true Sisters.”

Mr Piozzi poor Soul was sick coming home, so we did not stop at Chirk Castle House, or Colebrooke Dale, which is better worth still; but we ran back to dear Guy's-Cliffe whence the Owners were flown, but where we were obliged to stay till Dr Landors had set up my Husband's Health again. Cecilia says She will marry little Bertie when he comes of Age, & settle in Warwickshire, which She prefers to every Place She has seen. a good thing for the Greatheeds could She be supposed likely to hold her Mind against her apparent Interest: yet 'tis odd to reflect that the present Possessor of her favourite Spot, had almost as early a Passion for his present Lady;

¹ We have an Estate here *wh* when the Lease is out I am informed will be of *double* the Value it was let at to y^s Mr Griffith of Brynodynol. The Estate is in Caernarvons—but Anglesea's Glories influence two or three Counties. *Mrs. Piozzi*. This property was in the parishes of Tydweillio and Llangwinodyl, in the Lleyn peninsula, near Bodfel Hall, where she was born. Broadley, p. 242.

and sure no Human Creatures are happier, wiser or better than that charming Couple.

I have written an Epilogue for Mr Greatheed's Tragedy but it won't do for Mrs Siddons¹ She says, so it must be changed I trow. Let nothing ever tempt me to write for the Stage, no Patience can hold out against their Objections and their Criticisms & their Mock-Importance—they teize Mr Greatheed to Frenzy.

Hanover Square 11: Oct^r 1787.] Why do the People say I never loved my first Husband? 'tis a very unjust Conjecture.² *This day* on which 24 years ago I was married to him never returns without bringing with it many a tender Remembrance: though 'twas on *that* Evening when we retired together that I was first alone with Mr Thrale for five Minutes in my whole Life. Ours was a Match of mere Prudence; and common good Liking, without the smallest Pretensions to Passion on either Side: I knew no more of him than of any other Gentleman who came to the House, nor did he ever profess other Attachment to me, than such as Esteem of my Character, & Convenience from my Fortune, produced. I really had never past five whole Minutes Tête a Tête with him in my Life till the Evening of our Wedding Day,—& he himself has said so a Thousand Times. yet God who gave us to each other, knows I did love him dearly; & what honour I can ever do to his Memory shall be done, for he was very generous to me.

This Day Twelve Month I remember was passed in Bavaria—what a Distance—the Year before it was Pisa—The Year before that somewhere in France I think, or perhaps Savoy—83 was at Bath, & sure that Time of Misery I never shall forget.

My Health is going very fast. It has lasted surprizingly, & has held out against many storms: perhaps the Jury Masts may just serve to carry me into Harbour, (as they *have* done,) and then the ship is to sink:—very likely, for such events happen perpetually.—'tis no matter *now* tho,' so God's Will be done.

¹ A connexion of long standing existed between them. While she was still Sarah Kemble, in 1771–2, she had spent two years in the employ of Lady Mary Greatheed, Bertie Greatheed's mother, in the capacity of a maid-companion, at a salary of £10 a year. Parsons, *The Incomparable Siddons*, p. 15.

² Queeney believed it. Writing to Fanny Burney (then Mme d'Arblay), in 1813, she said: 'We have often agreed that her [Cecilia] & I have been the great sufferers from having been so much more exposed to injuries from a quarter where it was least to be expected in the common course of nature. *She* is convinced it was from original and persevering dislike and real hatred of us all, from her hatred of our father, and certainly her general conduct to the whole family strongly savours of that nature.' Lansdowne, *Johnson and Queeney*, p. xxv.

Mr Murphy dined here Yesterday—his Company & Conversation reminded me of past Times: The Greatheeds & Mrs Siddons were our party & Mr Parsons who is likewise a Conspirator in forming this new Play: which turning on maternal Tenderness towards her little Son Carlos, I thought the following Epilogue would suit Mrs Siddons nicely, but I believe She dont like it herself.

*Epilogue to Manuel*¹

Carlos is safe: to sooth maternal Sorrow
 Sav'd for tonight; You'll meet him here tomorrow.
 But this first Offspring of our Poet's Brain
 By you protected bids my Cares be vain.
 If early prone each Danger to deride
 On Bladders borne he dares this dashing Tide,
 Let him not sink; but lend a Hand to raise,
 Whate'er his Fate such Courage merits Praise.
 The brawny Brat in Guy's old Caverns bred,
 Still in Gigantick Steps desir'd to tread,
 Warwick's bold Champion in each Dream beheld
 And long'd to lift the imitative Shield:
 By you encourag'd in this Course t' advance,
 In Nature's Cause he'll shake his Gothic Lance, }
 Nor heed St Denys, and the Wits of France. }
 Yet lest conforming to this new Convention,
 Stage Commerce should become our State's Intention,
 Let us remember still our ancient Charter,
 And keep some sterling stuff to bring for Barter.
 In Change of Congreve's Wit let them prepare,
 To yield polite Des Touches and gay Moliere;
 And think themselves too happy to have caught her,
 If for their Cid we truck our *Grecian Daughter*.
 While Shakespear's Tomb oerlooks the Plains below
 Where Avon's consecrated Waters flow,
 So long, so clear Britannia's Fame shall last,
 For Strength of Nature, and for Truth of Taste,
 Warm'd yet unscorch'd by Phœbus' friendly Ray,
 Verdant our Meads—immortal is our Bay:
 Nor shall this Primrose I present tonight,
 Pluck'd from fair Avon's Brink—tho' pale with fright;
 Be deemd inferior to a Gallick Laurel,
 If Ladies you'll assert your Country's Quarrel.

I have observed that no People teize one so much with Ceremonious Civility ill expressed, as an Attorney when one goes to his Chambers: his Fears lest the Fire is too hot, or the Window too cold, the Chair out of its Place, or your Feet wet with the walking, take up half one's Time to pacify; & make me marvellously impatient.

¹ The title was changed to *The Regent* before the play was presented.

Does it proceed from the Man's Desire to evade or prolong the Matter in Hand? or has he been tormented himself by Women who instead of explaining their Tale, talked of these petty Afflictions, which he is therefore double diligent to obviate before the serious Business begins?—Certain it is they all have the same Trick, which to me is scarcely sufferable: 'Tis as if while you were sitting down to have a Tooth drawn, some one should officiously keep tick'ling the Soles of your Feet.

Our Letters—that is the Correspondence between Johnson & myself will come out now very soon: I *know* of only six professed Enemies who are determined to write against the Book, but there are doubtless six and twenty of whom I know nothing. Well! Johnson always said that nothing could sink a Book except its own dulness—if so—why Cry you mercy Enemies—we fall by our own Hands.

Hanover Square 26: Oct^r 1787.] 500 Guineas and 50^s if it came to a 2^d Edition was my Bargain made with Cadell at the Royal Hotel when we first came over—Lysons Witness: This will pay for the Abuse well enough, but not for the Negligence of Mankind.

Miss Seward has been civil, but I see nothing Col: Barry¹ did who promised me such Wonders.

Bath 5: Nov^r 1787.] They were disputing what to call the new Buildings here by the Crescent—& what were their Merits;—a Gentleman observed they were *good to break the Wind* which blew so strong from that Corner: Let us then said M^r James call them *Cardamum Buildings*.

Why does one so seldom see the *White* Rose & Crown? the Red is a common Sign; perhaps the House of Lancaster was always (as indeed I suspect) the general Favourite.

Nothing quite effaces original Distinction: the Plough of Commerce, the facility of changing Place by dint of Turnpike Roads, navigable Canals, and a long et cætera cannot even yet effect it in England. there remains much of provincial Dialect still, many customs too appropriated to peculiar Provinces, and even the Signs denote in which part of great Britain one is travelling. I once had a Book a blue Paper pamphlet as I remember, but the Author's Name has long escaped me, if indeed I ever knew it at all; which

¹ Major Henry Barry, who was not made a colonel until 1790. She had asked him to intercede with his friend, Mrs. Cobb, for the text of Johnson's letter to Mrs. Cobb's nephew, Joe Simpson. *Ry. Eng. MSS.* 538, 892. Cf. p. 696, n. 2, below.

treated of old Customs, & the derivation of many Provincial Words, Expressions, and peculiarities:¹ that Book I deform'd with a Thousand marginal Notes containing my own Ideas on such Subjects, & recollect that Miss Thrale pretended to esteem it violently: but whether it was lost, or left at Streatham, or whether I gave it *Her* as I rather think, has quite slipt my Memory: I wish I had it again, it was full of Entertainment.

Alfred Street Bath Nov^r 19.] How happy I am to see & feel myself here at Bath where I was once and for so long a Time—miserable! surely surely I *am* not, I *cannot* be sufficiently thankful to God, but my Heart really dilates with the Thought of it.

We have made acquaintance here with Miss Lee,² who writes the Novels, Comedies &c. her powers of pleasing in Conversation proceed from mere Simplicity, and remoteness from Affectation—while her Books engage Attention chiefly by the wonderful & improbable Tales they relate. So much for Miss Lee. Miss Burney was a curious Contrast to her: the Books written by that Lady are valuable only as they are an exact and perfect Copy of those Manners which at this Moment prevail in this Nation;—every body may see their own picture, & read their own Character in *her* Novels, which are the truest representations of the very commonest Life: while the Author's Conversation & Behaviour is *all* unnatural, *all* stilted, *all* Affectation. Which does best? I say Burney.

It would be imprudent in me to assert it, but Johnson's famous Reply to Macpherson is almost literally copied from Eugenio's answer to Ventosus in the *Adventurer*—2^d Volume:³ which 'tis

¹ Probably John Ray's *English Proverbs* (1670), or his *Words not Generally Used* (1674).

² She may refer either to Sophia, who produced *The Chapter of Accidents*, a comedy, in 1780, and *The Recess*, a historical romance, in 1785, or to Harriet, also a novelist, whose comedy, *The New Peerage*, was presented at Drury Lane, one week before this entry, on November 10. 'The wonderful and improbable' better describes Sophia's work, however. With a younger sister, Anna, the Lees conducted the Belvidere School for girls at Bath. There was a fourth sister, Charlotte, older than Sophia, who was devout, and who separated herself from the Belvidere trio by marrying, either late in 1792 or early in 1793, a man of mean station in Bristol, as Mrs. Pennington told Mrs. Piozzi in her letters of January 24 and February 3, 1793. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 566.

³ No. 65. It reads: 'Sir,—Your behaviour last night has convinced me that you are a scoundrel; and your letter this morning that you are a fool. If I should accept your challenge, I should myself be both. I owe a duty to God and to my country, which I deem it infamous to violate; and I am intrusted with a life, which I think cannot without folly be staked against yours. I believe you have ruined, but you cannot degrade me. You may possibly, while you sneer over this letter, secretly exult in your own safety; but remember, that to prevent assassination I have a sword, and to chastise insolence a cane.' Johnson's letter to Macpherson may be found in the *Life*, ii. 298. The tone and style are similar, but there is no further resemblance.

possible indeed he might himself have dictated, as Hawkesworth & he lived much together when that Book was written:—the papers of it sign'd T. and given to Doctor Bathurst, were certainly either composed, or at least corrected by Johnson.

Amicus in the Rambler¹ was done by Joe Simpson² it seems, of whom I have related some comical Stories in my Anecdotes of Dr Johnson,³ & to whom was addressed the Letter against parental Authority publishing now in our Correspondence Book—he was very clever I fancy, & very mad.—

Hawkesworth's Story of Sultan Amurath⁴ in the Adventurer is better than any Eastern Tale of Johnson's, and his Story of Uncle Friendly & my Cousin John⁵ shews common Life in very striking Colours; I never read any thing so perfect in their kind as those two so different Papers: Addison's Vision of Mirza⁶ fades away before the first, nor can Fielding or Burney or even Richardson himself hope to exceed the last mentioned Specimen of Hawkesworth's Powers.⁷

¹ *Rambler*, No. 107, a plea for charity to prostitutes.

² Joseph Simpson was a Lichfield schoolfellow of Dr. Johnson's, later 'a barrister at law, of good parts, but who fell into a dissipated course of life'. Boswell, *Life*, iii. 28. Johnson's editors have labelled the 'Amicus' paper as of unknown authorship; but Mrs. Piozzi, in attributing it to Simpson, is speaking on good authority, that of Simpson's cousin, Miss Mary Adey, of Lichfield, who wrote Mrs. Piozzi that Dr. Johnson himself had informed her of the fact. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 892. Miss Adey's letter, dated October 29, 1787, was written on behalf of her aunt, Mrs. Cobb, and enclosed the copy of Johnson's letter 'against parental authority' (cf. above, p. 689, n. 1), which duly appeared in the following March, in the second volume of Mrs. Piozzi's *Letters to and from . . . Johnson*. Simpson's authorship is further confirmed from Bishop Percy's copy of the *Rambler*, now belonging to the Bodleian Library, in which he has entered Simpson's name against this number, as its author, again on the authority of Dr. Johnson. D. Nichol Smith, *Bodleian Quarterly Record*, vii. 509.

³ The *Anecdotes* (pp. 228–9) tells the story of Simpson's getting drunk on his wedding day, falling down stairs, and breaking his arm. Miss Adey's letter, mentioned above, makes clear, however, that this was on the occasion of his second marriage, not to be confused with the earlier marriage which elicited Dr. Johnson's letter of advice.

⁴ *Adventurer*, Nos. 20–2. Cf. above, p. 328.

⁵ *Ibid.*, No. 17. Cf. above, p. 328.

⁶ *Spectator*, No. 159.

⁷ The Notions about Providence interposing or not interposing immediately in our private Affairs, w^{ch} made 'em hunt poor Hawkesworth out of the World when they appear'd in Cook's Voyages; are all to be found in his Stories of Eugenio & Curio in the *Adventurer*, where I believe they met with universal Applause. So capricious is y^e Publick. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Cf. above, p. 328. Hawkesworth included Cook's account of his first voyage in vol. ii of *Voyages in the Southern Hemisphere* (1773). In the Introduction, Hawkesworth excuses himself for not attributing any of the voyagers' 'critical escapes from danger . . . to the particular interposition of Providence', on the grounds that God, being the sole cause of all events, could have prevented the perils in the first place, if He had been disposed to intervene, and applies the argument particularly to the shipwreck and escape of Cook's *Endeavour* on the rocks of New Holland. This, of course, invited attack. In the preface to the second edition, dated

That Man wanted nothing but Classical Learning, which to want is to play constantly at Whist, not only *without*, but *against* the Ace of Trumps.

I have read in Manuscript a fine Tragedy of Doctor Hawkesworth's called the Rival; I wonder what went with it: Johnson & I liked it about 15 years ago.¹ Hawkesworth's ode upon Life too! how very fine that is! I forget now which of our innumerable Repositories has had the Wit and good Taste to select it:² the original Idea seems to remind one of the review of Macbeth's Phantoms, but 'tis highly poetical to be sure; and the four last Lines have perhaps no equal in their kind.³

Bath is a pretty Town, so the People call it a *Great City* & then I affront them by laughing: they are building two new Crescents upon Lansdown; very stupid never to change the form of Architecture—like Sir Balaam's two Puddens,⁴ they will have all the same stuff over and over again till one is weary on't.

Count Meltze⁵ told me today that he once saw a young English Gentleman at Milan put a great Hailstone in his Pocket to carry and shew in London as a specimen of Italian Tempests. What an Idiot! I wonder who he was. An *Irish* not an English Subject of Great Britain sure.

The English People are most agreeable abroad I think—the Italians are pleasantest at home: of the Germans I know too little to speak even with myself—but what I did see in Germany 'tis certain I did not like. No Talk is more pleasing to cultivated Foreigners than some Conversation about Cook's Discoveries; I always turn to that Page when I have a mind to make them like me; but their Credulity amazes even me who know them so well: Nothing so gross that those people will not believe.

The Italians still quote the Galateo⁶ as a Standard of Politeness, and when a Man is wanting in Civility tell him he has neglected the Study of the Galateo. They are as all the World knows very loose in Conversation and Writing, yet I once heard Count Meltzi say

August 1773, he denies his critics' charges that he had attributed to natural forces the control of events in the physical universe, without the immediate agency of God. He died on the following November 17. *Gent. Mag.* xliii. 582. The story of Eugenio is in *Adventurer*, Nos. 64–6, 70, but does not illustrate this theme. The story of Curio is in No. 96.

¹ Cf. above, p. 328 and n. 1.

² Pearch's continuation of Dodsley (1770), iii. 143.

³ Cf. below, p. 703 and n. 1.

⁴ See Pope's *Moral Essays*, iii. 360.

⁵ Francesco, Conte Melzi d'Eril, of Milan, who travelled in Spain and England from 1783 to 1787. He became a supporter of Bonaparte, and was made Duke of Lodi in 1807. *Encyclopædia Italiana*.

⁶ By Giovanni della Casa (1503–56).

Pope was an *obscene* Author: surprised at such a Charge, I made further Enquiries; & perceived that two Passages in the Rape of the Lock had given him the Idea.

Oh hadst thou cruel been content to seize
Hairs less in Sight, or any hairs but these,¹

was the first Couplet objected against; the other was Ariel's Menace to the Sylphs

When Alum Styptics with contracting Pow'r &c.²

In which I can find no Indelicacy at all—one cannot ask Men about such Stuff, but if there is any harm in the Word Alum, I never did hear it; and in Truth it seems a silly Line enough, for I suppose Women use no more Stypticks, nor no more Alum than Men do: when they cut their Fingers: it might have been prettier to wrap the Sylph up in a little Goldbeater's Skin perhaps, but there is nothing gross in the other, only somewhat old-fashion'd, being written before the Ladies black Sticking Plaister was known

Here follows a Sonnet written by Professor Villa on the Death of Countess Gambarana Durini, who had lived very loosely it seems, nor could be prevailed on either by Priest or Physician to change her Conduct when even on the Bed of her last Sickness y^t sickness brought on as they said by a long Course of criminal Pleasure.

L'Anima non voleva, l'anima altera
Cedere al suo Destin, che troppo vaga
D'informar belle Membra, ancor non cra
Di vivere e d'amar contenta e paga:

Ma il destin portò notte avanti Sera
Al Folgor de due Lumi onde la maga
Beltà del Volto impallidi primiera
E abbandònolla del suo fin presaga.

Solo Amor fermo stava anche al orrore
De più miseri giorni, e tendea rete
Da languid' occhi e dalle guancie smorte,
Quando costretta al fin l'anima forte
Fuggì sdegnosa, e non sappiam se Amore
Al varco ancora l'accompagnò di Lete.

How odly ignorant the Italians are! Count Martenengo asked Mr Piozzi, (I heard him;) who that *Londini* was, that made so many Musical Instruments, & particularly Piano e fortes.

We were talking of the old Mysteries; Count Meltze a very knowing Man; protested he had seen in a Provincial Town of Languedoc, a Stage Representation beginning³ thus.

¹ iv 175-6.

² ii 131.

³ Here three leaves are cut out and laid in loosely. See Mrs. Piozzi's explanation below,

The Eternal Deity our Sole & Supreme God acted by a Fellow dress'd up as an old Man lying fast asleep with Clouds under him—an Angel comes running in, and shaking him exclaims—*Eh Pere eternal! votre Fils bienheureux meure en ce Moment mesme, et vous dormez comme un Ivrogne.*

The answer was Diable m'emporte si j'en ai ouïdire la moindre chose. Is not this *Statutable Frenzy*?¹

Bath 5: Dec: 1787.] I once a great while ago thought of putting the Bible in easy Verse for Babies—but that Mr Hill I met at Milan cured me of the Fancy by repeating the queer Stuff mention'd in Vol: 4: of this *Thraliana*,² as I did not know but mine might grow like it. Little Miss Gertrude James however, induced me to finish the Book of Genesis for *her*, so I shall put it into her hands tomorrow.

Hannah More is the cleverest of all us Female Wits at last I think, her *Florio*³ is a very excellent Piece of writing in its way: We none of us much love the Author though: Sheridan's⁴ ridicule of her in the Testimony to Sir Joseph's Mawbey's Poetical Spirit is very neatly done.

I have got an *Erisypelas* in my Eyes &c. so had my poor dear Mother I remember on just the same Occasion. Am I to dye of her Disease I wonder, & at her Age, or earlier? if so—'tis time to think on't:—ay and think seriously too. Mr Piozzi has now a regular Fit of the Gout, the Thing he has long wish'd for.—

The Book of Genesis put in easy Verse for Babies—& abridged into one Sheet of Paper given to little Miss Gertrude James aged six Year[s] This Christmas Time 1787. Bath.—by H: L: Piozzi.—

The first Man was Adam, the first Woman Eve,
God made them, & plac'd in fair Eden to live,
But early transgressing his single Command,
They were turn'd from the Garden to till the rough Land.
Then Cain kill'd his Brother for Malice & Spite,
And looked like a Murderer black as the Night.

p. 702, n. ¶. On the same page she bridges the gap by repeating the interrupted anecdote in the margin.

¹ To be seen represented on a Stage in Languedoc Count Meltzi saw it with his Eyes last Year. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

² See above, p. 664.

³ *Florio; a Tale, for fine Gentlemen and fine Ladies* (1786), with which is printed *The Bas Bleu, or Conversation.*

⁴ It is not Sheridan, but *Lawrence* now they say. *Mrs. Piozzi.* The *Lawrence* referred to is probably Herbert Lawrence.

The World was so wicked and Noah so good,
 He was sav'd in the Ark, and they drown'd in the Flood,
 Ham hated his Father, and laugh'd him to Scorn,
 His Sons were to Slav'ry devoted and born:
 But Abram was faithful and found his Reward,
 While Angels approv'd him, and God was his Guard.
 Lot liv'd in a sad Place, a wicked vile Town,
 So the Lord sent his Lightning—& burn'd 'em all down;
 Yet his Wife believ'd nothing—Oh! that was a Fault,
 For which She was turn'd to a Pillar of Salt.
 Isaac courted Rebecca, and sent her fine Things,
 Rich Jewels for Bracelets, & Diamonds for Rings,
 But Jacob and Esau his Sons swell'd with Rage
 And griev'd their old Parents when grey with old Age.
 Jacob taught by his Mother stole gently away,
 And slept on the Ground after walking all day,
 There dream'd of a Ladder set up by his Side
 Where Angels ascending—descending he spied,
 To that Place of Course a great Name was then given
 The House of Jehovah—the Gate of high Heaven.
 From thence Jacob walk'd till fair Rachel he met,
 And abode with her Father her Favour to get,
 So he married both Daughters, and grew a rich Man
 By trusting to God and a plain honest Plan.
 Returning to Canaan when Isaac was dead,
 He met his harsh Brother from whom he had fled,
 But they made up their Quarrel, & parted good friends,
 Having both seen what Comfort on Virtue attends.
 Jacob strove with an Angel, and Wrestling obtain'd
 A new Appellation when Conquest he gain'd,
 From henceforward Israel his Name we must call,
 And the Children of Israel his Progeny all.
 Twelve Sons & a Daughter compos'd his whole Stock,
 While he sojourn'd with Laban and tended his Flock;
 There was Reuben and Simeon, and Levi and Gad,
 Juda, Nephtali, Zebulon, Asher he had;
 Dan Issachar also to him truly dear,
 Little Joseph and Benjamin brought up the Rear.
 Fair Dinah the Daughter went something astray,
 But her Brothers reveng'd her, and fetch'd her away,
 Then at Canaan in Peace the old Patriarch arriv'd,
 Where for many long Years he in Comfort had liv'd,
 But his Sons teized his heart out with hating the Boy
 He had chose for a Favourite—Joseph his Joy.
 Of his own Exaltation poor Joseph had dream'd,
 While the Brothers malignant his Ruin had schem'd,
 And heated with Rage threw him into a Well,
 Whence they drag'd him resolv'd into Afric to sell,
 Then made up a Tale the old Sire to deceive,

Said his Son was devour'd and left him to grieve.
Well! Joseph was sold into Egypt a Slave,
Where a Gentleman bought him, a servant to have,
But treated him most like a fav'rite or Friend,
So here all his Sorrows were soon at an End,—
For Potiphar—(that was his Master) begun
To take pleasure in nothing that he had not done.
His Lady however with Wickedness fir'd,
The Love of our innocent Joseph desir'd,
And being refus'd—She through false Accusation
Fix'd him in the prison for Folks of high Station.
There the Butler and Baker of Pharaoh the King
Dream'd both in one Night an Extraordinary Thing,
But Joseph accusom'd such Matters t'explain,
Interpreted all, and reliev'd them from pain
Yet when the chief Butler was call'd back to Court
Where the Grandees of Egypt made daily Resort,
Two Years had entirely come to an End
'Ere that Statesman ungrateful remembered his Friend
But Pharoah one Morning awaking with Fright
At the terrible Dreams he had had in the Night,
This Officer soon felt his Conscience affected,
And his poor fellow Pris'ner then first recollected
The Monarch who found that no Sage could succeed
In explaining the Case sent for Joseph with Speed,
Told him all he had heard of his powers & Merit,
While our Hebrew replied with respect & with Spirit.
So I dream'd said the King how I stood by the Nile,
Whose Banks seemd with Summer's rich Bounties to smile,
Till strange to relate from the River arose
Smooth fat and well-favour'd sev'n beautiful Cows:
As round our gay Meads I observ'd them to rove,
Seven more from the River to raise themselves strove,
And never my Eyes till that Moment beheld
Such lean-looking Objects at Market or Field;
Yet what seem'd by far most surprizing of all,
The large Cattle soon were eat up by the small:
Who continued no less ugly meagre and thin
Than if no such Provision had enter'd their Skin.
Amaz'd I awoke, but soon dreaming again,
Seven full Ears of Corn seem'd to spring from the plain,
Which quickly were follow'd by others so blasted
That all Cultivation on them would be wasted
These swallow'd the first which came out of the Ground
But no Sage of ours can the Vision expound.
Joseph say'd that 'twas thus the Almighty design'd
To illuminate Pharoah and open his Mind.
For that Plenty and Famine hung over the Nation,
And seven Years of each was th'appointed Duration.

Let our Sovereign's good Servants then try to produce
 One who'll seize the rich Moments & turn them to Use,
 For sure as Abundance now swells the rich Land,
 Pale Want Woe and Care are not far from our Hand.
 Pharoah listen'd with Faith, and since none c^d be found
 Like this Youth with Widsom and Righteousness crown'd
 Henceforward he took none but Joseph's Opinions,
 And made him chief Ruler o'er all his Dominions.
 Mean Time the rich Years of fair Plenty were past,
 And Famine approaching redoubled her Haste,
 The Nations around till'd their Meadows in vain,
 Whilst in Egypt alone was there found any Grain.
 Poor Israel 'mong others expected his Fate,
 But would make one more Effort before twas too late;
 So sent his ten Sons over Africk to range
 And finding some Corn give their Gold in Exchange.
 Now before that poor Brother whose Death they had plan'd,
 See Joseph's humiliated Enemies stand,
 How hopeless in Egypt's stern Ruler to trace
 One Feature fraternal, one Symptom of Grace!
 He knew them at once, but concealing his State
 Enquir'd of his Father, and Family's Fate:
 Then finding them faithful throughout the Narration,
 He thought on the Dreams of his own Exaltation.
 With various Devices he now sought to prove
 If their hearts were still harden'd 'gainst Brotherly Love
 But wearied at length would no longer perplex,
 So kiss'd his sad Suppliants and wept on their Necks.
 Then sent for old Jacob from Canaan with Speed,
 That with him he might never know Sorrow or Need,
 When embracing his Son and surveying his Glory,
 We end the first Book of the old Jewish Story:
 But ne'er did these worthy good Patriarchs forget,
 The God who preserv'd them, & render'd them great;
 While surrounded by Infidels, all their desire,
 Was to live in his Laws, in his Faith to expire.

Ribobolo is a great Word among the Florentines to express simple unmeaning Stuff—as we say a Fiddlestick—Quere whether Rebecks, and Rebibles, and Riboboli are not all of one Family—so 'tis a Fiddle in Italian too.—

1: Jan: 1788. Bath.] How happily do I begin this Year compared with 1784! which was likewise begun here at Bath! how thankful ought I to be therefore! yet that Year ended in great Felicity—and how this Year may end who can tell me?

¶ I have torne out some Verses I wrote for little Gertrude James—They were too bad even for Thraliana; The Book of Genesis in Verse it was: Will it ever appear against me? I hope not. My Reputation for Wit & Poetry would be ruined. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

Who can the future's Fogs dispell?
Awful Future!—who can tell!¹

So we are got no further now than Cræsus was two Thousand and odd Years ago—when he quoted Solon's discourses on the Funeral Pile, and agreed with him that no Man ought to be pronounced happy or miserable till the last Scene was over.

I have just heard from Milan that poor Doctor Carpanni is dead, he was one from whom I learn'd much Information, and should we return to that Country I should have a Loss of his Company: always subject to violent Headachs the Epilepsy at length carried him off at no advanced Age—poor Carpanni! it comes in my Head that Hinchliffe the Bishop of Peterboro' will dye so²—Men of strong Passions, ardent in the Pursuit either of Preferment like the English, or of some Woman like the Italians, are easily led into Epilepsies,—& what is so dreadful?

How³ little I thought this Day four Years that I sh^d celebrate the 1st of Jan: 1788 here at Bath surrounded with Friends and Admirers? The Public partial to *me*, and almost every Individual whose kindness is worth wishing for, sincerely attached to my Husband. Where shall I be on the 1st Jan: 1792? not in Company with Dr Carpanni I hope, as we were in the year 1785. that foolish Fellow frightful as he was, shorten'd his Life by dissappointed Passion, as many of his Countrymen do, for some married Woman who loved a third Person better than them—a common Case in Italy.⁴

Tomorrow we leave Bath, & I am sorry for it; I always am sorry to leave dear Bath: the Place and the Company, the manner of Life, and Style of Society were always particularly pleasing to me—but we have a good House in London & I *ought*, and I *will* be very glad to go home to it. These Waters have done my Health good too, and I shall begin the Winter quite pert again, if it please God.—

2: Jan: 1788.] Anstey's Verses⁵ are so very perfect that not a Thought can be added to them, or I should may be have tried my skill at quitting this Place. Mr Merry is a prodigious capital Writer of Verses, his Elegy on the 31st of Dec^r⁶ is demy divine—

¹ Cf. the last two lines of Hawkesworth's *Life, an Ode*:

'When shall truth my doubts dispel?
Awful period! who can tell!'

² Her last mention of him. He died in 1794, of a stroke of paralysis.

³ Hayward (i. 301) quotes half of this paragraph.

⁴ The Women there often hate their Cavalier Servente, & put Tricks upon him perpetually; he is so like a Husband to them! *Mrs. Piozzii*. ⁵ *The New Bath Guide* (1766).

⁶ In the *World*, for that date. It later appeared in *The Poetry of the World* (1788), i. 53-6.

what Pity that Fellow should put himself out of Friendship's reach to help or forward so—perhaps the Public will take up his Cause & I hope they will—no *one* Person could save Merry from Destruction, except Miss Pulteney¹ would marry him.—I am in hourly fear of hearing he has cut his own Throat.

*Hoare's Son*² has written a Tragedy—a *Whorson* Tragedy said Sophia Lee when She heard on't.

7: Jan: 88 Han^r Square] See Page 13³—I did *not* miscarry *then*, only was very ill; but the Bath Waters gave me Strength, and *now* I *have* miscarried of a Daughter at M^{rs} Lewis's House at Reading in my Road hither—*She is Witness*, but not thinking even that sufficient, would have every possible examination made in order to satisfy me that bringing Children is still *possible*.

I diverted my Friend M^{rs} Lewis while at Reading with reviewing my own Book,⁴ and imitating the Style of those I expect to abuse it: Here is the Performance, and I question whether my Enemies will do better.

Monthly Review for April or May 1788.

Letters to & from D^r Johnson published by H: L: Piozzi.

The Care and Attention with which we have review'd this Work, was rather excited by our long Expectation of it, than repaid by the Instruction or Amusement it affords; let it not however be consign'd to Oblivion without a few Remarks on its Excellencies & Defects, which to say Truth are neither of them numerous, & we should do the Publick double Injury in covering much paper with Criticisme upon what the Rambler himself would call *Pages of Inanity*. For who can it benefit, or who can it please? to hear in one Letter that poor M^{rs} Salusbury has had a bad night, and that little Sophy's Head ach'd all Yesterday? if our fair Editress publish'd this Correspondence to shew with how much Insipidity people famed for their Wit & their Learning might maintain a twenty Years Intercourse by Letter and Conversation; She has succeeded admirably—but we have some little Amends made us by the six more animated Letters at the End directed to Miss Boothby⁵ whose Epitaph⁶ written by

¹ Perhaps Miss Henrietta Laura Pulteney, daughter of Sir William Johnstone-Pulteney, and heiress to the Earl of Bath, who married Sir James Murray in 1794.

² Prince Hoare, son of William Hoare, the portrait painter. His tragedy, *Julia, or Such Things Were*, was acted at Bath on January 1.

³ See above, p. 686.

⁴ Like the review of *Retrospection*, which she later wrote for Mrs. Pennington. See Merritt, *Piozzi Marginalia*, pp. 77-9.

⁵ See above, p. 689, n. 1.

⁶ On her memorial in the Ashbourne Church; printed in Mrs. Piozzi's *Letters*, ii. 379-80.

her Nephew Brooke Boothby Esq^r is elegant enough. The World will however be probably but little interested concerning the slippery Bowels of an old pious Lady long since dead—perhaps the *strong* or *weakly* Constitutions of the living Miss Thrales may be of more Importance to some Men, but our Reviewers are unluckily not among the Number. We shall conclude by confessing that the Correspondence bears every mark of being genuine, that M^{rs} Piozzi appears very confident of Success, & careless of what may be said concerning her Publication; that there are some brilliant Passages, and some solid Reflections scattered up & down the book but that upon the whole we find eight or ten Shillings very ill bestowed upon a few loosely-printed Pages stamped with Johnson's Name, which after all can no more render them current than can the Druid on the Paris mine¹ Penny; it may like that Penny be laid up as curious by some Collectors, but must never hope to circulate as either useful or common.

To my true Sorrow I find on coming to London Dear M^r Greathead's Play in no sense advanced since I saw him & it here in October.

17: Jan: 1788.] Let me think a Moment on *my own* Concerns! here comes M^r Cator to ask me what School Cecilia is to go to—I tell him M^{rs} Piozzi's, and that the World considers it as *the first in England*. He replies that the three eldest Miss Thrales having often complain'd to him that I neglected *their* Education, was the chief Reason of his Fears that Cecilia should *lose her Time* in my Company. What a strange Combination of Malice, Envy, Avarice & Ingratitude is here! the other Sisters want her with them that the Allowances for her Board may increase their Income, & if She should dye, that her Fortune might fall into theirs: M^r Piozzi and I make no Charges at all for her Table or Lodging, and if they do as I trust they will, object to the Bills for her Clothes; we will apply to Chancery directly—Thurlow would put her in our Hands as sure as can be, and pay the 150^l p^r Ann: provided by her Father to *me* most likely—Cator now does what he will with it.

20: Jan: 1788.] The Loss of poor dear Sir Philip² goes to my Heart; *there* was a Man would have gone through Fire, nay he *did* go thro' Fire to serve me: and now he will have his Reward too—poor dear old Man! if I had not loved him I had been a Monster, if I were not sorry for him I were a Jew! & my sweet M^{rs} Lambart!

¹ See above, p. 691.

² Sir Philip Jennings Clerke, who died at the George Inn, at Southampton, on January 14. *Gent. Mag.* lviii. 85.

sick herself, and this additional Sorrow to bear: it will go very hard with M^{rs} Lambart.

Could poor Sir Philip have lived to see Johnson's Letters & mine, they would have pleased him; but he knows their Contents now with less trouble than reading the Book I suppose.

He was Captain at the Siege of Carthagera, & died at the Age of 72 I think.

Mondo! Mondo! as the Italians say.

I will try to forget my own Loss of one old Friend, & cherish those that remain, while they May yet be spared me. M^r Selwin was here the other night, & did not look ill for his Age. Murphy is grown monstrous deaf¹ I perceive, otherwise not *very* bad. M^{rs} Byron² is converted by Piozzi's Assiduity, She really likes him now; and sweet M^{rs} Lambart told every body at Bath She was in Love with him—but our own Misses still hold out.

Here is Count Zenobrio³ in England again: that must be a very odd Man sure! when we were at Venice he was put in the Castle for rambling,—& the Minute they released him he ran away again to England, & here he is:—& some People say they have confiscated much of his Wealth w^{ch} amounts to 15000^l p^r Ann: English Money; an immense Sum for Foreigners to carry out of their own Country & spend in ours: besides that he must give up all that Respect which doubtless makes much of Life's Delight, & can be enjoyed in no Place so completely as by a Venetian Nobleman at home.

What Days do we live in! *che Giorni mai!* as the Italians would say: when to learn Dancing costs more than the Classics, one's Dessert is double the Expence of one's Dinner, and a Lady's Cap stands her in more Money than her Gown.

28. Jan.] Compton the Benedictine Fryar⁴ who left his Convent at Paris just before I left London for Bath that dreadful Winter which I pass'd in Argyll Street—has prospered surprizingly: he

¹ Perhaps a contributing reason for his relinquishing his law practice in this year.

² Hayward (i. 301) quotes most of this paragraph.

³ Count Zenobio, a prince of Venice, and a prince of the House of Austria. *Gent. Mag.* lxxxviii. i. 88. He had been in England in 1784, and had visited Dr. Johnson on his death-bed. *Johns. Misc.* ii. 158.

⁴ James Compton, librarian of the Benedictine monastery in Paris which Johnson and the Thrales visited in 1775. Johnson attempted to help him, when he came to England in the autumn of 1782, first by introducing him to Davies, the bookseller (*Johns. Misc.* ii. 453), and, later, by soliciting for him the position of under master of St. Paul's School (*Letters*, No. 835).

came to see me Yesterday, & said he had by his Industry obtained 600^l a Year, almost in *Spite* of our London Clergy, who gave him a very cold reception, and no Encouragement at all. I think they were right enough: why should Change of Sect be promoted among Xtians? We each of us do very well in our own: Let us all act up to what is taught us, and I see no Call for change. Compton however did not become an Anglican from interested Motives—that's clear; He quitted a certain Income, & a very comfortable Life to become an English Parson, and a Beggar,—for such I left the Man receiving a Guinea ev'ry Monday Morning from dear D^r Johnson's charitable Hand, who lived it seems to see him well established, & Money in his Pocket—

The Marriage he tells me of, pleases me less; for as surely as I think that no Man has a right to swear Celibacy, so certainly it is my Opinion that no Man has a right to Marry after he has sworn to remain single—of all this however *God* must judge, not *Man*: and in his Hands I leave him. We must remember Compton had never seen the Woman when he left his Church,—that is prov'd:—and She did not bring him a Farthing—so I really *think*, and *almost* firmly *believe*, the Fellow *did act upon Principle*. I hope so.

Crutcheley says he has examined Cator's Acc^{ts} of the Miss Thrale's Fortunes, and finds them exactly and honourably kept; I am glad of it: M^r Piozzi had inspired me with Suspicions that some latent Fraud might be lurking over those unprotected—unaccountable Girls, as in *our short Acc^{ts}* with the Same Manager we are always finding out Mistakes I think—but Crutcheley says all is fair, and of *his* Honesty I have no Doubts. M^r Crutcheley is, or was at least when I knew him, a Man of delicate Honour, with Manners so very coarse, and so very cold, that he scrupled not to shew his ill Opinion of People to their Faces, in a Way I never saw any one use but himself—this made him incommodious enough to do Business with—as he would *affront* his Coadjutors whom he did not wish to *offend*; Sullen, & apparently disappointed by the paucity of Life's Pleasures, (for he has had but few pains;) the sole Comfort that Fellow has in the World is doing his Duty, which at last is done so disagreeably, that he never gets even Thanks for his Pains.

I met my Daughters in the Park today, & absolutely & *bonafide* did not *recollect their Persons*.—If M^r Thrale knows how we live it must grieve him, but he would not blame *me* if He did know, & perhaps he does not.

They have used me very Ill, but never mind; after all the

Trouble taken to tear down my Reputation, 'tis higher than that of half the Women in Town: after secreting 13000^l of my Money for three Years together, We are very rich thank God; & after torturing my Health almost to the Grave's Edge I am alive still, & *capable* of bringing more Children. Piozzi wished to settle at Streatham, & I am sorry we have not the Place;¹ it would have kept us from wandering Fancies, & from Fancies for wandering—We are now left too much at Liberty; but Cæcilia is a great restraint.—

I wonder *he* wish'd to fix there, for if I were to dye, he must turn out directly; and the Girls perhaps would not let my Body stay till it grew Cold, before they kick'd *me* out: at least their *present* Conduct gives Room to expect no better from their *future*: so it *may* be no Loss. Were some great Windfall to drop in, I would coax my Husband to buy a House in London, & build a Cottage on Dymerschion Hill: the Situation is demidivine, and it would be *his own*. Pulling down Bachygraig would make us hated in the Country, and no Money could render it habitable: Streatham does very well for a Summer Villa, but the Consciousness that one should hate to *dye* there, would make me *live* in it with a kind of odd Anxiety one knows not how to describe—*like being abroad*.

I think I shall never see my Girls again; what I mean is, we shall never more embrace like Parent & Child—I fear not! & Oh good God! how dreadful is that Idea! I did kiss Queeney's cold Face tho' at the Hôtel when first we came over.

10: Feb 1788.] We kept little Cecilia's Birthday, & had a World of Company. She is improved very much, and I have her to teach, and to talk to;—M^r Piozzi is good humour'd in bearing with her, for I should think he could feel no Fondness for any of the Race.—*& Cæcilia is not amiable*.

Cowley's² fine Epilogue carries all the Town to Drury Lane; her Fate of Sparta runs very reasonably well and the Verses afterwards are said to be admirable.

'Tis unlucky for Greatheed because it retards his Play, mortifying to Williams³ because his charming Prologue to the Regent is anticipated; and distressing to me as my Epilogue will be compared with hers, & found inferior; yet I cannot be sorry at my heart.

¹ It had been let by John Cator, for eighteen months, to Thomas Steele, Esq., on a lease running from October 10, 1786, at a yearly rental of £300. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 602.

² Mrs. Hannah Cowley, playwright and versifier, who was carrying on a poetic flirtation with Merry, in the columns of the *World*, under the name of Anna Matilda. See below, p. 716, n. 3.

³ The printed text of the play gives him as 'the Rev. Mr. Williams'.

That M^{rs} Cowley seems an active Woman, whom nobody likes, yet all are forced to esteem.

Strong as Necessity She starts away,
Climbs against Wrongs, & brightens into day.

She and I never met; I fancy her Vulgar & illbehav'd; for no one speaks ill of her, yet She is never in polite Circles.

19: Feb.] I have just read this famous Epilogue & find it a miserable Performance indeed: I have altered mine—but God forbid it should ever have been as bad as M^{rs} Cowley's:—one might write such Stuff in one's Sleep.

Hastings's Tryal¹ takes up all the Conversation, the Eloquence of Burke Fox &c are much talked on—The Greatheeds like Fox best—& I wonder at 'em.

I have just lighted on an old Book in a Red Leather Cover marked 1766 which served as a Register of my Children's Powers of Mind & Body beginning with the first down to the last²—*It has lain by forgotten & neglected till now*, but I was glad to see it again for various Reasons, the Misses & their Adherents say I never cared for my Children—Ungrateful Girls!—let 'em look at this Book & blush for Shame—I cared for nothing else, twenty long Years together—The Book was locked up when I went abroad; and so mislaid that till today it has not appeared this Age, I made Cecilia look at it.—

Stories of Humour never please the Foreigners—their Stories never please *us*: Sastres³ told a comical Tale of a Cook at Venice that cut off a Crane's Thigh for his Sweetheart & sent it up to Table with one Leg—telling his Master that no Cranes had any more: the Nobleman next day row'd his Gondola with the Cook in it to an Island where the Cranes lived—to convince him: but they were all found standing as is the Custom with that Bird—one Leg drawn up under the Wing, as if they had but one sure enough—Well! now the Cook had once more the best of the Argument—but his

¹ Warren Hastings's trial for corruption in his administration as governor-general of India. The trial began on February 13.

² Surviving, in the possession of Sir Randle Mainwaring, of St. Asaph, Wales. It consists of 190 quarto pages, containing 122 entries, beginning on September 17, 1766, Hester's second birthday, and ending, on December 31, 1778, with an entry about Mr. Thrale's infatuation for Sophia Streatfeild. It is actually a Family Book, rather than a Children's Book, as Mrs. Thrale included a long account of her mother's last illness, and some intimate references to Mr. Thrale's health and business affairs. It is referred to in these notes, however, by her name for it, the 'Children's Book'.

³ The Italian master, to whom Johnson bequeathed £5 'to be laid out in books of piety for his own use'. Boswell, *Life*, iv. 402, n. 2.

Master to silence him effectually cry'd Hoo! Hoo! and away went the Birds on all the Limbs they could muster—d'ye see *now* says the Nobleman they have *two* Legs at last have they not? and so had mine *naturalmente*—Ah says the Cook again, this was the Effect of your Lordship's shouting at them so: had you cried Hoo! Hoo! to the *roasted* Crane, who knows but he would have showed the t'other Leg too.

To this Story when related I found few English People had any Taste—I have lived among Italians long enough to like it well enough.¹

These Verses of Hayleys to Miss Seward about his Book on old Maids² are pretty enough—prettier than the Book.

There are you say—God bless the People
Who deem it Lava from a fiery Mountain,
Spouting o'er many a Nun and sacred Steeple
A most surprizing and terriffick Fountain.

And your own Fancy
My gentler Nancy
Deems it indeed somewhat flagitious,
Not Lava quite, but as pernicious
As caustick Lightning, or the Comet's Tail is;
While to my less discerning Taste,
'Tis all as harmless and as chaste
As an Aurora Borealis.

I know not who wrote the following pretty Lines but fancy it was Herbert Crofts who gave to Dr Johnson the Life of Young—

In these few Pages strongly marked we find
The Idiosyncrasy of Johnson's Mind;
Motley the mixture, & yet just the plan
To represent this celebrated Man:
While in the pleasing Composition meet
Like Punch the strong & small, the sow'r and sweet.

Gent^{ms} Magazine for April 86.³ The Verses were written in a blank Page at the End of my Book of Anecdotes.

Here is a pretty Epigram written by the famous Sr Will^m Brown and translated by Herbert Lawrence who sent it me with a peace-making Letter the other day⁴—We were once good Friends, and he loved my Father much, & made verses in my Praise when I was

¹ 'Tis in Boccaccio at last. Mrs. Piozzi. *The Decameron*, fourth novel of the sixth day.

² William Hayley's *Essay on Old Maids* (1785).

³ See the *Gentleman's Magazine*, lvi. 340. The verses are headed, 'On Reading Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes', and are signed 'A.B.', which would preclude Herbert Croft's authorship. They were sent from Bath.

⁴ Expressing gratification that he has obtained 'pardon for all past misdemeanours', and dated March 3, 1788. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 355.

but 12 or 13 Years old, & tutour'd me, & thought me more obliged to mind what he said, than I thought myself—

We continued our good Will afterwards, till on his refusing to come when my Son was dying¹ I quarrell'd, & would never see him more; as the various Civilities he had received from all of us, entitled me to every possible Attention from him, but I suppose he had then no Notion of the dear Boy's Danger—indeed no one *had*—& when a Man of 75 Years old begs Pardon, & writes Epigrams, —'tis surely Time to make up: here are the Verses.

In G: B: Medicum et Equitem auratum.
Te tandem tuus Orcus habet, te Civibus Orci
Gratius haud unquam misit Apollo Caput.
Quippe tuo Jussu terras liquere putentque
Tartara se jussu linquere posse tuo.
Hell at length's in possession of Doctor G.B.
Whom the Citizens there are delighted to see;
For they think now he's fix'd in those Regions to dwell,
As He sent them from Earth, that he'll send them from Hell.

The² Letters³ are out—they were published on Sat: 8: Mar: Cadell printed 2000 Copies, & says 1100 are already sold. My Letter⁴ to Jack Rice⁵ on his Marriage in the 1st Vol. seems the universal Favourite:⁶ the Book is well spoken of upon the whole—yet Cadell murmurs—I cannot make out why.

¹ He was then a Surgeon and Apothecary. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² Hayward (i. 309) quotes this paragraph.

³ *Letters to and from the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, in two volumes.

⁴ *Ibid.* i. 96–103. *Mrs. Piozzi* had originally consented to include some of her own letters in the published volumes because of Cadell's insistence, as she told Samuel Lysons (Hayward, ii. 224), but had intended to limit her contribution to 'six or seven tolerable letters' in each volume. The number grew, however, to fourteen in volume i, and fifteen in volume ii. Her letters to Johnson had come back to her, after his death, through the hands of Joshua Reynolds, one of the executors. In spite of Johnson's protestation to Fanny Burney (D'Arblay, *Diary*, ii. 271) that he had burned all of *Mrs. Piozzi's* letters which he could find, over one hundred of them survived the fire. The letter to Jack Rice (or a copy of it) may well have been among the number, since Dr. Johnson (see n. 5) had been concerned with *Mrs. Thrale* in settling the Rices' affairs at the time of their marriage. For the liberties which *Mrs. Piozzi* took in preparing the text of her letters for the press, see above, pp. 72, 346, 529, 537, 547, 563, 567, 634, and nn.

⁵ Jack Rice married Fanny Plumbe, Mr. Thrale's niece, in May 1773, when she was fifteen and he twenty-one. Her father opposed the match, but her mother, the Thrales, and Dr. Johnson encouraged it. An unpublished letter of *Mrs. Thrale's* to Dr. Johnson, dated April 19, 1773, reads: 'Mrs. Plumbe & her Daughter & young Mr. Rice the Girls Lover are now here, begging my Master's Influence over Old Sammy or his consent for the Clandestine Marriage.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 539. For other letters of hers describing the elopement of the young couple to Holland, see Miriam Ellis' 'Some Inedited Letters of *Mrs. Thrale*', *Fortnightly Review*, New Ser., lxxiv. 268–76.

⁶ Anna Seward commended it particularly, in a letter of March 14, 1788, in which she expressed the opinion that Dr. Johnson's epistolary style was not happy, and much below

27: March 1788.] Miss Hamilton¹ the Lady who acts at Richmond House² and who is now upon the first Rank in the World as a Woman of high Fashion, wanted a Song to introduce in the Tragedy of Theodosius,³ but did not like that printed in the old Copies: She is a very fine Singer too, and could not endure to let her Powers down by exerting them on a Ballad, when no body is more renowned than She for brilliant Execution, & pathetic *Portamento di Voce*.

The Lord & Lady Performers would not suffer an Italian Song to mingle with the Distresses of Athenais—because it would break what is called Costume in the present Cant—I therefore took her favrite Air a Cantabile of Sacchini's, & put these Words to it, which are thought particularly well adapted to the Situation of the Heroine who calls for Delia to sing at the Moment She has resolv'd on Death rather than receive the Emperor's Addresses.

Vain's the Breath of Adulation,
Vain the Tears of tend'rest Passion,
While a strong Imagination
Holds the wandring Mind away:

Art in vain attempts to borrow
Notes to soothe a rooted Sorrow,
Fix'd to dye—and die tomorrow
What can touch her Soul today?

Gray's: 'Ah! my dear Madam, how much more charming are your letters than your Philosopher's!—*gems* of the collection! gems of the *first* water! A transcendence so incontrovertible shall, in spite of sexual jealousy, oblige the justice of the English to emulate that of the Theban Literati, &, in this display of epistolary talent, decree to *you* the palm which crowned the lyre of Corinna in the contest with Pindar.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 565. Cf. her opinion of the *Observations and Reflections*, below, p. 751, n.2.

The *European Magazine* (xiii. 165), and such old enemies as the *Morning Post* (on March 12, 1788), condemned the *Letters* as a betrayal of trust, and a spiteful belittling of the man she professed to honour. The *Gentleman's Magazine* (lviii. 233) allowed the guarded praise that there was 'nothing unjustifiable, as some seem to imagine, in such a publication as this', and imagined Johnson himself defending the book on the grounds that 'such trifles as these go to make up a great man's fame.' Arthur Murphy's article in the *Monthly Review* (lxxviii. 326) stated unqualified approval of the true and valuable picture which the letters afforded of the 'undress' of Johnson's mind. For Murphy's authorship of this anonymous review, see B. C. Nangle, *The Monthly Review Index* (1934), p. 209. The most valuable tribute, however, which Mrs. Piozzi's book received was one of which she was never conscious—in a letter written by Jane Austen to her sister Cassandra, in 1808: '—"But all this, as my dear Mrs. Piozzi says, is flight & fancy & nonsense—for my Master has his great casks to mind, & I have my little Children"—It is *you* however in this instance, that have the little Children—and I that have the great cask—for we are brewing Spruce Beer again.' Jane Austen, *Letters* (1932), ed. Chapman, i. 235. For the letter which she quotes, see *Letters to and from . . . Johnson*, i. 270, and cf. above, p. 180, and n.3.

¹ Jane Hamilton, later Mrs. Holman. She was the daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Frederick Hamilton, who was second son of the seventh son of the 3rd Duke of Hamilton.

² The town house of the Duke of Richmond, in Whitehall. Fashionable amateur theatricals were played in his private theatre.

³ By Nathaniel Lee.

Miss Hamilton who is *Italian Mad*, says they are better than the Words of the Original Language, I mean better for *Musick*.

The Regent (so Mr Greatheed calls his Tragedy) is come out,¹ & with prodigious Eclat: there was some hesitation in the Public about the 5th Act, whether the last Scene of it might not be deem'd too horrible for Endurance, when the Tyrant is preparing to cut off the Boy's head in his Mother's presence: the Dispute gave Rise to a pretty Epigram of Mr Parsons.

Says William to Thomas take that *Axe* away,
Or else it will *strike* at the *Root* of your play;
Says Thomas to William, the *Axe* must remain,
Or all will be *cut*—they are *Blocks* who complain

4: Apl. 1788.] The Play however was more crowded & more applauded the 2^d Night than the first; everybody agreed that such a first Tragedy had never been presented to an English Audience since Shakespear's *Romeo & Juliet*.—What Praise! and what Mortification has poor dear Mr Greatheed had to manage with in the Course of this fortnight! Siddons suddenly taken ill has miscarried on the very Day that should have brought him his 1st Benefit²—& now God knows when She may be up again, and then *Hot* Weather will come & *cold* dispositions to the Theatre perhaps, & Hastings will be tried, & Marchesi will have begun to sing—& what will become of our Regent?

The Epilogue pleased in a very moderate degree, not half as much as Mr^s Cowley's after all.

Parsons made a pretty Epigram on her *Fate of Sparta*

When first thy Tragedy I view'd
Where Sparta mourns her Lot severe;
I caught the Spartan Fortitude
And watch'd her Woes without a Tear.

The Writers of the Florence Miscellany have met at last, in spite of Mr Merry's Prediction at the End on't—*Poets do oft prove Prophets*—the fine Verses in Windsor Forest where Pope foretells that the Negroes or Freed Indians in their native Groves will soon Reap their own Fruits & woo their sable Loves.³ seem likely to be realized quickly if the present Zeal for their Emancipation continues.⁴ The

¹ First played on March 29. I am indebted to Mr. J. L. Clifford for this information.

² According to other reports, the play was a dismal failure, and Mrs. Siddons pretended an indisposition in order to save her friend the humiliation of finding his play spoken to an empty house. Parsons, *The Incomparable Siddons*, p. 90.

³ ll. 409–10.

⁴ A committee had been formed on May 22, 1787, and Wilberforce was already pushing the cause of emancipation in Parliament. He did not triumph until 1807.

Ladies now wear the Figure of a Negro in Wedgwoods Ware round their Necks, the Inscription these Words

Am I not a Man & a Brother?

So The great Heiresses in the next Generation will perhaps be usefully perswaded by their Patriotic Mothers to find the African Blackamoors equally fit for a *Man & a Husband*.—

Mean Time Siddons has lost a live Child,¹ besides that to whom Life had never been given: What will become of Mr Greatheed & his Play? Merry has not behaved quite right somehow, giving us all Suspicion that he envies Greatheed²—very foolish if so, no Man breathing—no Man who has breathed since Thompson drew his last Sigh can write like *Della Crusca*.³

Greatheed is good, and flexible, and kind hearted, high in Principles of Religion, & sweet of Temper; too easy perhaps, and plastic in the hands of artful or violent Associates, who can without much difficulty mould him as *their* Passions not *his own* direct.⁴

Were Jaffier⁵ a better Character, he would resemble Greatheed.

Merry is a dissipated Man become truly wicked; by Accident, rather than by Principle however: of elegant and airy Manners, but of a Melancholy and apparently Conscience-smitten Spirit. his Distresses interest one's Tenderness, his Courage & Learning claim one's true Respect; Merry is a Scholar, a Soldier, a Wit and a Whig. beautiful in his Person, gay in his Conversation, scornful of a feeble Soul, but full of Reverence for a good one though it be not great. Were Merry *daringly*, instead of artfully wicked, he would resemble *Pierre*.⁶

¹ This child was Elizabeth Ann Siddons, aged six years. She does not appear in any of the biographies of Mrs. Siddons, and I believe that her death, and indeed her very existence, are here for the first time noticed in print. The child's name and age are given by Bedina Wynne in a MS. note to a letter written by Mrs. Siddons to Bedina's aunt, Mrs. Soame, on April 18, 1788, in which she mentions 'the loss I have sustained'. Bedina's note reads: 'Mrs. Siddons in this Letter alludes to the recent Death of her youngest Daughter Eliz. Ann Siddons, aged Six Years.' The letter and note are in the Theatre Collection at Harvard. The establishment of this child's existence answers the problem raised by Mrs. Parsons, in her *Incomparable Siddons* (pp. 290-1), where she speculates on the possible identity of the 'little Eliza' mentioned by Mrs. Siddons in her letters to Mrs. Whalley—not, however, surmising that she was Mrs. Siddons's own child.

² See below, p. 716, n. 3.

³ Cf. above (p. 643, n. 3) for the meaning of the term. Merry had used the pseudonym, apparently for the first time, when he published his poem, 'Adieu and Recall to Love', in the *World*, on June 29, 1787. See below, p. 716, n. 3.

⁴ Both Greatheed and Merry became violent partisans of the French Revolution.

⁵ Jaffier, hero of Otway's *Venice Preserved*.

⁶ In the same play.

Sastres has translated my Song for Richmond House¹ into elegant Italian, here it is.

Vano è il suon del Lusinghier
 Dell' Amore il Pianto è vano,
 Mentre L'Animo lontano
 Spinge un forte e rio Pensier.
 D'adolcire un gran dolor
 Tenta indarno il dolce Canto,
 Di morir disposta tanto
 Chi può mover il suo Cor?

I have written an extempore Prologue, or rather an occasional Prologue—(tho' I did make it in half an hour) for the Regent to come out again with after Siddons's Illness; it alludes to the new Exhibition of a beautiful Woman one Mr^s Wells,² who has diverted the Town by Imitations of our great Actress, while She was laid up with ill Health & Grief. I do think that Mr^s Siddons for Vigour of Action, pathetic Tone of Voice, & a sort of Radiance which comes round her in Scenes where strong heroic Virtues are displayed, *never had her Equal*. For Versatility of Genius, or Comprehension of various Characters, Pritchard was greatly her Superior: Add to this, that our present Idol is eminently handsome—dear Pritchard's *Person* came against her perpetually—but what a *Mind* She had!

1: May 1788] Here is my Prologue . . . They have shelled it tho'; under pretence that no Epilogue had been made to keep it Company.

When every Bird begins to build & sing,
 And with new Notes salute the smiling Spring,
 Our Bard—who fain would feather too his Nest,
 Sends me before your Favour to request.
 His little Fabrick pleas'd you in its Plan,
 But Shakespear says—Such is the Lot of Man.
 Fearful at first to give his Wishes Scope,
 He scarce put forth the tender Leaves of Hope,
 When your kind Culture liveliest Blossoms shed,
 And heap'd the blushing honours on his Head.
 Oh then reflect what Happiness was lost,
 When the *third Night* there came a *Killing Frost*:
 Nipt all his op'ning Pleasures in their Bloom,
 And Tyrant-like reversed a People's Doom.
 Well! Well! no more we'll fear this wintry Blast,
 The storm is overblown, the Danger past.

¹ I have been at Richmond House Theatre four Times, & refused Tickets twice. *Mrs. Piozzzi*.

² Mrs. Mary Wells, better known as 'Becky' or 'Cowslip', who made her living by parodying Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Crawford, and other leading actresses. In 1787 John Palmer paid her £50 a night to perform at his Royalty Theatre.

As with fresh Vigour glows the rising Day,
 While imitative Planets' fade away;
 Bright Venus' Self with false reflected Light
 Sinking unnoticed to oblivious Night
 Nerv'd with recruited Strength our 'Tragic Muse
 Her Course unrivalled thro' these Scenes pursues,
 The Cause of Virtue with fresh Pow'r maintains
 And most Applause deserves while most She gains.
 All anxious thus, in Virgil's classic Page
 We see the fainting Hero quit the stage,
 With Agitation wait the wish'd for Cure,
 And rival Arts indignantly endure;
 Till Fate proclaims him Heavn's peculiar Care,
 And sends the willing Chief renew'd to War.

Merry—our charming Della Crusca is gone to Paris in Company with Mr Este;²—should Parsons meet 'em there, some sparring might ensue: Merry thinks it was he that set Greatheed against him so, & I believe he did help—but 'twas chiefly the Lady's³ Fault—if Fault it was.

¹ Allusion to Mrs. Wells. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² The Rev. Charles Este, chaplain of the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, and author of *My own Life* (1787) and of *A Journey in the Year 1793 through Flanders . . . to Switzerland* (1795). He was proprietor of the *World and Cabinet* (see below, pp. 742, 828), and also, according to Mr. O. G. Knapp (*Pennington Correspondence*, p. 96), of the *Morning Post and Telegraph*. After the outbreak of the Revolution he became an ardent democrat. He is frequently mentioned in Gifford's two satires on the Della Cruscans, the *Baviad* and the *Mæviad*.

³ Mrs. Hannah Cowley. Merry had published a poem, under the name Della Crusca, entitled 'The Adieu and Recall of Love', in the *World* for June 29, 1787. A poetical reply entitled 'The Pen' and signed 'Anna Matilda', appeared in the same paper on July 10. The exchange of amatory compliment continued, arousing a share of public notice, for two years. Mr. J. M. Longaker, in his published thesis, *The Della Cruscans and William Gifford* (p. 34), assumes that the identity of the two writers was known to each other, and to the public, from the start, but Merry's letter of February 27, 1788, to Mrs. Piozzi, indicates that at that date he did not know who she was: 'I rather doubt Miss Seward being Anna Matilda, as she says in her last Ode "Love on my couch has pour'd each sweet" Now tho' the circumstance is very possible, yet the confession is hardly probable for a *Miss*.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 558. See also below, p. 740. The exchange was finally terminated in April 1789, after an interview was arranged by Bell, the publisher. Merry then wrote his *Interview*, in which he nobly relinquished her, since he had discovered that she was married to some one else. In the spring of 1788, before Merry had discovered her identity, Greatheed had offended him by intruding himself into the poetical correspondence, under the name of Reuben. Longaker, *op. cit.*, p. 42. The other causes for his break with Greatheed and Parsons are hinted at in his letter of April 29, 1788, to Mrs. Piozzi, written from his brother's house in the country: 'When I had the pleasure of seeing you at your own house—I thought the difference between Mr. Greatheed & me would have been over—but I was deceived—Mr. G. had wrote me a very haughty & a very wise letter, wherein he *charges* me with never having called upon him—with having been mortified by the success of his Tragedy, and with having denied *certain Poems* to be mine. These offences which he calls *atrocious* I endeavoured to disprove—& concluded my letter (which I wrote him in answer) by saying that—if however I had offended him I would make any *concessions* rather than forfeit his friendship—that I most sincerely

Old Dr Lee Master of Baliol College whose Pun is recorded in Johnson's Letters¹—made a very happy Quibble three hours before his Death, when some one told him that the Provost of Maudlin was marry'd. Why he was famous for eating Eggs I remember says Dr Lee, and so I hope he will find *this Yoke* sit easy.

Merry begged Greatheed's Pardon before he left London, & tried very sweetly to make matters up. but they had turn'd Greatheed's Heart wrong Side out some how, and he would not be Friends. He will I dare say for ever repent the Quarrel, as Della Crusca has more literary Abilities than the other two together. I mean Greatheed & Parsons.

29: May 1788.] Here has been the hottest April & May I ever knew in England; every body is leaving London, We try Devonshire this year for variety. Mr^s Lewis seems to have been made happier, & Cecilia Thrale handsomer, by my Attentions to *them* this Spring: so some Good has been done.

The inflexible Sisters continue their Behaviour, which the youngest appears not to condemn, but seeks perpetual Connection with them: They have made some fruitless Attempts to get her from me, but we are setting out together now for a very distant Province, so that they can scarce hear or see anything of each other for Six Months. Mr Greatheed calls them Goneril and Regan very comically. *We* call them the *wayward Sisters*.

I² have pass'd a delightful Winter in Spite of them: caressed by my Friends—adored by my Husband—amused with every entertainment that is going forward: what need I think about three sullen Misses?—and Yet!—

I will write my Travels³ & publish them—why not? 'twill be difficult to content the Italians & the English but I'll try—& tis something to do.

begged his pardon—to this unworthy condescension on my part he has returned no answer. . . But milksop masters who have been tied to their mother's apron till they are twenty never know how to behave themselves. . . I suppose Greatheed is like Bayes—his play is his touchstone, if a man does not like his play, he knows what to think of him. As for the Chichester Mealman, Parsons, I am heartily glad to be off. . . He is a Poet of Shreds & patches & his head is a kind of Herald's Office of poetical pedigrees. Yet this man whose mortification at my repute as D.C. was so visible as to strike my Brother . . . has poisoned Greatheed's mind, & taught him to believe *I felt envy*.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 558. Merry did meet Parsons in Paris, as he informed her in a letter from Morillon, dated August 21: 'I don't know whether he is a Physiognomist but if he is, my countenance might have given him some reflections.' By November 12 he had returned to England. *Ibid.* See below, p. 741, and n. 3.

¹ ii. 245–6. Cf. above, p. 539.

² Hayward (i. 301) prints this paragraph.

³ See below, p. 719, and n. 5.

3: June 1788.] We are going to Exmouth in Devonshire 'tis a private place & I will work very hard.

1: July. Exmouth. Devon.] Thro' Bath & Reading we are come on hither, having made a long & coasting Journey of it; & seen our Frien[d]s, & shewn ourselves; but now we have got a very pretty house indeed, upon the Strand, with the Water quite washing y^e Wall on one Side, & a smart little Garden on t'other, I shall sit down to work with much Chearfulness & Comfort.¹—

Here is very little Society—the Staffords from new Norfolk Street L^d Huntingdon—Lady Betty Cobbe & her Daughter, & M^{rs} Gould. What there is to be *had*—we *have it*.

Opposite our Window is L^d Courtenay's fine Seat & Lord Lisburne's, & most lovely undulated Ground, & such a Lake! for the Sea has just that Appearance—I never saw any thing so pretty. Why does nobody ever talk of the Beauties of Exmouth? Devonshire is certainly the Italy of England, & Derbyshire the Switzerland of it.

25: July 1788.] I have now I thank God kept my Wedding day in true Peace & Comfort—it is the 5th we have passed together, & I trust the happiest, and that we love one another as well, if not better than ever. the 1st was spent at Bath, the 2^d at Florence, the 3^d at dear Varese; the 4th at London, & this 5th at Exmouth. We dined at Lord Huntingdons with Lady Betty Cobbe &c but made a supper at Night, & treated our Family with Punch &c. Mem: we have always had some Nobleman in Company on our Wedding Day Dinner. L^d Dudley at y^e 1st L^d Cowper & L^d Pembroke at y^e 2^d Marquis Araciel² at y^e 3. Count Martenengo & Count Meltze at y^e 4. & L^d Huntingdon at the 5th—

1st Aug.] M^r Piozzi has left me to go for a Week's Business & Pleasure to London; We are now *two* to grieve after him instead of one, for I think Cecilia does hardly love him less than I—he is very kind to her, & She has little to attract kindness except Sex & Age.

¹ On July 13 she wrote to Mrs. Byron: 'Here I bathe & write, (by the by the 1st Vol: is done) and go to Bed at 10 o'Clock, & comb my Hair clean out of the Powder, washing it every Morning in the Sea, and on Sundays tell my Friends at a Distance how I love them.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 546.

² On this occasion (1786) he composed a 'Cantata Epitalamica' for them, entitled *Pel fausto giorno delle nozze avvenute in Londra degli ornatissimi sposi Piozzi*, which was handsomely printed on a folio sheet, and subscribed, 'In attestato di vera stima ed amicizia Il Marchese de Araciel Ciamberlano di S.M.I.R.A.' A copy survives among the Thrale Leaflets in the Rylands Library.

Baretti¹ has been grossly abusive in the *European Magazine* to me; that hurts me but little: what shocks me is that those treacherous Burneys² should abett & puff him. He is a most ungrateful, because unprincipled Wretch, but I am sorry that anything belonging to Dr Burney sh^d be so monstrously wicked.

I have been reading lately De Foe's Acc^t of the Plague³ & there is an Interesting Story in it of three Men who escaped—one of them, apparently the Hero of y^e Tale, is an *Old Soldier*; & has many stratagems on Foot always Quere whether this is not the Character alluded to in the vulgar Saying I played y^e *old Soldier* upon him &c. it was once a very well known Book I believe

8: of August 1788.] While⁴ Piozzi was gone to London I worked at my Travel Book & wrote it in two Months complete. but 'tis all to correct & copy over again—⁵ While My Husband was away I wrote him these Lines he staid just a Fortnight.

I think I've worked exceeding hard
To finish fivescore pages;
I write you this upon a Card
In hopes you'll pay my Wages;
The Servants all get drunk and mad,
This Heat their Blood enrages;
But your Return will make me glad,
That Hope our pain asswages;

¹ Hayward (i. 301) prints this paragraph. Baretti's 'Strictures' appeared in three instalments, in the May, June, and August, 1788, issues of the *European Magazine* (xiii. 313-17, 393-9; xiv. 89-99). The first is entitled 'On Signora Piozzi's Publication of Dr. Johnson's Letters, Stricture the First.' Baretti therein calls her 'the frontless female, who goes now by the mean appellation of Piozzi'. The point to which he takes exception in this stricture is the reference in her letter of May 3, 1776, written after Harry Thrale's death: 'Baretti alone tried to irritate a wound so very deeply inflicted . . .' He here indirectly accuses her of having been the cause of Harry's death, through insisting on dosing him herself, and of threatening Queeney's life by giving her 'tin-pills' for the worms, although Dr. Jebb had told her that they would 'tear the child's bowels to pieces'. In the second Stricture, he vindicates himself of the charge, in Johnson's letter of July 15, 1775, of tyrannizing over the girls, and accuses her of maternal tyranny and unreasonable discipline. In the third Stricture he tells the story of Piozzi, and his reputed relationship to Mrs. Thrale, his courtship, the employment of Mecci, &c. See above, p. 448, n. 7.

² Later, Lord Fife told her, and she believed, that Charles Burney, Jr., was editor of the *European Magazine*, though this was not true. See below, p. 916, and n. 4. It is not apparent here how she thought the Burneys involved.

³ *Journal of the Plague Year*.

⁴ Hayward (i. 321-2) prints the following, to the end of the verses.

⁵ The first draft was in seven folio notebooks, entitled 'Observations and Reflections collected from the Diary of Hester Lynch Piozzi during her Journey thro' France, Italy and Germany in the Years 1784, 85,—86,—and 87.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 619. The final version was on loose sheets, now bound as three volumes (*Ry. Eng. MSS.* 620-2). She was of course using her journey books (see above, p. 613, n. 1) and *Thraliana* as the basis of her account.

To shew more Kindness we defy
 All Nations and all ages,
 And quite prefer your Company,
 To all the seven Sages:
 Then hasten home, Oh Haste away!
 And lengthen not your Stages;
 We then will sing, and dance, & play
 And quit a while our Cages.—

This has been a Summer very remarkably hot & dry, it began in April the Heat did, & is not over now.

8: Sept^r 88.] Tis very fine & very hot Weather still; Hips, Haws, Blackberries &c. are in uncommon plenty: provision for the Birds if chance a hard Winter is coming, w^{ch} I rather expect: there commonly is a vast deal of frost after so bright a Summer. We have picked up an agreeable Friend in Lord Huntingdon here at Exmouth, he is an exceedingly sensible, pleasing, Man.¹ The best Bon Mot tho' was from some Lady to M^{rs} Stafford who said She had *a pain in her Ear* last Winter. where were you last Night said her Friend;—at Bach's Concert was the reply.—The Evening before? at the Ancient Musick my Dear: and on Monday Night? at M^r Piozzi's in Han^r Square. You may well *have a pain in your Ear* cried out the Lady.

9: Sep^r 88.] I am strangely lowspirited somehow—a Horror over my heart that I cannot express: Something is going to happen I am sure—something that will separate me from my Husband—I *feel* some unaccountable Terror every Time I look at him, & every Time I do *not* look at him: What in the World can be coming? We have had so many Storms before we met—Are they not over now?

Nothing came of the Terror.—

21: Oct^r 1788. Bath.] We left Exmouth, and ran round Torbay; admired the Imboccatura of the Dart, which is certainly very fine;—staid three or four Days at Plymouth Dock, & doated on Mount Edgcumbe at our Leisure. This Place² ever lovely, ever growing more & more so, received us with Pleasure, & here if 'tis possible I will finish My Book of Travels.

10: Nov. Bath 1788.] I *have* finished my Book,³ and hope it will please the Publick—Individuals will be spiteful, but cannot hurt one much: I care for only *three* out of them all. The three cruel Misses.

¹ He was permitted to read her *Observations*, and 'likes them exceedingly'. Hayward, i. 322.

² They were living in Bennet Street, Bath.

³ Four days later, she wrote to Cadell, offering the book for '500 guineas and twelve copies to give away'. Hayward, i. 322.

Mr Piozzi talks of going to Italy in Spring upon Business—if I go with him I lose Cecilia; & for every Reason am *sure* to lose her: the moment we are off, Cator sends for her, which as he is her Guardian, I have no right to hinder; the Sisters seize her *Person*, & her *Mind*, & by the Time we return back, *both* will be alienated, & *She* will treat us as *they* do:—with as good Reason certainly, for they have none at all. I must not stir from my Post if I mean to defend it—*He may* come again to me, but *She never can*: 'tis Time enough however to think of all this,

The King is dying¹—and we may *all* die before Spring—Anticipation of Evil is very silly Prudence: let us enjoy the present Moments wth Innocence. Cecilia is a good Girl, but not a bright one, She has neither Genius nor Application I think, but a flexible Temper, and empty Head; very [un]like² her Sisters in everything but Person, w^{ch} greatly resembles that of Susanna Thrale.

20: Nov^r 1788.] The King's Illness is a very dreadful Event: I see our Opposition People catch greedily at the Notion of his being a confined Lunatick—no Wonder! if he shews Signs of returning Reason,—They will dispatch him I suppose, & say he was *mad*, & did it himself. 'Tis a new Misfortune to the Nation, & likely to produce very disastrous Consequences.

Madness is in itself no incurable Disease; half one's Acquaintance have been as mad as our poor King can be, & do vastly well again. I remember Colonel D'Avenant who afterwards married My Uncle Sir Lynch S. Cotton's eldest Daughter,³ was quite a raving Maniac eight Months—nobody can enjoy the use of his Reason however better than he does I believe; & has done for these last twenty Years.

Mr Greateed's Servant went mad last Year & was confined a long Time—three Months I think—Sam Dickenson the Brewer used to talk of the *Campaigns* he had made; speaking of his several Confinements—Lady Bridgeman has passed much of her Life in Discipline for hereditary Insanity;—& why must the King be precluded recovery?—*because he is King*: and has People about him

¹ On November 6, after several months of ill health, he suffered his first severe mental collapse, and on November 9 a general report of his death prevailed. On the 29th he was removed privately to Kew. *Gent. Mag.* lviii. 1025, 1118; lix. 171.

² The *un* has been erased, but is necessary for the sense.

³ Elizabeth Cotton's marriage to Colonel Thomas D'Avenant, of Clearebrooke, Herefordshire, must not be confused with her youngest sister Hester's marriage to Corbet D'Avenant (later Sir Corbet Corbet), of Adderley Hall, Salop, and of Stoke, Colonel D'Avenant's son by his first marriage, to Ann Corbet. Burke, *Extinct Baronetries*, under 'Corbet'.

ready to ease his Shoulders of the Trouble I trust—That's all! Poor Man! how distressful is his Situation! & in how much Danger is his Life!

Fox, Burke, Sheridan, all The Opposition People want an unlimited Regent:—how unconstitutional! how dreadful! Pitt I think wants a settled Republick; how unconstitutional is *that* too, but far less dangerous—anything but Despotism for God's sake—let us not now take up what France is beginning but now to lay down! after all Pitt is honest the others are not. *he* is ambitious only, they are avaricious; let us fall into *his* hands at least who is actuated by the noblest Passion. The Prince's Character makes his Elevation to power extremely perilous to the State; his Connection with a Catholic Lady¹ increases our peril, yet the Right is *his* of Succession certainly—and to be Sole Regent he has every Claim, which Character & Connection cannot destroy. how unfortunate that he should be so wicked—how unhappy that his Wickedness *must* affect us *some* way! either by an ill use of Power in his own person, or by frightening us to the other Extreme of doing without him.² Would to God the Father were well or the Son honest,—or both.

Mean Time 'tis one's Country that is dear to one, *not* Princes or Kings, except for that Country's Sake: may all end happily I pray to God, and may the British Arms never tarnish, tho' the *Supporters* sink from Weakness & Debility.

Mr Fector of the Dover Theatre³ sent to beg an Epilogue for Youngs Tragedy called the Brothers two or three Days ago, I sent him these Verses.

While gathering Storms succeed to cloudless Skies,
And Winters Call bids misty Vapours rise;
While Doubts distract, and Fogs surround our Isle,
How can pert Epilogue provoke a Smile?
No; rather let your sadden'd Souls retain
Awhile th' Impression of Dramatic Pain;

¹ Mrs. Fitzherbert. In order to secure a parliamentary grant to pay his debts, which amounted to £161,000, he had authorized Fox to deny his marriage before the House, which Fox did on April 30, 1787. Mrs. Fitzherbert then made the Prince discredit Fox publicly. The King's mental disturbance was certainly in part due to worry over his son, and his first act of violence was to seize the Prince by the collar and thrust him against the wall. D'Arblay, *Diary*, iv. 131 and n. 1.

² We are turning Democrats here wholly from love of the King—I suppose all y^e World is to be Democate or else 'tis very odd to see a Spirit of *Loyalty* operating to make us all *Republicans*. Mrs. Piozzi.

³ A stage-struck youth whose father, a Dover customs-official, had obliged the Piozzis by passing their luggage unexamined, on their return from the Continent. *Mainwaring Piozziana*, ii. 104.

Run o'er in Solitude these Scenes of Woe,
 Till your *Night Thoughts* approve our Evenings Show.
 Well knew the Bard whose melancholy Lay
 Wept the short Summons of the young and Gay,
 How ill a Monarch's heart endures the Probe,
 While its strong Pulse pants thro' the purple Robe:
 Parental Anguish shakes both Crown and Ball
 And unextinguish'd Instinct breathes thro' all.
 You then, whose hopeful Sons too early sent
 Like Prince Demetrius to the Continent:
 Should they some foreign Prejudice imbibe,
 Judge not with angry haste the travelling Tribe,
 Think what Temptations giddy Youths surround,
 Smiles that seduce, and Doctrines that confound:
 While Dove-like swift in circling Flights they run,
 And shew their changeful Colours to the Sun.
 Yet when return'd from Paris Spa and Rome
 This Bird of Passage late revisits home,
 Accept with Pleasure his Improvements made,
 O'erlook the Fopperies, and they soon will fade;
 Then; when the Touch of Parent Earth inspires,
 And his warm heart beats high with Patriot Fires,
 Point out the Joys *that* Land *alone* can yield,
 Which to all Ranks spreads forth Ambition's Field,
 Let Frisk and Frolick from that Hour be over,
 And *Travel's Epilogue* be spoken at *Dover*.

The half-faced Friends to our Sick Sovereign want to drive him to an Abdication I see: they give out that he will never face the public Eye after having been confined for Lunacy & wearing a straight Wastecoa; but even in *this* particular I shall live to see their Malice defeated: for a Madman is *never* ashamed of being mad: Lord Cambden has been out of his Mind so have many people of one's Acquaintance; & how are they the worse for it afterwards? I remember Lord Mulgrave saying many Years ago that it sharpened the Wit, and made Men more agreeable for their whole Lives to come. Mean Time no Theatrical Entertainment is suffered to come forward without previously playing, & often singing the pious Verses beginning

God save great George our King—&c

while the Galleries join in Chorus very finely; it had a great Effect on my Mind A week ago, when we heard the National Voice united so in praise of an excellent Prince, whose Virtue is acknowledged even by those, that hope to prosper by the Vices of his Successor.

If he recovers, what Rejoycings we shall make! England never saw such a Day as that will be when first our *restored* Monarch

returns to his Throne, & harangues his Parliament with that Grace & Dignity possessed by himself alone.

26 Dec: 1788.^{1]} I don't believe the King has ever been much worse than poor Dr Johnson was, when he fancied that eating an Apple would make him drunk.² Will these Events ever become indifferent Things, & to be passed over as Matters of no Importance when read of at a distant Period?—*I think not*: though Della Crusca says all past Actions are Nihilities; & that the immediate Instant is the whole of human Existence—A bad Acc^t of it surely! although the Idea gave Rise to these four fine Lines.

One endless *Now* stands o'er th'eventful Stream,
Of all that may be with Colossal Stride;
And sees beneath Life's proudest Pageants gleam
And sees beneath the Wrecks of Empire glide.³

What we are now struggling for, is however no Shadow in my Mind: if the Prince is appointed Regent without Limitation of his Power, he may pack a Parliament, & by many violent Measures—such as making Peers out of the Lower House, gain a Majority among the Lords themselves, who are now attached to His Father of Course, & to the old Way of going on.

If he once packs a Parliament he will likewise probably obtain Leave to confirm his Marriage with M^{rs} Fitzherbert, and then all our Hope is in his Profligacy; for She will seize the first Moment of his Returning Virtue or decaying Powers to teach him the intolerant Principles of Popery; from her Attachment to which, no Profligacy of her own will ever wean her: as the Roman Catholics think one Convert made to their Religion a Cover and Compensation for all Immorality, and the worst people among them are therefore often-Times the hottest Zealots: a young Man like him too who I suppose never thought three Minutes about any Mode of Worship yet; will be immediately seized by that which shall be presented to him in a cool Moment by a Woman he loves; and which is of a Nature much more attractive than that of our Anglican Church. Mean Time blessed be God She brings no Children; so her Influence will finish with her own Life, & her Partner's; but to say we are in no Danger with such a Prospect before us is ridiculous.

A Lutheran or Calvinist never seeks to make Proselytes; a Romanist and a Deist will rise in the Night to win over one Soul to their Opinion: the first rationally enough, & half meritoriously,

¹ Written in London.

² he never was as *bad*, for his Madness was chiefly Delirium. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Cf. above, p. 384, n. 4.

³ Sent to her in a letter. See below, p. 741.

while he thinks Salvation necessarily follows Conversion; the Diligence of the Infidel indeed, *I* never could account for, but I suppose the Devil *can*.

Among ten Thousand *private* & petty Mortifications produced by the present State of Affairs, I am sorriest for the Effect it has had on poor Greatheed's Play: the *Name* of which is so *odious*, see Page 53;¹ that the Managers are forced to lay it by, lest the People should pull their House down.

So he loses his ninth Night, and all his Fame poor Fellow: it is exceedingly provoking to be sure, & quite unforeseen.

What Times these are! a House Maid's Wages nine Guineas o'Year, a Valet de Chambre's Forty: Yet I have more Wit too than consider that as a Calamity which merely results from the vast Influx of Money to the Nation in East India where Money grows, Your Turkey costs 25^s twentyfive Shillings English Your Box Ticket for the Play a Guinea & half &c—Lady Betty Cotton my Uncle Robert's Wife & Daughter to the Earl of Dysert, complained of increasing Wages in *her* Time; but says She I never will give more than *forty Shillings o'Year* to a House Maid however—of that I am resolved.

Well! Change of Ministry may produce much Mischief, & 'tis supposed all is going very ill indeed & very fast. God mend our Situation, 'tis a dismal one just now.

I was unhappy about my Daughters till today,—when by a Side Wind, Intelligence arrived that they are safe at Brighthelmstone. Thank God!

We had the sweetest Spring, the most warm & brilliant Summer, the richest Autumn, & the severest Winter this Year that ever was known in England. no Frost at all till the first Day of December, & nothing else ever since;² the people are skaiting away this Moment under Westminster Bridge & a deep Snow on the Ground.

Kemble³ is an agreeable Actor, a very sensible & pleasing Man; I love him & his charming Sister sincerely, but have more Sense than to take them for Garrick & M^{rs} Pritchard.⁴—'Tis a Shame even to

¹ p. 713, above: *The Regent*.

² The Provision of Hips Haws &c was necessary for the poor little Birds y^s Year 11: Jan: 1789. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ Hughes prints this passage on the two actresses, in *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, pp. 50–1.

⁴ I always thought Pritchard superior to Garrick; he felt her so in one Scene of Hamlet, one of Macbeth, & one of the Jealous Wife, when all the spontaneous Applause of the House ran to *her*. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

hear them compared. Mrs Pritchard was *incomparable*, her Merit overbore the want of Figure, her Intelligence pervaded every Sense—She was the most refined Coquet of Quality in Cibbers Lady Betty,¹ the most cunning & Vulgar Jade that Ben Johnson could invent, in Doll Common:² the loftiest Roman Matron that Shakespear could conceive in Coriolanus's Mother³—the most subtle & artful Millwood⁴ that Lillo could imagine capable of seducing a young & innocent 'Prentice Boy—The tenderest, the most *instinctively* tender Parent that Voltaire or his Translator Hill could give us in Merope: The softest & most subdued Penitent that Rowe could exhibit in Jane Shore. Dear Siddons represents only a Lover distress'd, or a Woman of Virtue afflicted, with peculiar Happiness; Elwina,⁵ Belvidera,⁶ Dianora,⁷ Mrs Beverley,⁸ her Powers are strong & sweet, vigorous & tasteful; but limited & confined.

Merry's Poem on Diversity⁹ is very fine, yet has few Readers—'tis about *nothing* so; and leaves such Nihilility behind it. very fine all the Time, yet never will be quoted; and seldom read.

I¹⁰ have a great deal more Prudence than People suspect me for; they think I act by Chance, while I am doing nothing in the World unintentionally: and have never I dare say in these last 15 Years uttered a Word to Husband, or Child; or Servant or Friend without being very careful & attentive what it should be. Often have I spoken what I have repented after, but that was want of *Judgment*—not of *Meaning*; what I said, I meant to say at the Time; & thought it best to say—I do not err from Haste, or a Spirit of Rattling as People think I do: when I err, tis because I make a false Conclusion, not because I make no Conclusion at all. When I rattle, I rattle *on purpose*.

Jan: 17: 1789.] How ill Dr Warren has managed his Responses on Examination before Parliament!¹¹ such manifest Contradictions did I never see before: one Moment he says the King has

¹ Lady Betty Modish, in *The Careless Husband*.

² In *The Alchemist*.

³ Volumnia, in *Coriolanus*.

⁴ In *George Barnwell*.

⁵ In Hannah More's *Percy*.

⁶ In Otway's *Venice Preserved*.

⁷ In Greathed's *Regent*.

⁸ In Moore's *Gamester*.

⁹ *Diversity, an original Poem*, by Della Crusca (1788). It contains the following tribute to Mrs. Piozzi:

'... teach instructive truth to doubly please
With Hester's brilliant wit, and learned ease.'

¹⁰ Hayward (i. 302-3) quotes this paragraph.

¹¹ The attending physicians, Baker, Warren, Willis, Pepys, Reynolds, Addington, and Gisborne, were catechized by a committee of the House of Lords, on December 11, as to the nature of the King's illness, and the likelihood of his recovery. *Gent. Mag.* lix. 40, 44.

not Steadiness enough to read more than a Line & half at a Time, & in the next Breath laments that Willis gave him *King Lear* to amuse him, *In good Time!* and that his Majesty's Observations upon the play affected him greatly.

Sure one of these positions *must* be false.

I never saw either Warren or Willis in my life, and have no high Opinion of the first, *out* of his profession: *in it*, such Eminence as he has ever obtained, cannot be merited, nor indeed procured, by any thing less than *Desert*.

The poor King should be cold bathed I think:—Irritation brings on Coercion, Coercion sometimes encreases Irritation, tho' it prevents bad Consequences;—so the Changes ring round, & no Progress is made in the Cure which can be effected only by two Methods—one very violent & dreadful but *certain*: the other gentler, and much more tedious.

If there could be found Courage and Virtue enough in mortal Man to venture not merely *bathing*, but well-nigh *drowning* the King, when at the height of his insanity; by well-nigh drowning, I mean holding him forcibly under Water till all Sensation & nearly all Pulsation was *lost*; he would recover to a State of regular & sound Health by those means which the humane Society employ: nor would I take him up from the Water, till *all those* methods sh^d be necessary to put Life in Him. Mead in his Essay upon Poysons¹ relates a Case of this sort—Vanhelmont²—many: where the certain Cure has follow'd an accidental Drowning, and I am *confident* the same Method would take immediate Effect upon the King, as his Disorder is not *ideal* Madness, but mere impulsive Insanity from nervous Irritation.

Now if this from *Cowardice* cannot be done (for 'tis not *Tenderness*, but Fear of Consequences to those who prescribe, that restrains them from the Experiment) let his Majesty be set without previous Information under an exceedingly capacious Shower Bath, & then as suddenly plunged into the Cold Fluid, from whence *let him find his own Way out*, & be rubbed till a kindly Glow comes over him, & strengthens the Tone of his poor shattered Nerves: he will soon begin to like & wish for this refreshment, & will with the use of Peruvian Bark & Steel, regain his Tranquillity of Mind & Body.

¹ Dr. Richard Mead's *Mechanical Account of Poisons* (1702). He recommends the use of the cold bath for all forms of melancholy and mania, including the delirium of rabies.

² Baron van Helmont, *The Spirit of Diseases; or the Diseases of the Spirit* (1694) (the English translation of the Latin original).

Poor, Poor Man! how amiable in his Distress! how loved by all except his Children—When I was little less in my Senses than *he is now*, my second Daughter said *how droll it was!* dreadful Recollection! Sir Lucas Pepys saved *my* Life and Wits—why? *why* has he not Courage—I know he has Skill—to save *the King's*?

His Evidence does him Credit, the rest behave either like *Knaves* or *fools*. Gisborne perhaps excepted.

Dr Johnson's was *delusive*¹ I find, the King's is merely *impulsive* Insanity: Arnold's² definitions & arrangement are very close & fine.

The Man who raves, & shouts, & sings, & swears, and riots about like our unhappy Sovereign, when he is once cured, is cured for ever: his *Inclination* to violence is lost & gone. Not so the Sufferer under one strong *Delusion*: He who thinks like the Astronomer in *Rasselas*³ that he can regulate the Weather, and that the Seasons listen to his Voice; may be frightened or habitually diverted from *saying* that he thinks so; but *Thoughts are free*: he hugs his Idea in secret, and only resolves to mention it no more. While *Kit Smart* thought it his Duty to pray in *Secret*, no living Creature knew how mad he was; but soon as the Idea struck him that every Time he thought of praying, Resistance against y^t divine Impulse (as he conceived it) was a Crime; he knelt down in the Streets, & Assembly rooms, and wherever he was when the Thought cross^d his Mind—and this indecorous Conduct obliged his Friends to place him in a Confinement whence many mad as he remain excluded, only because their *Delusion* is not known.

I think Ideal Insanity is never influenced by the Moon neither; Raving and Incoherent Madness will be found highest at Change, & affected by the Syzigies of that Planet however such Doctrines are exploded—they will come in Turn again, for Experience never has ceased to confirm them. [17: Jan 1789

I saw Sir Joshua Reynolds last night at the Byng's; we hardly looked at each other—yet I see he grows old, & is under the Dominion of a *Niece*:⁴ Oh! that is poor Work indeed for Sir Joshua Reynolds. I always told Johnson that they overrated that Man's

¹ Cf. Boswell's discussion, *Life*, i. 65–6.

² Thomas Arnold, *Observations on the Nature, Kinds, Causes, and Prevention of Insanity* (1782).

³ *Rasselas*, chaps. 41 and 42.

⁴ Mary Palmer (1750–1820), who became, in 1792, the Countess of Thomond. She and her sister Theophila (1756–1848) had lived with him intermittently for years. 'Offy' married Mr. R. L. Gwatkin in 1783, and Mary thereafter lived habitually with her uncle. Sir Joshua named them as his heirs.

mental Qualities; he replied Everybody loves Reynolds except *you*. The Truth is I felt that he hated *me*;¹ & suspected that he encouraged Mr Thrale's Attachment to Sophia Streatfield—the charming S.S. as we called her.

Mr^s2 Siddons dined in a Coterie of my unprovoked Enemies yesterday at Porteus's—She mentioned our Concerts and the Erskines lamented their Absence from One we gave two days ago, at which Mr^s Garrick was present, & gave a good Report to the *Blues*. Charming Blues! blue with Venom I think; I suppose they begin to be ashamed of their paltry behaviour, yet are ready to repeat it even towards their Sovereign—

When Interest calls off all her sneaking Train
And all th'oblig'd desert, and all *the vain*³

Mr^s Garrick more prudent than any of them, left a Loophole for returning Friendship to fasten through, and it *shall* fasten. that Woman has lived a *very wise Life*; regular & steady in her Conduct, attentive to every Word she speaks, & every step She treads—decorous in her Manners, & graceful in her Person. My fancy forms the Queen just like Mr^s Garrick they are *Countrywomen*, & have as the Phrase is, had a hard Card to play; yet never Lurched by Tricksters, nor subdued by superior Powers, they will rise from the Table unhurt either [by] others or by themselves—having played a *saving Game*. I have run Risques to be sure, that I have; yet

When after some distinguish'd Leap
She drops her Pole—and seems to slip;
Straight gathering all her active Strength,
She rises higher half her Length.⁴

And better than *now*, I have never yet stood with the World in general I believe. May the Books⁵ just sent to Press confirm the Partiality of the Publick! [5: <Feb>:⁶ 1789.

If all goes well this Time, I'll have a Stroke at the Stage another Year.

Miss Weston⁷ has lent me Dr Darwin's pretty ode to the Der-

¹ He was certainly present, and perhaps an abettor, when Boswell composed his scurrilous *Ode*. Cf. above, pp. 631, n. 1.

² Hayward (i. 301-2) quotes, with omissions, the remainder of this entry.

³ Pope, *Epistle to Robert Earl of Oxford*, ll. 31-2.

⁴ Prior, *Alma*, Canto 2, ll. 533-6.

⁵ Her *Observations*, published in June.

⁶ Written 'Jan.', but surely an error for 'Feb.' Cf. the dates on pp. 725, 726, 728.

⁷ Penelope Sophia Weston, later Mrs. Pennington, a cousin of Thomas Whalley, and friend of the Lee sisters, whose acquaintance Mrs. Piozzi had made at Bath in 1780. D'Arbly, *Diary*, i. 380. She became a devoted friend. See *The Intimate Letters of Hester Piozzi and Penelope Pennington*, ed. Knapp (1914).

went:¹ I think it has more meaning than the modern Productions in general are blessed with: but Writers now seems emulously desirous to *bend their Eye*, & that of their Readers—on *Vacancy*.² Pope said most truly that

Words are like Leaves, and where they most abound
Much Fruit of Sense beneath is rarely found.³

so in Cowley's Day nothing was hunted for but new & fine Thoughts, & hang the Expression; no matter what vulgar Words were used to convey brilliant Ideas—and at present if all the Epithets are compounded, & the Periods elegantly arranged, it appears that all Meaning is needless, and Thought superfluous.

Jerningham's beautiful Series of Lines entitled Enthusiasm⁴—and Merry's more beautiful Verses still, called—I know not for what Reason—Diversity, are Proofs of my Assertion. This Fashion makes well for us Women however, as Learning no longer forms any part of the Entertainment expected from Poetry—Ladies have therefore as good a Chance as People regularly bred to Science in Times when *fire-eyed Fancy* is said to be the only requisite of a Popular Poet—& accordingly I do think Helen Maria Williams has distanced all her Competitors in Lines upon the *Slave Trade*.⁵

Lady Craven's Tour⁶ too is exquisitely pretty, and will be read with Delight while Tournefort⁷ lies by for another Age in which Information may once more grow welcome, and Pertness dwindle into downright Insipidity.

Ode written on the River Derwent in a romantic Valley near its Source. by Dr Darwin

Derwent! what Scenes thy wand'ring Waves behold!
As bursting from thy hundred Springs they stray;
And down these Vales in sounding Torrents roll'd
Seek to the shining East their mazy Way.

Here dusky Alders, leaning from the Cliff,
Dip their long Arms, & wave their Branches wide,
Here as the loose Rocks thwart my bounding skiff,
White Moon-beams tremble on the foaming Tide.

¹ The author was Dr. Erasmus Darwin, of Lichfield, grandfather to Charles Darwin.

² See *Hamlet*, III. iv. 117.

³ *Essay on Criticism*, ll. 309–10.

⁴ Published in 1787.

⁵ *Poem on the Slave Trade* (1788). Helen Maria Williams was a devotee of liberty, and became a partisan of the French Revolution. See below, pp. 790, 849, n. 2, 885, n. 3.

⁶ *A Journey through the Crimea to Constantinople, in a series of letters . . . written in the year 1786* (1789), by Elizabeth, Baroness Craven, afterwards Margravine of Anspach.

⁷ *Relation d'un voyage au Levant* (1717).

Pass on Ye Waves! where drest in lavish pride
 'Mid roseate Bows the gorgeous Chatsworth beams,
 Spreads her smooth Lawns along your willowly Side,
 And eyes her gilded Turrets in your Streams.

Pass on ye Waves! where Nature's rudest Child
 Frowning incumbent o'er the darken'd Floods,
 Rock rear'd on Rock, on Mountain Mountain pild
 Old Matlock sits, and shakes his Crest of Woods.

There are four more Stanzas, but they hardly please me enough to induce me to write them out: even *these* are too pompous for the Subject—The dear little Derwent bursts from no Hundred Springs and foams in no furious Torrents at all—& it almost makes one laugh to hear Matlock spoken of as *Nature's rudest Child* in good Time! while the Ladies who drink and bathe in its Waters for Pleasure, walk up its Sides every day for Exercise—When Vansittart had harangued his Company half an Hour about a Mouse, Johnson exclaim'd 'Tis fortunate our Friend has never seen a Lyon:¹ I think it lucky the Lichfield Physician had never cross'd the Alps or pass'd the Po for my Part.—These Stanzas are worthy of *Mount Caucasus* and the *Ganges*.

Derbyshire would however afford excellent Scenery for an Old English Play in Times when Baron & Castle still existed, if I make a Drama of that Sort; The Place of Action shall be thereabout.²

But what signifies this empty Stuff? Our King, our dear & invaluable Sovereign recovers; recovers is not enough, he is convalescent, convalescent is not enough—he is *well*,³ he is returned to the Enjoyment of his Senses, his Friends, his People: no—not his People, they love him *too much*, their Joy would be too clamorous, his new-strung Nerves could not support *our* Exclamations of tender, but Violent Transport. Tomorrow however Covent Garden Theatre opens loyally and rationally with *God save the King!*

let *me* be among the first to hear the Coronation Anthem sung in Thanksgiving for his Health, whom I saw crowned wth fewer Emotions of Delight—as his Subjects then could only *guess* his *Worth*, *we know it now*; and because the Lord loved Israel for ever, therefore made he *Thee* King over Israel⁴ as said the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. [Thursday 26: February 1789.

¹ See above, p. 202.

² The scene of her *Floretta* (see below, p. 752) is laid in Dovedale. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 649.

³ The official bulletin for February 26 was 'An entire cessation of illness'. *Gent. Mag.* lix. 175.

⁴ 1 Kings x. 9.

Hanover Square Wednesday 11: March 1789.] Yesterday's Illumination in Consequence of the Sovereign's being happily restored to his Throne was the most brilliant Thing ever seen in England.¹ general, Tasteful, & decorous. wonderful in the show of Expençe, and delightful from the Consciousness of their Sincerity who set forward the Gala. God knows we might well rejoice: for had the Regent been made wth out Limitation, and his Brother been appointed Generalissimo of the Army, we had never seen our King again, unless Force had produced him—nor c^d one have trusted even to *that*, where private Assassination would have been facilitated by the Nature of his Malady—and his Death laid to his own Charge. God forgive me if my Suspicions are unjust, but I do think that Warren & S^r George were Traytors;² & that the Story of the Razor and Penknife was prepared artfully to make Mankind less surprized *if an Accident sh^d happen*.

The Pages *we see* were Rascals;³ and had not Pitt held fast the House of Commons, & put the Person of our Monarch under the Custody of his *Queen alone*, responsible to *Parliament* only, not to the *Regent*, for her Care of him:—a sudden Extinguisher would have been put upon his sacred Life, And his faithful People would have rebell'd for him in vain. So may God of his Mercy ever preserve all virtuous Parents from the Hands of

Their own Children!

The Transparency, & manner of lighting up *our* House was particularly admired.

Ode printed 11: March⁴ the Day after the general Illumination by H: L: P. but mangled & falsely printed in twenty Places.

Heard ye the Shout? 'twas England's Voice,
'Twas Britain's Call, She bids rejoice,
And well our Hearts obey:
Our Sov'reign's Health's the happy Theme,
Of Painting's Pow'r, and Poet's Dream,
And Music's sprightly Lay.

¹ See the full description in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, lix. 270-1.

² Warren was physician to the Prince of Wales, and was devoted to his interests. Sir George Baker was at one time threatened by a mob, which demanded an accounting of his care of the King. D'Arblay, *Diary*, iv. 184.

³ Fanny Burney says, in her account of her accidental interview with the King in Kew Gardens, on February 2: 'He then gave me the history of his pages, animating almost into a rage, as he related his subjects of displeasure with them, particularly with Mr. Ernst, who he told me had been brought up by himself.' *Ibid.*, p. 247.

⁴ Headed, 'For the Public Advertiser. Ode on the Rejoicings for the King's Providential Recovery', and printed in that paper on March 12. It appeared also in the March 10-12 issue of the *St. James's Chronicle* and the March 11 issue of the *World*.

No Mythologick Muse's Aid
 We court, in Classick Vest array'd,
 Nor once Hygæia mention;
 Truth bursting warm from Lip sincere,
 Or tremb'ling in a lucid Tear,
 Mocks fabulous Invention.

Frighted by Faction's howling Blast,
 Her wet Sails clinging to the Mast,
 See Commerce breathes again:
 Again her drooping Pendants rise,
 The Royal Standard greets the Skies,
 And Triumphs o'er the Main.

Secure to reap the Fruit he sows,
 See Labour now fresh Toil bestows,
 To deck his roseate Bow'r.
 And couching in their pregnant Case,
 Crushes the *Caterpillar Race*
 That would his Leaves devour.

Speechless with Gratitude's wild Gasp
 See Charity her Children clasp,
 And point their King rever'd;
 Whilst through the hollow-vaulted Isles
 The Gloom retreating as She smiles,
 These solemn Strains are heard.

““Mark! how th' unwilling Gates of Death
 Close heavy on their Caves beneath,
 Defrauded of their Prey;
 While Britain's Guardian Angel bears,
 His sacred Charge to purer Spheres,
 Restor'd to Life and Day.

But soon this Spot the last Abode,
 Of Brave and Wise, and Great and Good,
 Shall different Sounds employ:
 Music her liveliest Notes shall lend
 To sing her Sov'reign, Sire and Friend,
 Giv'n back to us and Joy.

While vibrating thro' every Vein,
 Beneficence extends the Strain
 Our Roofs responsive ring;
 Heav'n hears the Sound, resolv'd to bless,
 And to ensure our Happiness
 Preserves in Health our King.” ”—

How differently Age affects different Women! M^{rs} Byron and M^{rs} Cholmondeley—of the same Rank in Life, much about the same Degree of Beauty too—a Style of prettiness that inspired Passion more than symmetrical Proportion is ever found to do, in

short two Women for whom their cotemporary Men would have willingly run thro' Fire—how they look now! M^{rs} Byron has lost all Face, but retains that elegance of Form & Manner—that still strikes you with the Idea of a decay'd Belle, a Lady of Quality more battered by Sickness than subdued by Age—while Cholmondeley's figure is so odly vanish'd, that tho' her Lilly fair Complexion still remains, & some Degree of smoothness in it too; She puts you in mind of nothing on the Earth but vulgar M^{rs} Peach'em in Gay's Beggar's Opera—This proceeds from original Want of Birth,¹ which no Education ever supplies so as not to make it missed in *some* Moment: a low-bred Horse has been known to win many Plates against superior Blood—but he never looks respectable in old Age, nor are his Colts ever worth a farthing *for the Turf*. Byron was *born* a Woman of Fashion, Cholmondeley became one at 15 Years old—yet you see *that* was not early enough.

Miss Farren² is now all that Man desires in Woman I believe

In quel Viso furbarello
V'è un incognita Magia,
Non si sa che Diavol sia
Ma fa L'Uomo delirar.
Que gl'Occhietti così vaghi,
V'è lo giuro son due Maghi,
Un Sospiro languidetto,
Ch'affatica uscir dal petto
Vi fa subito cascar.

Vengon per ultimo i cari Accenti,
Le Lagrimuccie, i Sornimenti
Ch'opprimer devono
Perforza un Cuor:
Innumerabili
Son L'Incantesimi,
Son L'Arti Magiche
Del Dio D'Amor.

I.

In that roguish Face one sees
All her Sex's Witcheries;
Playful Sweetness, cold Disdain,
Every thing to turn one's Brain.

¹ She was Mary Woffington before her marriage, in 1746, to the Hon. Robert Cholmondeley, second son of the 3rd Earl of Cholmondeley, and a sister of Peg Woffington, the actress. Their father was a Dublin bricklayer. Mrs. Byron was daughter to John Trevannion, Esq., of Carhays, Cornwall.

² Elizabeth Farren, who had succeeded Mrs. Abington as the leading comic actress of the London stage. Her father was Mr. George Farren, a Cork surgeon. In 1797 she became the second wife of the Earl of Derby.

2.

Sparkling from expressive Eyes,
Heaving in affected Sighs,
Sure Destruction still we find,
Still we lose our Peace of Mind.

3.

Touch'd by her half-trembling hand,
Can the coldest heart withstand?
While we dread the starting Tear,
And the tender Accents hear.

4.

Numberless are sure the Ways
That She fascinates our Gaze,
Magic Arts her Powr improve,
Witcheries that wait on Love.

I have seen Miss Nicholson¹ again—She came last Night to our Concert; we had not met since the Year—since the Day I left England. *She* too has been much abroad, & much buried in some distant Part of England.—She says Piozzi and I are grown each ten Years Younger since we parted from her in Wellbeck Street; & She thinks My Misses now live in the house we had *then*. How astonishing as She says that they are able to resist the Vortex which brings every one beside them to our Feet!

Well! they must do their own Way. Mrs Hobart² has been coaxing me for Verses to grace the fine Fête she is going to give in honour of the King's recovery—What shall I do for her?—We must consult Le Texier,³ who conducts the Entertainment, & make my part if possible agree with his.

Well!⁴ so I did; & the *Ton Folks* did not like it when I had done. Texier wrote her a little one Act Comedy, consisting of a Mr Goodman the City Merch^t who dotes on dear Old England, hates the French &c. his two young Daughters & their *Mademoiselle* represented by Mrs Hobart herself: a French Officer Who loving one of y^e Girls takes Advantage of her Papa's Loyalty to trick him out of a Consent no other way likely to be obtained; & sets his Servant a clever fellow, to personate various Characters in the Arrangement of a little Fête given by Goodman upon the King's Recovery—in some

¹ See above, p. 596. Some time after this, she became governess to Miss Charlotte Charpentier, the wife-to-be of Sir Walter Scott. She held the position in September 1797, when Scott first met his lady. Lockhart, *Life of Scott* (1901), i. 248.

² Albinia Bertie, wife of George Hobart, who became the 3rd Earl of Buckinghamshire.

³ Le Tessier, a French actor who came to England in 1775. Walpole, *Letters*, ix. 285.

⁴ Evidently a new, undated, entry.

of which borrow'd shapes he steals away the Wench for His Master, much to the amazement of M^{rs} Goodman, whose covetousness keeps her from apprehending any Loss, but the Loss of her *Money*.

Now I fancied these following Forty Lines would have made them a pretty Epilogue enough, and as they seem'd undecided whether Recitation or Singing was intended, I varied the Measure so that *neither* could have been improper; it pleased them *not* however, They wanted general Words with less meaning I believe, but as that would have done me no Credit, and given little Amusement to any one—I threw up my Share of the Employment. Here are the Verses I made for them which they rejected.

Mr Goodman says

Come forward my Friends, let us finish our day,
In your Characters each may find something to say,
Of my own narrow Mind you no more shall complain,
Where Passion shall now without Prejudice reign,
Nor longer on French men Reflexions I'll fling,
He best loves old England, who most loves her King.

M^{rs} Goodman the Miser.

Purest Gold by Fire refin'd,
Tortur'd long, at length is *coin'd*,
Current Virtues, *Sterling* Merits,
Can subdue ev'n *sordid* Spirits.

Miss Goodman

Youth can best enjoy all Treasure,
Youth gives amplest Wishes scope,
Hears in ev'ry accent Pleasure
Sees in ev'ry Object Hope.

French Mademoiselle.

If when an unforeseen Disaster
Fell heavy on our dear-lov'd Master,
All Schemes of Mirth were overset,
From Dame D'Honneur to low Sousbrette,
If Winter check'd our chearful Spring,
And Pleasure droop'd her nerveless Wing;
Sure ev'ry Heart throughout the Nation
Must dance at such a Restoration.

The French Officer.

Ladies may well their Loyalty declare,
But Soldiers still should celebrate the Fair:
When o'er Britannia's Sun an envious Cloud,
His beamy Radiance sought in vain to shroud;
Did not their Charlotte with reflected Light,
Lessen the Terrors of approaching Night?

The French Servant.

I've chang'd so oft I scarce can tell
 Which Character became me well;
 Yet in each Shape have faithful prov'd
 And serv'd the Master that I lov'd:
 This Maxim then let all retain,
 For hiss me, if I change again;
 Shew honest Hearts in honest Faces,
 And think them *Fools who change their Places.*

Mr Goodman.

Now Thanks my gay Friends for your free Contribution,
 Your Love to old England, and our Constitution:
 Join all in one Chorus, and make the Roofs ring,
 With the popular Ballad of *God save the King.*

Now though all this Nonsense does not lye very deep to be sure, yet Mr Greatheed¹ says, & I'm inclined to believe him, that they never understood it: when we were at Bath many Years ago I recollect being in Company with a heap of young Girls who were chusing Mottoes for *Rings*, that some old Gentleman present diverted himself with distributing among us—We were Wenches from thirteen to sixteen Years old perhaps—not more. One of the youngest having looked over all the little Rhymes intended, & kept by the Toymen for such Purposes—liked none of them She said—She could not see what they *drove at* was her Expression, She would have a Mottoe of her own making so She would; when the consenting Jeweller beg'd her to write it down, “Why this is best I think, Is not it? cried the Girl; and the easiest to understand—*I am in Love.*” Mr^s Hobart seems to be got very little further.

Kemble,² Bernini,³ and Paesiello!⁴ it seems to me that these three very great Men have in their different Professions the same Defect—Fault rather; 'tis that of forcing Expression, till now & then *casca nel Buffo* as the Italians term it—I have seen a high-dressed Horse in Sir Sidney Meadows Riding House guilty of the same Fault. Affectation is not confined to Man, educated Animals all have a Share: the well-broke silky hair'd English Setting-dog a large one.

Those Women seem to have most Empire over Men who boldest

¹ Mrs. Hobart was Bertie Greatheed's half-cousin once removed.

² John Philip Kemble, the actor.

³ Giovanni Lorenzo Bernini, an Italian sculptor of the seventeenth century.

⁴ Giovanni Paisiello, a contemporary singer.

claim it: M^{rs} Fitzherbert, M^{rs} Greatheed, M^{rs} Cramer:¹ all moderate as to Beauty, and limited as to Talents, hold in their Chains three very handsome and very sensible Men; (in their different Ranks of Life:) all Men much younger than themselves, and infinitely superior to their Tyrants in every natural Gift and every acquired Knowledge. I believe M^{rs} Montagu's Learning & M^{rs} Siddons's Beauty² never obtained them half the immediate Influence over their Husbands,³ which the Women I named first, certainly possess.

The Gala given by Pitt's Club at White's was wonderfully splendid; our Prince of Wales refused their Invitation to celebrate the Recovery of his Father and his King: strangely ill judged sure, as well as grossly indecent. The Ladies all wore the Bandeau Royal as 'tis called, with gold Letters *God save the King* upon it. but his Majesty's first public Appearance will be at St Paul's,⁴ when he goes thither to give Thanks for his Restoration.

I met Sophy Streatfield at an Assembly the other night, & was thrust by the Crowd quite close to her: nothing could exceed her Confusion, & Distress; when I said coldly *How do you do Miss Streatfield? I hope you have been well since we met last &c.*

Pepys too, the Master in Chancery runs if he sees *me* like a *Rat* as they call the King's Friends, who sneaked off to y^e other Party when their Sovereign's Recovery grew doubtful: 'tis a good Appellation enough, we know Rats do instinctively, & literally run from a falling House.

1: April 1789.] The Queen at her first great Drawing Room three Days ago looked steadily at Burke they say, and gave Dr Warren an Eye-Beam that shot thro' him: I am glad on't. her Resentment is just, and She shews her Conjugal Attachment by displaying it: God commands us to forgive however, and even to *love* our Enemies—I endeavour to do so, and in some Measure succeed: but I will not keep them Company, for Jesus Christ himself did *not do that*.

¹ Probably the Irish singer, Miss Madan, who had married Wilhelm Cramer, the conductor and violinist.

² Sophia Pennington, writing to Mrs. Piozzi on October 15, 1819, said: 'As it is I am reminded of what poor Mr. Siddons once said of *his* Wife to Kemble, who expressed his wonder they did not suit better, & enquired *what* he could find to object to, for said he "She has Beauty, Virtue, & Talents"—"true replied the other, but all insufficient for Happiness,—She is too Grand a thing for me!"' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 568.

³ I don't know why I say so of M^{rs} Montagu tho' upon 2^d Thoughts; for her Husband left her a large *Landed Estate*; & left it to her, & to her Heirs for ever.—I hope the Prince is not going to *do so*. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁴ On April 23. The Prince of Wales attended, but behaved with shocking indecorum.

The Locks are return'd to their Intimacy with Mr Piozzi, & solicit my Civilities for their Son:¹ Miss Burney had seduced that Family to hate us; but She has now no Time, nor I trust further Inclination to hurt me—

She can no more betray, nor I be ruin'd

as Calista says:² how cruel were her Efforts to undo me! how unnecessary to encourage my Daughters in their harsh Thoughts of a Mother who still continues to adore them!

They were at White's Ball, & looked very pretty—

The Duke of York second Son to our King & Queen gave a Ball to the Blackguards and Women of the Town the Night Pitt gave his to Our first Nobility, &c in hon^r of the King's Recovery—for Spite, and Malicious Fun; What Children some people have! Mr^s Byron is now old & infirm, & apparently in her last Stage of Existence—Lady Wilmot's³ Death last Year broke her up, & She c^d never recover to be what She was before. but not a Daughter⁴ ever goes near her, & the only Son that should be her Comfort, is in India.⁵

In Italy 'tis otherwise: more filial piety; less spurning at the common Ties of Nature. We are *too much* civilized, & have refined away original Feelings strangely. Johnson always maintained that no such Attachment naturally subsisted and used to chide me for

¹ The artist. See above, p. 592, n. 2.

² In Rowe's *Fair Penitent*, iv. i. 29.

³ Juliana Elizabeth, her second daughter, who died on March 15, 1788, at Osmaston, Derbyshire, her husband's seat. *Gent. Mag.* lviii. 277. She had first married her cousin, William Byron, heir to the 'bad' Lord Byron (see above, p. 296). After his death, she married Sir Robert Wilmot, on September 24, 1783. Her son by her first marriage died before his grandfather, and in 1798, when the old man died, the title passed to Lady Wilmot's nephew, George Gordon Byron, the poet, who was then ten years old. Burke's *Peerage*; *Gent. Mag.* liii. 893. Miss E. C. Mayne, Byron's most detailed biographer, seems not to have known of this second marriage of Byron's aunt. On his death in 1786, Admiral Byron, according to a letter of Mrs. Charlotte Lewis, written to Mrs. Piozzi on May 8, 1786, had left his widow an estate of £1,600 a year, and to his children only two legacies, one of £2,000 to Lady Wilmot, and one of £500 to 'that scapegrace Jack who has behaved in a most shocking manner to his Mother, & goes on as usual like a Rascal'. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 356.

⁴ Three other daughters survived Juliana: Frances, the eldest, who was married to Colonel Charles Leigh; Sophia Mary, who was unmarried; Charlotte Augusta (also given as Augusta Barbara Charlotte), who was married to Christopher Parker, later Vice-admiral. Mayne, *Byron*, p. 1, n. 3.

⁵ George Anson, her second son, who was pursuing an honourable career in the navy. But her eldest son, 'Mad Jack', the poet's father, was still living. After seducing and then marrying the Marchioness of Carmarthen, he had broken her heart in 1784, and promptly married Catherine Gordon, whose fortune, which had been exaggerated by rumour, he also squandered; in 1791 he fled to France to escape his creditors, leaving her with the three-year-old George Gordon, and died there, on August 2 of that year, a supposed suicide. Cf. below, p. 787, & n. 3.

fancying that I loved my Mother. Kemble now contents himself with saying that maternal Instinct *does* subsist—but Filial fondness *never*: Dr Johnson said Mr Thrale was sorry for his only Son's Death, just as a Man frets when he sees his fine new-built House tumble down,—but *no more*.¹ he denied parental Feelings entirely; & said the Cow low'd after the Calf, only because it eased her of the Pain in the Udder: was She constantly kept dry-milked said he, you would hear her low no more.

Nature does get strangely out of Fashion sure enough: One hears of Things now, fit for the Pens of Petronius only, or Juvenal to record and satyryze: The Queen of France is at the Head of a Set of Monsters call'd by each other *Sapphists*, who boast her Example; and deserve to be thrown with the *He* Demons that haunt each other likewise, into Mount Vesuvius.

That Vice increases hourly in Extent—while expected *Paricides* fright us no longer, & we talk familiarly among ourselves how King George's Extinction would certainly have followed the appointment of his *own two Sons* to the Government of our Nation, and to the Head of our Army.

May God whom he devoutly serves, continue to shield his sacred Person from their unprovoked Malice!

'Tis the Duke of York however, who is most to be dreaded; we are all now strongly perswaded that he urged on his eldest Brother's Match with Mrs Fitzherbert, who he knew w^d bring no Children, in order to secure his own possession of the Crown: besides that *exclusion* might perhaps give him another chance, as the Lady is an acknowledged Papist.

Surely with all these Terrors before our Eyes, we may rationally enough rejoyce in the Recovery which at least sets them further Distant; & gives us Time to provide against their being realized into Facts.—

Mrs Cowley is at last the Author of Anna Matilda:² I am glad Miss Seward was wrong in her Notion that Merry wrote the Verses:³ it is so *very* paltry a Thing to be praising one's self under another Name &c.

Merry never saw Mrs Cowley in his Life I believe. How desirable are Talents in this Nation! here is Merry—dissolute, wicked,

¹ But cf. his letter of April 13, 1776 (No. 473), to Dr. Taylor, and the evidence of Boswell's *Life*.

² See above, p. 716, n. 3.

³ An opinion delivered in a letter dated March 26, 1788. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 565. Miss Seward based her opinion on the similarity of their styles. For Merry's letter, written on the previous February 27, giving as his opinion (apparently in response to a leading inquiry from Mrs. Piozzi) that Anna Matilda could not be Miss Seward, see above, p. 716, n. 3.

and I fancy wholly worthless; who can command his Family's¹ Purse to supply his Vices, while their own Virtues need it; only because they are proud of *Della Crusca*.

There appeared an odd Combination of them all² to coax *me* some Months ago—my Heart told me that Este and they were agreed to undermine it, in his Favour; & his own Behaviour in the only Visit he made us this Winter confirmed the Fancy. Whether they meant to get at my Money, or what they meant I knew not; but something they *did* mean. He wrote as if he wished to draw me into Correspondence, & sent me four wonderfully fine Lines in a Letter see Page 70 of this Book, which I answer'd with these four, & never heard from him again.³

'Tis yours the present Moment to redeem,
And powerful snatch from Time's too rapid Stream,
While self-impell'd the rest redundant roll,
Then slumb'ring stagnate in Oblivion's Pool.

Mr Este called one Morning & said I had given Merry as good as he brought, and nam'd him no more to me from that Day to this; tho' that was *very* early in Jan^y & I find the Man is still in London skulking about somewhere. a foolish Fellow! as Great-heed's Dianora says

Our's is the Glance
That can peer deeply in the Hearts of Men;
Where, when we spy Deceit, & abject *Cunning*,
Contempt ensues, and points the Lip with Scorn.⁴

¹ His mother was Margaret Willes, daughter of Lord Chief Justice Willes, and his father, Robert Merry, Sr., was governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. *Gent. Mag.* lxx. 801; lxix. 252.

² Miss Merry seem'd to persue me with flattery *for some Purpose*, or I suspected her falsely—and the Brother *was so odd* in his last Visit I was ready to laugh! *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ See above, p. 724. Three of his letters written in the preceding winter survive (*Ry. Eng. MS.* 558). The first is dated November 12, from London. It expresses a hope to see her before his return to the Continent, and eagerness to read her Travels. He concludes by an inquiry as to whether she knows his sister and brother intimately, and whether they love her as he does. The lines on nihilism were inclosed in this letter. The second is an undated note, accepting her invitation for New Year's Day, and thanking her for her four charming lines, and her approval of his poem. The last, dated December 25, is a short note saying that he cannot come on New Year's Day, as he is called into the country, and that Mr. Este will explain. She had, therefore, heard from him twice after sending the lines. One more letter survives, dated April 23, 1789, in which he apologizes for his neglect of her, confesses that he is co-author of an ode recited at the Opera House by Mrs. Siddons, and asks if he may call. Shortly after this he went to France, and their paths crossed no more. Sir James Fellowes made the mistake of supposing that the lines were exchanged in Italy. Hayward, ii. 210.

⁴ *The Regent*, III. i. For *points* read *fills*.

Monday 6. Ap^l 1789.] The Printers want me to translate Corilla's¹ little infidel Speech to the Company of

Miei Signori Io vi presento
Il buon Uomo Gaetano,
Che non sa che cosa sia
Quel Mistero sovr'umano
Del Figluolo di Maria.

I will not translate it for the publick Eye to be sure, as the disseminating such Stuff is next Sin to inventing it: but this Imitation would have pleased exceedingly.

Gentlemen I here present you
Honest Joseph in my Hand:
Who could never understand
How that Mystery was done
That they tell of Mary's Son.

Este is a very mysterious Mortal: at the head of a Paper² eminent for its Loyalty; and always talking against the King, praising up the Blue & Buff Party &c.

Purple & Orange distinguish the Adherents to our Sovereign in these violent Days, Blue & Buff are the Prince's Colours—I suppose because Blue is a younger & fainter Purple, Buff a younger and fainter Orange: Most People take a decided part, but I have seen some who wear both occasionally.

26: April 1789.] The Rejoicings of the Publick on our Thanksgiving day³ were really very consolatory & delightful & his Majesty looked exceedingly chearful, & quite serene. I never saw a Procession of better Effect, nor attended with more reverential Care of offending against Decorum; no Tumult, no Clamour, but Throngs immense of People crouding to see their restored Sovereign. it was well appointed all together, & St George's Day a proper Season for the Purpose. Lighting up Houses &c. being deferred to the night after, was a judicious Manœuver; and we made a prodigious Display of expensive Loyalty to be sure.

Lord Uxbridge, Lord Hopetoun, Sir James Langham & Sir Joseph Banks, were the most elegant of the private Houses: after them came Lord Macclesfield, the Duke of Leeds, and Mr Piozzi, than whose Front nobody's was finer, if we except the foregoing

¹ A celebrated *improvisatrice* of Florence. Mrs. Piozzi relates the occasion of these lines, in *Observations* . . . , i. 320.

² *The World*, which ran from January 1, 1787, to June 30, 1794. Crane and Kaye, *Census of British Periodicals*, p. 115. Because of Este's friendship for Mrs. Piozzi, *The World* was her staunch partisan, publishing favourable reviews of her books, defending her character, and reporting her movements to the public when she was away from London.

³ April 23. See the description in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, lix. 366–70.

Gentlemen, The French Ambassador and L^d Louvaine. Meantime the Manufactories, publick Offices &c., were brilliant beyond all telling.

How foolish People are about Christian Names? calling a Son *Emanuel* for Example; a Daughter *Sibylla*: can any thing be stupider? *Emanuel* is the Appellation of our blessed Redeemer, & means *God with us*, or *God on Earth*. how then can any *human* Creature be rationally named *Emanuel*? The Roman Catholics indeed are silly enough to christen a Lad *Salvador* or *Saviour*; I wonder they never called any body *Jesus Christ* for my own part!

Giam *Battista*¹ is not quite so profane a Folly, but not a Whit a less absurd one; A Man may be John if You will have him John, but he cannot be John the *Baptist* I think: one might as well name a fellow Alexander *the Great*. In days of Puritanism some London Zealot called his Daughter *Mesopotamia*; a Greek Word signifying a Place surrounded by Rivers. Where the Piety of that Frisk was to be found, who can tell?

Sibylla is no more a Name, than *Prophetess* is a Name; Why does no Blockhead call his Wench *Saint* I wonder! the Italians do christen a Fellow *Evangelist*; and think it a mighty pious Act: I told them they had better name him *Biographer*.

I have had another Visit from the renowned Della Crusca,² but His hopes (whatever they were) seem blown away. The Ode Sheridan & he together wrote lately,³ is not liked.

Gigantic Ocean drinks his beams. is a fine Line though; when speaking of the Sun in his Zenith.

Este and Merry seem to have quarrel'd, by Della Crusca preferring the *Star*,⁴ & neglecting the World; tho' Miss Merry said how kind Este was; they are all as false one as another I fancy: I will never now be alone with any one of the Crew—I *know* them *now*.

Mr Piozzi has had a regular Fit of the Gout; but I think his Health rather the worse than better for it, tho' we are cautious not to say so: He has put by his Journey to Italy, at the Instigation of his *Italian* Friends. I make it a standing Rule never to *perswade*, or

¹ The name of Mr. Piozzi's favourite brother. See above, p. 639, n. 1.

² The visit he asked for in his note of April 23. See above, p. 741, n. 3.

³ An ode on the recovery of the King, spoken by Mrs. Siddons, on April 21, at Drury Lane. Mrs. Piozzi's only authority for assuming that Sheridan was the co-author is Merry's description of him in his note of April 23 as 'a much abler pen than myself'. Cf. above, p. 741, n. 3. Sheridan, as Merry's letters to Mrs. Piozzi show, had been sponsoring Merry's literary ambitions.

⁴ A newspaper edited by Peter Stuart.

disswade in such Cases. I never asked him to return to England while we were out of it on any Account; or in any humour, good or bad—He has often tried to make me express my Preference of Great Britain to Italy; but never could succeed either in the one Nation, or the other. He was prudent in not going this Year; a Thousand bad Consequences might have arisen, fatal to our future Peace:—but I never said so. My late Illness and my poor Master's, have given our Misses Spirits I am told: they think all *may* soon be over with us probably; so they look very bright upon it, & refuse all Offers of Marriage—but my Heart tells me there is more to be done yet: It was cruelly managed tho', never to send or call. When we heard at the beginning of the Winter that Miss Thrale was not well, I sent her a very Affectionate Letter;¹ & received for Ans^r an open Billett *with Thanks for obliging Enquiries*. How have I *provoked*! how have I *deserv'd* such Treatment.

1: May 1789.] Here is the most backward Spring I ever knew: surely no Oak Leaves will be out on the 29: if Things go on thus. *The Swallows came but today.*²

The Emperor's Death³ will make a great Bustle in Europe, & there is enough already. The French struggling to obtain that Liberty⁴ they will not know how to use; The Rage for emancipating Negro Slaves, & the Number of Jews lately baptized into Protestant Churches; The expected Comet, and the propagation of the Gospel in so many newly-discover'd Countries, make one think the end of the World approaches—especially as we are now close upon the Year 1800. which leaves only two Centuries more, and the third Division of Time is completed—2000 Years from the Creation to the Deluge, 2000 from the Flood to the Coming of Jesus Christ—and 2000 more from his Crucifixion to his second Appearance in Glory preceded by a flaming World.—I really think that Cecilia's Great Grand Children may see the closing Scene.

Mr^s Montagu wants to make up with me again; I dare say She does; but I will not be taken & left, even at the Pleasure of those who are much dearer and nearer to me than Mr^s Montagu. We

¹ Evidence that, during the six years of total estrangement between them (see above, p. 685, n. 2), Mrs. Piozzi did not cease overtures of friendship. Hester kept no letters from her mother during this period, and Lord Lansdowne therefore assumed (*Queeney Letters*, p. xxiii) that 'no intercourse whatever' took place.

² a singular Circumstance surely. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ Joseph II did not die until February 20, 1790, of an epidemic fever caught in the preceding July, which was aggravated by his chagrin at the revolt of Belgium and Brabant.

⁴ The Estates General were called together on May 5, four days after this entry, in the historic session that inaugurated the Revolution.

⁵ Hayward (i. 303) quotes this paragraph.

want for no flash, no flattery; I never had more of either in my Life, nor ever lived half so happily: M^{rs} Montagu wrote creeping Letters when She wanted my help,¹ or foolishly *thought* She did; & then turned her Back upon me & set her Adherents to do the same: I despise such Conduct; & M^r Pepys, M^{rs} Ord &c now sneak about, & look ashamed of themselves. Well they may!

The Bishop of Killaloe² believes in Animal Magnetism.

8. May 1789.] Baretti³ is dead—Poor Baretti! I am sincerely sorry for him, & as Zanga says—

¹ Mrs. Montagu and she had corresponded, while she was in Italy, over Boswell's unfortunate quotation, in his *Tour to the Hebrides*, of Johnson's remark about Mrs. Montagu's *Essay on Shakespeare*: 'neither I, nor Beauclerk, nor Mrs. Thrale, could get through it' (*Life*, v. 245). Sir Lucas Pepys wrote to Mrs. Piozzi, on December 15, 1785: 'You may easily Conceive this Opinion must have given Some Sleepless Hours to Mrs. Montagu—it was cruel to Publish such an Opinion if it really was yours, for it was Effectually Stirring up Strife between you. . . .' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 536. She replied to him from Naples, on February 10, 1786, disclaiming any ill opinion of the book and expressing a desire to have Boswell's statement contradicted. Pepys told her in his next letter, of March 3, 1786, that he had gone at once to Cadell, who 'was much pleased that I had had the Foresight to have written to you on the Subject, as it had made some Noise.—We agreed that a Postscript should be added to your *Anecdotes*—& by making use entirely of your Own Words in your Letter to me, a Postscript is drawn up, which I think you will approve of. . . . I have taken Care likewise to have all this Business well explained to Mrs. Montagu. . . .' *Ibid.* In the Postscript, which duly appeared at the end of her *Anecdotes*, she says, 'I do not delay a moment to declare, that, on the contrary, I have always commended it myself, and heard it commended by every one else.' On March 28 Mrs. Montagu wrote a stately letter of thanks: 'the kind partiality you had always shewn for me gave me some right to flatter myself, it would have influenced your judgment & taste, so far as to have prevented any severe censure of my essay, & the mortification I should have felt on the sentence you were said to have passd upon it, was mitigated by the very moderate degree of credit I give to all Mr. Boswell has ascribed to, or repeated of Dr. Johnson; for tho it cannot be supposed he would utter any wilful falsehood, yet poor Man! he is so often in that condition in which men are said to see double, the hearing in the same circumstances may probably be no less disorder'd. Your *Anecdotes* of Dr Johnson my dear Madam are very different from Mr Boswells. Yours do honour to the subject, the Writer, & harm to no one; He indeed tells the World that *Mr Boswell* thought highly of Dr Johnson, but all he relates of him tends to diminish the Worlds esteem of his Friend, & raise up many particular enemies to his memory, but they must be malicious enemies indeed who are not more vex'd and angry at the disgrace he has thrown upon his deceased Friend than at any reflections or censures he has made him the instrument to throw upon others.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 551. To this Mrs. Piozzi made some reply, which has not survived; but we know that Mrs. Montagu, according to Mrs. Lewis's report to Mrs. Piozzi on May 8, was 'monstrously proud of your letter, & shews it everywhere'. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 556. In spite of this smooth patching up of Boswell's damage, Mrs. Montagu had, apparently, with the other 'blues', not been cordial after Mrs. Piozzi's return. The episode, of course, incensed Boswell, who took his revenge by a letter, printed in the *Gazetteer* for April 17, 1786, which he inserted as a note in a later edition of his *Tour to the Hebrides*. *Life*, v. 245, n. 2, 542.

² Barnard y^e facetious Dean of Derry. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ Hayward (i. 315-16) quotes the two following paragraphs. He died on May 5. *Gent. Mag.* lix. 469.

If I lament thee, sure thy Worth was great.¹

He was a *manly* Character at worst; & died as he lived, less like a Christian than a Philosopher. refusing all spiritual or Corporeal Assistance—both which he consider'd as *useless to him*—& perhaps *they were so*. He paid his Debts, call'd in some single Acquaintance, told him he was dying & drove away that *Panada Conversation* which Friends think proper to administer at Sick Bed-Sides, with becoming Steadiness. bid him write his Brothers word that he was dead; & gently desired a Woman who waited, to leave him quite alone. No Interested Attendants watching for ill-deserved Legacies,—no Harpy Relations clung round the Couch of Baretti, —*He died!*

And art thou dead? So is my Enmity;
I war not with the Dust.²

The World, a Newspaper now much in Fashion, contains his true Character written by myself.³ May Heaven have Mercy on me in my last Hour, as I sincerely pity, pardon, & lament him.

M^{rs} Byron has an odd Way of *coveting her Neighbour's Servants*, tho' seldom worth the pains: She has got poor M^{rs} Lewis's Maid from her by many a silly Artifice, & our Footman *Joseph* so seiz'd her Imagination that have him She would. When the Prize was gained, they quarrelled about a *Coat*; and She took a vast Fellow who She said She liked because his Name was George. These Stories & Disputes grew very tedious to me however, while M^{rs} Byron whirled round the Town, distracting us all about the Disasters that had befallen *Joseph* & his *Coat*, in good Time!—So it came into my Head that some pretty Newspaper Nonsense might be made about People—Lampoon Fashion—as thus.

Names and Places of Abode.

Hon: M^{rs} Byron at the *Joseph's Coat*, Windmill Street, turning into Great George Street.

R^t Hon: M^r Pitt at the Crown, opposite the Plume of Feathers King Street.

M^{rs} Piozzi at the hand & Pen, M^r Scrivener's, in the Isle of Dogs.

Miss Lewis at the Empty Platter Mincing Lane, removing to Cold Bath Fields.⁴

D^r Lort at the Homer's Head Greek Street.

¹ Young's *Revenge*; the closing lines of Act v, scene ii.

² Ibid.

³ See Hayward, i. 317–18, for her original version. For the *World*, the Della Cruscan paper of Bell and Este, see above, p. 742, n. 2.

⁴ She eats so very little & bathes for an Appetite. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

Mr^s Brown at the Good Woman Grace Church Street.

Padre Smith at the Nun & Crucifix Avemaria Lane.

Sr John Lade at the *Hare and Hounds Soho Square*

Miss Farren at the Angel in *Bloomsbury*.

Bishop of London¹ at the Mitre *Queen Square*.

Miss Helena Maria Williams at the BlackaMoor's Head on Labour in Vain Hill.²

Archbishop of Canterbury³ at the Bible & Crown Creed Lane.

Mr James at the *Naked Boy & Gridiron* Frying Pan Alley.

Mr Cumberland at Terence's Head *Adelphi*.

Coomes⁴ the Authour of the *Diaboliad*, leaves *one* Vice uncensur'd;—so I think does Juvenal:—perhaps their Tastes, tho' not their Powers were the same.

Murphy's Comedy of All in the Wrong is wholly taken from Moliere's *Cocu Imaginaire*;⁵ the Circumstance of the Picture, & Scenes ensuing in Consequence of it all translated. I forget whether he anywhere acknowledges the Obligation, if he does not, 'tis gross and manifest Plagiarism.

There⁶ seems to be a Language now appropriated to the Newspapers, and a very wretched unmeaning Language *it is*:—yet a certain Set of Expressions are so necessary to please the Diurnal Readers, that when Johnson & I drew up an Advertisement for Charity once I remember, the People altered *our* Expressions, & substituted their *own*—with good Effect too. The other day I sent a Character of Baretto to the World, & read it two Morn^{gs} after more *alter'd* than *improv'd* in my Mind;—but no Matter: they will talk of *wielding* a Language, and of *barbarous Infamy*: Sad Stuff to be sure, but such is the Taste of the Times.⁷ A Prop^{os} Baretto's⁸ Papers, Manuscripts I mean, have been all burn'd by his Executors without Examination they tell me; so great was his Character as a Mischief-

¹ Bielby Porteus.

² Vid: Slave Poem. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See above, p. 730.

³ Dr. John Moore (1730–1805).

⁴ William Combe ('Dr. Syntax') wrote *The Diaboliad*, dedicated to the worst man in his Majesty's Dominions, in 1776. The uncensored vice was that of which she believed the last two men guilty.

⁵ *Sganarelle, ou le cocu imaginaire*. Murphy acknowledged the debt in the Advertisement to the first edition (1761): 'The first hint of this Comedy was suggested by the *Cocu Imaginaire* of Molière.'

⁶ Hayward (i. 318) quotes the first part of this paragraph.

⁷ They alter'd even my Quotation from Pope, but that was *too* impudent. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁸ Hayward (i. 316) quotes the rest of the paragraph.

maker, that Vincent¹ & Fendall² saw no nearer way to Safety—than that hasty & compendious one: Many People think 'tis a good Thing for *me*, but as I had never trusted the Man, I see little Harm he could have done me.

Mrs³ Siddons acted Juliet last night—She does it so *naturally* says someone, so *artificially* rather said I; but She is a great Performer.⁴ Kemble slept over the parting Scene in Romeo—he is like Bottom the Weaver, he likes *the Tyrant's Vein*, or *Ercles' Vein*,—or *a Part to tear a Cat in*—as Bottom says:—I never can keep clear of the Idea for my part. *a Lover is too condoling*⁵ for our Friend Kemble, he is a clever Man tho'; & makes some capital Hits, in many capital Characters.

How the Women do shine of late! Miss Williams's Ode on Otaheite, Madame Krumpholtz', Tasteful Performance on the Harp, Madame Gautherot's wonderful Execution on the Fiddle;—but say the Critics a Violin is not an Instrument for *Ladies* to manage, very likely! I remember when they said the same Thing of a *Pen*.

I wonder if my Executors will burn the Thraliana!

Sir John Hawkins is dead⁶ I hear—all before my Book comes out: Heaven keep Boswell alive!

Selden's Table Talk and Cambden's *Remaynes* are the only *Anas* in our Language; while France swarms with them.

Dr More's⁷ *Zeluco* is charming—Will it please the Million tho'? I hope it will; I love Dr More, & it is such an entertaining, & such a well-intention'd Work, one dotes on it: *but it won't be liked*.⁸

Mrs Lambart has married her only Child a Boy, to his first Cousin Miss Dodd of Edge:⁹ 'tis a good notion as can be, the Girl

¹ Dr. William Vincent, later Dean of Westminster, who wrote most of the friendly obituary notice of Baretti which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, lix. 469–70, 569–70. Collision-Morley, *Baretti*, pp. 356–7.

² John Fendall. The two men were Baretti's executors.

³ Hughes prints the following three paragraphs in *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, p. 51.

⁴ The pouting Scene with old Nurse was the cleverest thing I ever saw—so pretty, so Babyish, so charming. her coaxing Scene in *Othello* where poor Desdemona innocently pleads for Cassio is of the same kind—prodigiously fine indeed. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁵ See *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, i. ii. 31–43.

⁶ He died on May 21. *Gent. Mag.* lix. 473. *Mrs. Piozzi* has failed to date her entry.

⁷ Dr. John Moore, father to General John Moore, the hero of Corunna. *Zeluco* was published in 1786.

⁸ I have looked on it too slightly—'tis *not* a well-intention'd Book I fear. Ah these sly Puritans! *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁹ The son was Edward Hamilton Lambart, and the lady, daughter of John Dodd, Esq., of Swallowfield. *Gent. Mag.* lix. 371.

has 10,000^l and much Wealth may at last centre in the Grand Children of poor dear M^{rs} Lambart—I am delighted to see *her* so happy.

We talk of a Journey to Scotland this Summer, I wish Ireland was to be our Way home; but Cecilia & Piozzi both are afraid of the Sea.

Cæcilia grows more amiable, She has some fondness, & much flexibility: *Amica di ognuno, Amica di nessuno* should be Cecilia's Motto. we teize her, & say She is like her own favourite Spaniel, who fawns upon everybody, & upon ev'ry body alike—but She says *Phyllis* has *her* Distinctions, and so has her Mistress—who still prefers Greatheeds & Guy's Cliffe to all people and Things.

I have got nice Letters from L^d Fife & D^r More for Edinburgh.

My Book is budding,—it will be in Blossom when I am gone:¹ we set out this Week²—I long to see Green Fields, & get out of hearing of these naughty Boy Princes; who do nothing but spite their Royal Parents, and make Talk for all the Fools in Town—one's Ears are fatigued with Stories of their various Pranks; now a Drunken Fit, and now a Duel: I am *so* sick of them and the Conversation they cause.

Boodle's Fête was a fine Show, I saw no such in Italy: but a Festa di Ballo at Naples is a pleasanter Thing somehow after all, I dare say most people would *naturally* prefer Sweet Mountain Wine to the oldest and finest *Hock*. All Delicacy is artificial—that is certain; yet the Brute should not *quite* run away with the Man neither—as it did last Night with the Prince of Wales.

30 Dec^r 1789] We are returned to Hanover Square & the old Thraliana, after having run 1300 Post Miles in Journeys about Great Britain. Chappelow says that as we did not go to the Continent,

¹ Her *Observations* was published in June.

² They started on June 3. A special travel journal, as usual, was kept *en route* (*Ry. Eng. MS.* 623), from which the journey may be reconstructed. They went to Ferry Bridge and saw Hatfield House, then through Doncaster, York, Scarborough, and Whitby, to Durham. On July 1 they left Durham for Newcastle, thence by Alnwick Castle, Belford, and Berwick-upon-Tweed to Edinburgh. On July 25 they arrived at Glasgow. They took an excursion into the Highlands, via Dumbarton, Loch Lomond, Glencoe, Loch Long, and Inveraray, after which they started toward England, by way of Greenock, Paisley, and Gretna Green. In England, they made for Sizergh, Mrs. Strickland's home, near Kendal, which they reached on August 17, after seeing Ullswater and Derwentwater ('there is a Rage for Lakes', she remarks). Their next stop was at Liverpool, where they were entertained by the Kembles, then Chester, and Wales, where they visited Dymchurchion Hill. They next went to Bath. The journal closes on December 27, in London, at Hanover Square.

we resolved to make as many Steps in our own Island as would have carried one to Milan or Genoa; on the same Principle of the Man who rides in a Manège till he has gone as much Ground over, as a Trip to Hampstead or Highgate would require. Well! what did I like and *who* did I take a Fancy to in this Journey?

Loch Lomond and Dr Blair. When I recollect what is past—their Images rise most spontaneously to my Mind among all the People and Places. Is not that the surest Test of genuine Liking? I think so.

In Scotland & Wales there seems to be much Affection, & much hatred of Course: much Sentiment one may call it—They have little to do, & cultivate such Refinements of Character for Amusement.

Busy People neither love nor hate, pin down the most delicate Soul to a Compting House Desk, & in three Years he will when his Neighbour's Family Dwelling has caught fire, ask only, what Money was lost? See Fordyce in the Shipwreck, Vol: 1st of this Collection.¹

I lived much with the Kembles² & Dr Currie³ at Liverpool, I liked all that Set of People mightily, Bath was pleasanter than ever, and Mr Piozzi likes Wales better than Mr Thrale did.—It is a heavenly Country: I think the Cumberland Lakes, & Westmoreland Mountains, far below our sweet Vale of Llywydd for Beauties of Scenery; nor do I recollect ought upon the Continent superior to the variety exhibited in the Views from Garthvino; or the great Burst from the rough Top of Bryn Dymmerchion.⁴ I never said so to *him* tho; so he need not love or hate it for any domestick Reason. I influence neither his Thoughts, nor his Actions.

Course Plants are most beautiful when in Blossom, The Apple Tree delights evry Eye, while the Anana⁵ gives no Notice of its future Excellence. a lowbred Colt is more beautiful for the first & second Year than the Offspring of the Cullen Arabian,⁶ and

¹ See above, p. 93.

² John Philip Kemble and his wife, Priscilla. They had gone to Liverpool for an engagement after the close of the London season. They returned to London before November 23, when Mrs. Kemble wrote to Mrs. Piozzi, then at Bath, wishing for her speedy return to Hanover Square. Broadley, pp. 149–50.

³ Dr. James Currie, later of Bath, best-known by his *Reports on the Effects of Water . . . as a Remedy in Fever* (1797). ⁴ The site chosen later for their residence, Brynbellia.

⁵ The ananas, or pineapple.

⁶ A famous brood stallion (d. 1761), brought to England from Constantinople by Mr. Mosco, and later the property of Lord Cullen. It was also known as the 'Brown Arabian'. Whyte, *History of British Turf* (1840), i. 77–8.

Peasants' Children are always prettier while Babies than are my Lord John and my Lady Caroline whom the Maid & Gouvernante daudle about dress'd in Blue Satten Mantles of a Morning, round the Inside of Grosvenor Square.

I have written a little Acc^t of all I saw on my Travels in a Paper Book,¹ so shall give myself no Trouble to say any thing of them in *this*. When People press me to write my *Tour of our own Island* in good Time! they say it to ensnare me: was I to act according to such Advice I should deservedly lose the little Fame I have already acquired. How false the Creatures all are!!! but I *know* them.

When a Baby I was always the Dupe to my Playfellows, who used regularly to cheat me at Cards, & then hoot me for being cheated; cram Cake into my Cup of Tea & then call my Mother to shew her how naughty little Miss Salusbury had been &c.—They have always played the same Game with *me* whatever my Name or Place was, and how has it answer'd?—why always the same way I think. Those who have aim'd at shortening my Life, lowering my Reputation or emptying my Purse, have had the constant Torment of seeing my Health stronger, my Fame fairer, and my Pockets fuller than almost anybody's else. So shall it ever happen to those who seek not their own Justification; *the Lord will avenge the Cause of the Simple, & put down the despitfulness of the proud.*²

Doctor Goldsmith says in his Vicar of Wakefield that *y^e knowing one* is the foolishest Fellow in the World. Jenkinson the Pickpocket cheats honest Farmer Flamborough every Year of his Life, & laughs at the Thoughts of it till the Time comes round again—But all this while our poor Thief gets poorer and more miserable every Day, and at last ends his wretched Hours in a Prison; while the old Farmer lives fat & merrily, and dies worth three Thousand Pounds.—'Tis the truest Picture of Life that can be exhibited, and inferior only to Hogarth's idle 'Prentice. Such are the People who employ their Talents to mend Mankind, & make Life a better Thing than it is.

I³ think my Observations & Reflexions made in Italy &c. have been upon the whole exceedingly well liked, & much read.

¹ See above, p. 749, n. 2.

² Cf. Jas. iv. 6.

³ Hayward (i. 323) quotes this sentence. Walpole and Miss Seward were exceptions to the chorus of praise. Walpole wrote to Mrs. Carter: 'By the excessive vulgarisms so plentiful in these volumes, one might suppose the writer had never stirred out of the parish of St. Giles' (*Letters*, xiv. 129); and Miss Seward, in a letter to Mrs. Piozzi herself, on December 31, 1789, praised the content fulsomely but sharply criticized the 'colloquial barbarisms' of the style (*Ry. Eng. MS.* 565). For a modern estimate of the merit of Mrs. Piozzi's book, as the

Poor dear Lord Huntingdon! I have had a cruel Loss in that amiable Friend's Death. What a singular Person he was! Ugly even to a Degree difficult to describe, deformed by Disease, and under pressure of extream Illness—Lord Huntingdon at *Threescore Years old* was actually the most agreeable Companion I know of; & so allow'd by all. He had taken a Partiality for M^r Piozzi & me too; So I may Sing

De'cl take the Grave
That hurried Francis from me,
When he to love me had just begun.

Comical M^{rs} Piozzi! as the People cry out for ever; Sad or merry—always Comical M^{rs} Piozzi! When Miss Thrale & I lived together, She used to love my Jokes, & say *That's my merry Mother!*

I hear Baretti's Enmity towards me outlived his Powers of exerting it; and that he left a Libel¹ behind him desiring it might be printed to vex me.—Can such Malignity inhabit the Heart of any thing but Dæmons? I hope the Story is not true, for no such Pamphlet did I ever see—M^r James of Bath said *he* saw it, but I scarce believed him—I will ask Lysons some Day; if any thing disagreeable is to be heard—he'll tell it.² M^{rs} L:³ says the Name of y^e Work is the *Sentimental Mother*. her own Dream I doubt not.

I am writing for the Stage a Dramatic Trifle from poor D^r John-

most enlightened, unprejudiced, and observant book of travels about Italy to come out of England in the eighteenth century, see Roderick Marshall, *Italy in English Literature, 1755-1815* (1934), pp. 200-8.

¹ *The Sentimental Mother, A Comedy in Five Acts; The Legacy of an old Friend, and His Last Moral Lesson to Mrs. Hester Lynch Thrale, Now Mrs. Hester Lynch Piozzi* (1789). The evidence for Baretti's authorship is that he concluded his second Stricture in the *European Magazine* (see above, p. 719, n. 1) as follows: 'Who knows, I say, but some one of our modern dramattick geniuses may hereafter entertain the public with a laughable comedy in five long acts, intituled with singular propriety THE SCIENTIFIC MOTHER?' The playlet itself, though the story bears no resemblance to events in the Thrales' household, attributes to Lady Fantasma Tunskull the same shortcomings that Baretti had attributed to Mrs. Thrale in the magazine libel—namely, harshness towards her children, parsimony, vanity, love of power, insensibility towards her family and effusive sentiment for her friends, and a faculty for achieving her ends by scheming. Signor Squalici, the daughters' tutor, who is meant to represent Piozzi, is passed off in the play as Lady Fantasma's half-brother.

² Her wry confidence in Sammy Lysons is explained by the fact that at some unspecified time after she returned from Italy he 'shewed me a little Collection of Books, Tracts, Pamphlets Ballads &c on a Corner of his Shelves . . . *look there* said he, there are, I flatter myself, all the things that ever were written *against you* either serious or in Ridicule—All, All, not one left out that could be found by the most diligent Research. Thank you was all my Reply' (Commonplace Book belonging to Mr. A. E. Newton, entry for July 1, 1819). Part of this collection was probably the book of newspaper clippings compiled by Lysons about Johnson, Boswell, and Mrs. Thrale, now belonging to Professor C. B. Tinker, of Yale University. Cf. above, p. 590, n. 1.

³ Mrs. Lewis. Cf. below, p. 772.

son's Floretta:¹ will it be liked I wonder?—but first let's see whether it will be acted. Should Kemble bring it out, the Town would by its Approbation give a Proof that neither Pity Terror nor Mirth produced their Applause: but that pleasing Sentiments & neat Expression; supported by Morality, & decorated with Showy Scenes suffized to content them. Is that good Taste or bad?

Lysons show'd me a comical Epigram yesterday written to make Sport of Miss Seward & Hayley, who mutually commend each other's Poetry in the Magazines, Reviews &c. tis done Dialogue-wise, & is droll enough.

She. Tuneful Poet! Britain's Glory!

Mr Hayley! that is you.

He. Ma'am you carry all before ye

Trust me Lichfield Swan! you do.

She. Ode, Didactick, Epick, Sonnet,

Mr Hayley—you're divine;

He. Ma'am I'll take my Oath upon it,

You alone are all the Nine.

18. Jan. 1790.] I am sick of the French Politicks, and wish the Discourse at an end, tho' not the Disturbances of a People who delight in disturbing the Tranquillity of every other Nation. I made these popular Verses for a public Paper the other day they were not printed though.

Whilst in passionate Mood

Our mad Neighbours with Blood,

Delight their poor Country to drench;

Let us British Boys sing,

Drink a Health to the King

And ne'er be such Fools as the French.

The French

And ne'er be such Fools as the French.

All enamour'd they are

Of young Freedom the Fair,

Yet know not the Trim of their Wenches;

But think Liberty's Joy

Is Sink, Burn, and destroy,

Why our Rodney'd do that for the French.

&c

¹ See above, p. 729. Johnson's story of *The Fountains*, originally published in Miss Williams's *Miscellanies* in 1766, had held a peculiar interest for Mrs. Thrale. A MS. copy of it and an Italian translation of it, both in her hand, survive among her papers (*Ry. Eng. MS.* 654), and the character of Floretta, who parted with every blessing but refused to give up her wit, she paralleled with her own, in one of her published letters to Johnson (ii. 233).

What our Edwards had done
 Both Father and Son
 From their Monarch the Sceptre to wrench,
 These comical Elves
 Will now do for themselves
 And scarce leave him the King of the French.

When our Brother and we
 Disputed for Tea,
 And Lord North grac'd the Treasury Bench;
 Fomenting Vexations
 They injur'd both Nations
 Such Traytors & Rogues are the French.

Dank Holland they swore
 They would render so poor,
 They'd not leave her an Eel nor a Tench:
 But there they were bit,
 Thanks to our *Billy Pitt*,
 And none fish in foul Streams but the French, the French,
 And none fish in foul Streams but the French.

19: Jan 1790.] How thankful ought England to be for its Deliverance from Sedition, Conspiracy & Rebellion, of all which we were in Danger this Time last Year: and how thankful ought I to be who begin this 1790 so happily, compar'd to the Situation I was in at the commencement of 1780. Had less than an Angel told me of the comfortable State this rising Spring should find me in; it would [have] been Folly *then* to have given Credit to the prediction.

May God give me Grace to praise as I ought the Giver of all Good!

I went the other Evening to an Assembly at M^{rs} Drummond Smith's—She lives in Grafton Street—but how was I shocked when entering the Apartments I found myself in a Room where I had dined about a Dozen or fifteen Years ago in Company with many people now *all dead*. the House *then* belonged to M^r Thrale's youngest Sister, for whom I am now actually in Mourning, & the Friends assembled to dine together were

| | |
|------------------------------|-------|
| Herself— | dead. |
| Her Husband Arnold Nesbitt | dead. |
| M ^r Thrale | dead. |
| D ^r Johnson | dead. |
| M ^r Anth: Chamier | dead. |
| M ^r Dan: Weir. | dead. |

besides Miss Thrale *who is dead to me*, and I think D^r Burney whom

I never see now:¹ shocking and odd enough. The M^{rs} of the House, who after Nesbitt's Death married another still more vulgar Fellow² for his Money,—a Brickmaker: was a mighty quiet in-offensive Creature, who I do believe never said an illnatur'd thing of any Person in her Life, *except of Me*: & Cecilia Thrale says She was liberal in her Abuse of my Conduct with Regard to dear Piozzi,

I suppose my eldest Daughter must have taught her *how*; for She had no such Inclinations of her own and no such Capacity—Poor Honey!

Here is a sonnet of Major Barry's to Lady Moyra Sister of poor L^d Huntingdon who died some Months ago

Daughter of regal York's luxuriant Stem,
Whose Rose shed fragrance o'er a hostile Ground,
Daughter of hardy Chiefs, by Valour crown'd
With Wreaths; nor less illustrious for the Gem
Which grateful Science nurtur'd still by them
With fondness polish'd high, & studious wound
Its many-blended Rays their Brows around,
Such for high Worth the Muses' Diadem.
Accept his humbler Offering, tho' She fails
To pour such Strains as Akenside could yield
When Huntingdon inspir'd,—& Freedom's Gales
Diffus'd the Song; nor sprung of Classick Field
This Flower which seeks that Shelter that impales
The Danish Maunche on Rawdon's arrowy Shield.

Authors are very unlike their own Works; Major Barry seems a Man of more Meaning than Words,—& his Conversation has much Thinking in it: set him to write however, & he is soon suffocated with his own Plenitude of fragrance; & *strangled in the waste Fertility*. It seems as if those who had Eloquence were resolved to have nothing else:

When I can say a thing well, what matter looking out for something to say? The last Lines have *Meaning* in them to be sure—and that *Meaning* a *mean* one, but the thought of the flower was borrow'd from my Primrose in the Epilogue to Greatheed's Regent.

People make few Observations on dumb Animals, and then say Lord you know they are all *alike* &c. it is not true at all that education

¹ As far as the records show, they did not renew their severed friendship until January 1807, when he was wintering at Bath, after an illness. They met and shook hands, and he later complied with her request that he visit Mr. Piozzi, who was bedridden with gout. He wrote to Fanny, 'She nurses him with great affection and tenderness, never goes out of his company when he is in pain.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 545; Hayward, i. 355.

² Mrs. Nesbitt had married Mr. Thomas Scott, member for Bridport, on January 31, 1782. She died on December 2, 1789. *Gent. Mag.* lii. 94; lix. 1153.

does nothing for Brutes, that Instinct is unimproveable, and y^t every Creature does like every other Creature of its own kind—with a Thousand more trite Speeches, echoed from one wise Body to another, & believed by foolish ones in direct Defiance of daily Experience.

Brutes like Men, learn what they are taught;—have various Capacities, & different Ways of doing the same Thing. & I am inclined to believe that the *busy & learned* among Animals have as among human Creatures less affectionate Characters than those which have fewer Occupations—for Example: a Hound is never a faithful Favourite, a Domestic Companion like the Mongrel or currish Lapdog: He thinks of His *Business*—he wants to be hunting, & will leave everything to call upon another Dog, & go out with him to seek for Hares.

The well broken Spaniel has no great Attachment to any thing but a Gun: and will leave his fond Mistress willingly for some accidental Acquaintance that comes into the Country on a Visit & delights in shooting.—

6: Feb: 1790.] I am enraged at nothing so much among all the Cant one hears, as at the Complaints of our Climate in good Time! finer Weather than this cannot be had at Naples—hotter it is there certainly—but all Excellence of Climate is not contain'd in Heat I suppose—if it is, let us go to Jamaica, or Calcutta, & come home such Creatures as *Charles Merry*—not della Crusca—and Major Barry¹ are become by *hot Climates*. God keep me out of them!

The Winter has been sweetly mild, & very healthy this Year: much like the End of 1780 & beginning of 1781 when Mr Thrale died: I remember the Spring Feel in February *that* year; & in April it was quite hot. The Primroses & Violets are bought in the Streets *now*, I remember them under every Hedge 10: March 1787 when we came first from abroad, & that was a very early Spring too, but this is finer still—even Foreigners are contented. [17: Feb: 1790.

All Children, and untaught Foreigners make their Conjugations regular; and every one till they are tutor'd into contrary Practice, say I *goed*, instead of I *went*: this is right; for *Went* is the preterite of the Verb to *wend* in our old Saxon Language, & very perverse it is to keep that same Tense and change the Infinitive Mood. I would that

¹ Major Barry served in India after being aide-de-camp and secretary to Lord Rawdon in the American war.

Grammarians gave some Acct^t however why this Verb is irregular in so many *other* Languages:—We can account for it best in our own.

I was saying this was the Time for the Women to shine, tis likewise the Shining-Season for Children: Little Bridgetower¹—a Boy not quite ten Years old plays on the Violin like a 1st rate performer—and as the best proof of his Merit,—is paid like one. Bridgetower is a Mulatto, Son to a Polish Dutchess we are told—and to an African Negro, the handsomest of his Kind & Colour ever seen. The Father is with him, wears an Eastern Habit, and has an Address so peculiarly, so singularly fine, no Words will easily describe it. lofty Politeness, & vivacious Hilarity, were never so combined in any human Creature that I have hitherto met with. Splendid Acquirements too, with an astonishing Skill in Languages, & such Power of Conversation as can scarce be destroyed by his own Rage of displaying it, adorn the Manners of the Father; who were he less wonderful would please better. As it is; *half* his Companions are provoked by this manifest & self-conscious Superiority—the other half admire in Silence, and hardly dare express their Delight for fear of being censured by the *wise ones* who cry out *Impostor* unjustly enough—for the man is all he pretends to be, a Black o'Moor of infinite Talents: did they apprehend his being rapacious to Obtain Money, & profuse to spend it, I should be of their Minds:—and perhaps try to hold my own Purse² fast, tho' a fortuitous Life like his affords better Vindication of a self-gratifying Spirit, than the settled security in which we sit sullenly, and speak harshly of a wandring Adventurer.

Poor Bridgetower! that thou art a fine Fellow I can see, that thou art a Scoundrel I can only believe—but how in Nature thou shouldst be an honest Man, I certainly cannot imagine.

Bath told somewhat a disgraceful Tale lately of his being connected wth Sharpers, but he is got thro' even *that*; and by dint of a Strange Story too, the Invention of which I do not praise, and Truth it has no Resemblance to. let us watch the Event: Surely such eternal

¹ George Augustus Polgreen Bridgetower, a musical prodigy, who made his London début on February 19, 1790. He was under the patronage of the Prince of Wales from this year until 1802. Beethoven composed for him the 'Kreutzer Sonata', and accompanied him on the pianoforte at its initial performance in 1803. The Piozzis first encountered the pair in Bath (on their way home from their northern tour, in 1789), where the boy's musical gifts had already made him conspicuous. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 623.

² he try'd to borrow Money here, but my Husband & I had more Sense than lend him, his unsubdued Assurance when we met again—deserv'd the Money for its Novelty—I never did see such a Man before in all my Life: but he says he is rich now, & accordingly dresses with excess of splendor. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

shifting must end ill at last. The Marquis de Hautefort's Character, or that of Johnson's Friend Savage come nearest him I think, but his Beauty & Elegance far surpasses theirs: tis wonderful to see how meanly the men all look by him when he enters an Assembly room, and very comical to observe the Jealousy in all their Faces, when our Women look amazed as well they may, at such a Mien, such a Colour, and such a Theatrical Appearance. Jealousy must certainly be a general passion; I see no male Countenance free from it when this Negro Mountebank enters the Apartment.

He should not have said he was Married! ! ! ! [20 Feb: 1790.

Parnell & Swift plague one with *Irish Rhymes*,

By nature turn'd to play the Rake well
 in the *Sequel*¹

But I can not guess what led Dr Young into the Folly of Making *Leaves* rhyme to *Graves*²—Burney once told me many Years ago that the Irish Misses were retarded in their Progress towards Knowledge in Musick by the Inclination they had to pronounce A like E, and E like A. he never could teach them the Notes he said.

Doctor Stedman divides the Pulses into seven, the Magnus & Parvus, Fortis et Debilis, Frequens and Rarus—with Plethoricus to conclude.³ Can Miss Seward⁴ in her best Fit of Criticism do better for Poetry? Mr Hayley her Favourite seems under the Dominion of *Frequens et Debilis* I think.⁵

They are trying to abolish the Test Act again; but I say that the Anagram of *Test* is *Stet*.

Graves's imitation of Swift & Arbuthnot⁶ is pretty in its way, but makes no Noise: I liked the Pamphlet well enough myself—but as our Piety grows less fervid, it becomes more delicate; people seem to think that manner of treating sacred Things a gross one.

I was saying the other Day that tho' I lived in Society as if I doted on its Charms, Retirement would give me no Pain *per se*: but

¹ 'By nature turn'd to play the rake well
 (As we shall shew you in the sequel)'

Swift, *Journal of a Modern Young Lady*, ll. 36–7.

² Mrs. Piozzi did not know that the normal English pronunciation, in the early eighteenth century, of 'ea' was the long 'a' sound.

³ 'Of the Division of the Pulses', in *Physiological Essays and Observations* (1769), by John Stedman, M.D.

⁴ Her criticism of the colloquial style of Mrs. Piozzi's *Observations* (see above, p. 751 n. 2). disposed the latter, from this time forth, to make fun of the Swan's elegant obscurities.

⁵ so does Cumberland. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁶ The Book is called a Lett^r from William Bull to Will^m Pool. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

I should not like to be driven out of the World by wretches who have no Claim to a better after this—and I do verily think if I were to be Widowed for my Sins once again; I should not try at disputing every Inch of Ground, which one must do, or be trampled on; but I should settle my Matters so as to receive a regular Annuity & retire to a distant province, Devonshire or Cornwall: & never again see a Face which I had ever seen before, if possible to avoid it. 'Tis now productive of Sensations exceeding disagreeable to hear the Names of my Daughters, or meet the Countenances of their Guardians: At Sight of a Murderer the wounds even of a dead man whom he has killed unclothe & bleed afresh—*so do mine*, when Chance has thrown those Ladies, or their Adherents in my Way.

The Morning Post & Morning Herald continue to work at their old Trade of abusing me every day. The best Joke is People tell me they do it to torment M^r Este; While God knows they did it before I ever heard the name of M^r Este: & what is very curious, did it with equal virulence when the papers were carried on by other hands than they are now. There seems to be a Destiny upon all one's Actions: When I married M^r Piozzi, such was the Antipathy I had taken to England in Consequence of domestic Cruelty—Friends Ingratitude—Treachery of all whom I trusted, and unprovoked Newspaper Abuse;—that nothing delighted me more than my daily-increasing Distance from London. Thither however am I returned & settled to my own Amazement—and we are going to Streatham too—And does that please me? Why Yes on *one* Side my Head, & no on t'other; or to speak more truly it pleases my Head, but not my heart. I do so hate all the old people & places.

People laugh when I say—Shew a Picture to a Picture dealer if you would know its real Merits—yet am *I* right all the Time—

For what's the worth of any Thing
But as much Money as 'twill bring?

And old Macklin said very justly, that the Treasurer was the best Critick: a Play which brings full houses is surely no bad Performance—a Picture for which a Dealer gives 100^l is no mean Effort of the Art. Shew it an Engraver he thinks on't according to the Effect transferable to a Copper Plate; Shew a Flemish Landscape to an Italian, he thinks it wants animation and clearness of Atmosphere—both are right enough, yet both undervalue the Picture's Merits—Shew it a Dealer, he know[s] what it will sell for—'tis the true Test after all.

Take a Sportsman with you—he will prefer Salisbury Plain or Marlborough Downs, or the open Country in the North of Dorsetshire to the Lakes of Westmoreland, or the Scenery round Conway Castle—Take Mr Gilpin,¹ he will look out a rich foreground to make a Drawing from, and hang the rest: every Man to his Profession—perhaps I prefer that which I shall shine most in describing.

Mr Chappelow is a very great Botanist, and *he* says, that to see the old & New Rose Leaves on one Bush, is a Phænomenon scarce ever known or remember'd: and I have heard from others lately that such a Case was *once* known in England the Year of the Earthquake. we see it now very plain,—sure no Earthquake is coming.

18: March 1790.] I² met Miss Burney at an Assembly last night, 'tis Six Years since I had seen her: She appear'd most *fondly* rejoyced—in good Time!³ and Mr^s Locke at whose house we stumbled on each other, pretended that She had *such* a Regard for me &c. I answered with Ease & Coldness, but in exceeding Good humour;

¹ William Gilpin, the artist author of *Picturesque Tours*, or his brother Sawrey, also an artist.

² Hayward (i. 303) quotes the two following paragraphs.

³ Fanny's diary gives ample proof of her continued affection, and readiness to heal the breach. She had read the *Anecdotes* and *Letters* with eager interest, and alluded to their author uncritically and affectionately: 'How little does she suspect the interest I unceasingly take in her—the avidity with which I seize every opportunity to gather the smallest intelligence concerning her!' D'Arblay, *Diary*, iii. 437. Of the meeting here mentioned, she wrote only: 'Chiefly I rejoice they witnessed the long-wished, long-dreaded interview with my formerly most dearly loved Mrs. Thrale—not writing it saves me much pang.' *Ibid.*, iv. 361. Later, on May 2, she recorded a second accidental meeting on her way to church, and of a cordial clasp of the hand: 'I saw she had taken in good part my concluding *hand-presentation* at my dear Mr. Lock's: she met me no more with that *fiercé* of defiance: it was not—nor can it ever be—with her old cordiality, but it was with some degree of pleasure, and that species of readiness which evinces a consciousness of meeting with a good reception.' *Ibid.*, p. 372. The acquaintance was not renewed until 1815, when Fanny Burney, then Mme D'Arblay, had taken up her residence at Bath, after her return, with her husband and son, from France. An entry in Mrs. Piozzi's pocket diary for that year (now belonging to Mr. J. L. Clifford), under the date December 16, states: 'Madame d'Arblaye came'; and on the following day, 'Madame D'Arblaye's Visit must be returned—'. It was returned, as the diary shows, on December 22. As far as the available evidence goes, Mme D'Arblay made no attempt to continue the revived civilities until June 18, 1817, when the two ladies were again in Bath, and she called on Mrs. Piozzi at 8 Gay Street. *Diary*, vi. 309–10. Mrs. Piozzi, in her New Commonplace Book, wrote of this meeting: 'Madame D'Arblaye, always smooth always alluring;—pass'd two or Three Hours with me today—My perfect Forgiveness of l'aimable Traïresse was not the act of Duty, but the impulsion of Pleasure rationally sought for, where it was at all Times sure of being found—In her Conversation. I will however not assist her Reception in the World a *Second Time*—"else she'll betray more men" as Shakespeare says; and she is no favourite with the present Race of Talkers here at Bath.' The renewed contact was, however, pleasantly, if somewhat formally, continued, by correspondence, and perhaps by further meetings, from 1818 until the time of Mrs. Piozzi's death, in 1821. *Diary*, vi. 353–5, 378, 388–400.

and we talked about the King & Queen, his Majesty's Illness & Recovery—and all ended as it should do with perfect Indifference.

I saw *Master Pepys* too, and M^{rs} Ord; & only see how foolish and how mortify'd the People do but look.

Old Michell of Brighthelmstone used to say that such of his Parishioners as were married to Women older than themselves were commonly govern'd by their Wives, & vice versa. he added that in the 1st Set were to be found the thriving industrious Men—and in the 2^d Class the Spendthrifts.—This makes for early Marriages among Common people & they are the best (popularly speaking) for all Ranks. Why should we straggle so very far as 'tis now the Fashion—away from all Course of Nature? Let us at least as the Musicians say, keep sight of our *Subject* through all the *Variations*.

We have had a nasty Transaction with Miss Thrale; Her old Nurse¹ has made sly Visits to Streatham in our Absence it seems—and seldom left it without carrying somewhat away. M^r Steele & his Serv^t say likewise that She brought a Smith, & broke open a Lock to take out Things from my poor Father's old Sea Chest; in which I had locked up such little Matters as one did not care to leave with Tenants—when She & I agreed that I sh^d let the House to Lord Shelburne. My Memory carries Trifles very lightly, & retains scarce a Trace of what I *did* leave: truth is, I wondered to see they had not taken more—but M^r Piozzi talked *half an hour* of seizing & imprisoning the old Woman, sending her a Letter to give her some hint of his Intentions—but Miss Thrale, instead of concealing or softening the Story setting steadily to protect the Thief—We let the Business drop, lest old Nurse should swing on a Gallows—or take a Trip on a new Discovery to Botany Bay.

Barclay² & Perkins live very genteely, I dined with them at our Brewhouse³ one Day last Week—and felt so odly in the old House where I had lived so long. When I looked at the Alehouse in Harrow Corner where my first Husband told me he was born, & when I looked at the wretched Taphouse which his Mother's Sister still keeps—I could but admire at the Insolence of his Daughters pretending to despise a Woman of my Birth Talents & Fortune as unfit to keep them Company. Good Heavens what a World this is! !

¹ Tibson by name. She had stayed with Queeney since her mother's marriage.

² Hayward (i. 304) quotes this paragraph.

³ The firm still kept the name of Thrale. See above, p. 499, n. 2.

Forsyth's¹ Power real or imaginary of healing wounded Plants, and making them revegetate is a strange Thing:—more strange than true I fancy: but our present Hypothesis of Analogy between Animal & Vegetable Life gives rise to it: for if Plants want *Midwives*, they may want *Surgeons* too—that's certain; but the World has gone on a long Time without hearing of their *Loves*² or *Quarrels*. I should like to write in ridicule of the notion exceedingly, but that one has Enemies enough without giving even such Provocation.

I have seen M^{rs} Hervey³ the Woman whom della Crusca had Thoughts of marrying while they lived much together at Brussels; he wrote me word once I remember, y^t “ “He should soon be married or go to Smyrna; & that he run about equal Chance of catching the *Plague* either way.” ” He who could so express himself did wisely to let the first Project dye away; & I now do believe it was *his* Fault; for the Lady seems Lovesome, & I fancy lends him Money from Time to Time. She is born a Hamilton, has been Wife to the Bastard Boy y^t Lady Hanmer brought Tom Hervey, which Intrigue gave rise to the famous Pamphlet⁴ so attentively preserv'd for Love of its Obscenity—& She is Authoress of a Novel called *Louisa*. I think 'tis pity the Affair went no further—such an Adventurous Dame was fit for Della Crusca; & She has an agreeable person enough, tho' no Pretensions to Beauty. M^{rs} Lewis & I call her the little Faery *Instruction* from Miss Talbot's Tale for Babies.

Here is a curious Pamphlet come out, called a Letter from Lord *Petre* the great Popish Nobleman to Dr Horsley Bishop of S^t David's. In it the Romanists disclaim or would make us believe that they disclaim, those Tenets which chiefly support the Partition Wall between our Sect and Theirs—were it once pulled down however at their request, the old Effects would follow: for while the least illiberal among them continues to believe all Opinions except their own, not only erroneous but damnable; past Conduct and past Cruelty must return, when Occasion presents itself, & y^s Suspicion 'tis, y^t renders Admission of Papists dangerous & terrifying. That Protestants object to the Doctrine of auricular Confession or with difficulty believe in Transubstantiation is not adequate to shutting

¹ William Forsyth, the botanist, for whom the plant *forsythia* is named.

² Erasmus Darwin's *Loves of the Plants* had, however, already appeared anonymously in 1789, at Lichfield.

³ Mrs. Hervey of Aiton, author of *Melissa and Marcia* (1788), *Louisa, a Prussian Tale* (1789), *The Mourtray Family* (1800), &c. Cf. Walpole's *Letters*, xiv. 244.

⁴ Thomas Hervey's *Letter to Sir Thomas Hanmer* (1742). See Boswell, *Life*, ii. 32, n. 1.

Individuals out of Parliament, for what need we care about a Man's private Opinion in the last Case, or about his Practice in the first? If he confest to a Priest twice a Week I see no harm done; and as to believing that the Bread & Wine become the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ after Consecration—whoever gives Credit to Our Saviours own Words in the Literal Sense cannot well *disbelieve* it: nay 'tis ridiculous to say anything is impossible to that Redeemer who was born a Babe for us, & died as a Malefactor on a Cross for us—If therefore it be necessary to our Salvation that he should become Bread & Wine for us,—which tho' I cannot comprehend may certainly *be* the Case, *then* doubtless the Miracle *is* daily & hourly performed—nor can its being mysteriously venerated or openly worshipped make any difference in Morals or Policy: with all this the Romanists are not so accommodating; for if you would in Act & word kneel down and adore the blessed Sacrament in all the Churches of Genoa or even Milan; if you would confess your Sins to one of their own Priests twice o'Week, submitting to his Penance & acquiescing in his Absolution,—you would be no nearer *Reception* or even *Toleration* from their uncharitable Church; would never be suffered to communicate among them living, or be buried among them dead: & this no Person *can* know as I know it, who took Pains to come at the bottom of their Doctrines & Practice, and who possest Opportunities difficult for other Natives of our Island to meet with.

Humphrey Morris¹ indeed knew them as well as I did: Happy to pass his Time in a Place where Morality was not considered as necessary to Salvation—provided the Faith was firm, & the Opinions orthodox *he* made large Concessions on the Side least painful, and resolved to *think* if possible *their* way, that he might with less disturbance than in England, *act his own*: When however he requested the holy Communion at last, they refused; unless he would *abjure* as *damnable Heresies* all Anglican Tenets in a Lump, a Measure he could not consent to, & was in Consequence buried like a *Dog* in our Country and an *Englishman* in theirs.²

¹ Humphrey Morice, Lord Warden of the Stannaries, 1763–83. He died in Naples in 1785.

² He was thrust into a Hole in a publick Cabbage Garden near Naples. So was Captⁿ Merrick Ld Westcote's Bastard, who went abroad with M^r Hoare Widower to Miss Lyttelton, & died of the Malaria. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Captain William Augustus Merrick, R.N., was the natural son of Lord Westcote and a Mrs. Dunford, who had been in the service of his brother, Lord Lyttelton. Lyttelton undertook the support of both mother and child, when he was satisfied as to the child's paternity. Maud Wyndham, *Chronicles of the Eighteenth Century*, ii. 275–7. The young man died in Naples on December 18, 1786. *Gent. Mag.* lvi. 82. His companion, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, who lost his wife, Hester Lyttelton, daughter to Lord

A Lady who had lived much with Quakers, once told me; that the Women of that Sect were *sensually* disposed.—no wonder;—they who shut out the common Pleasures of Dancing Cardplaying &c. must not wonder if Appetite prevails: yet are the Quakers rarely impeached of Vice—perhaps the Lady only meant, (& I believe it was so) that the married Females were like *Paulo Purgantis* Wife in Prior's Tale. One would certainly wish the World not only Virtuous but Delicate; we must however be content with mere Approaches to both: the Quakers are all *bon-vivants*, love high Sauces rich Wines &c. but are seldom Drunkards.

After Necessaries are supplied, Conveniencies are called for, & Ornament is sought—but Savage the Poet in his Laced Scarlet Cloke without Shirt or Shoes was not more foolish, & *ought not* to be more ridiculous than a Man of *Honour* who has no Idea of common Justice, or than a Lady of *delicacy* who has not kept plain Chastity inviolate. Let Honesty which is a necessary Virtue, be first attended to.

Honour is to Honesty what a magnifying Glass is to a Pair of good Eyes; it shews the Minutiæ of Excellence: but those who pique themselves upon their Honour, disregarding Virtuous Conduct in ordinary Life are like a Man who should shut his Eyes against all common Objects and never open them but to look thro' a Microscope.

In Vol: 3^d of this Thraliana Page 20¹—one may read the Rise, the Elevation & cruel Depression of the unpitied Speculator Sir George Colebrooke: in this Page 136 of the 5th Vol—Let me at least mention his return to England & quiet acquiescence in a moderate State and competent Fortune. We left them this Autumn at Bath Nov^r 1789 warmly settled in the Crescent, & seemingly happy. People tell me that he is now permitted to spend 1500^l a Year, & so after being once at Top, & once at bottom of Life they are now fairly shaken into the Middle, and I fancy fall as comfortable as ever. Sir George may truly say

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast,²

for no Philosopher ever bore its Vicissitudes with less Loss of Health Spirits & general Animation than little Sir George Colebrooke: my Heart always half loved those vulgar, disagreeable, but respectable Folks; & I now feel quite a Veneration for them.

Westcote, in 1783, was half-brother to Henry Merrick Hoare, who married Sophia Thrale in 1807.

¹ See above, pp. 333-5.

² Pope, *Second Satire of the Second Book of Horace*, l. 151.

26: April 1790.] I have not seen Bruce of Abyssinia's Book¹ tho' it is come out, but fear it will end insipidly: like Punch that was too hot at first, they have lower'd the Spirit all away now. He is an odd Man, little respected for Veracity even in his own Country, where he told me that having looked pretty accurately into three Continents of the World, he found no Place so striking as *Glen Almon* in Scotland.²—

We had a fine showy Foreigner here one Day, Count Andriani of Milan, the Man who six or seven Years ago went up from his Garden in an Air Balloon; & Helena Williams, the Scotch³ Lady that writes Novels, said how Handsome he was: The Conversation turned upon Travelling, & the Count observed what a paltry piece of Water ill-adorned was Loch Lomond—Ireland said he pleases one very little to be sure, but their Lake of Killarney is pretty enough—quite another Affair from that dull Pond in Scotland.

Helena looked hard at him while speaking, & turning to me, said in a low Voice—I was mistaken about that Man's Physionomy: on nearer Inspection one may perceive he is not handsome at all.

Boswell has refused a Thousand Pounds for his Life of Johnson.⁴

De Paoli⁵ is gone home apparently very happy.

I used to tell Dr Johnson without displeasing him at all, how like he was to Jean Jacques Rousseau; a Thing⁶ at 1st View paradoxical enough—but the Latter's Character of himself in the 32: Vol—page 369⁷—is so exactly similar to that w^{ch} Johnson gives himself in

¹ *Travels to Discover the Source of the Nile* (1790).

² He did not mean y^t I sh^d think him in earnest I believe—he is a large loose, *undisciplined* Talker. 'Twould be ill worth the while indeed to course over three Continents & see nothing more surprising than Glencoe or Glen Almon. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ Helena Maria Williams was born in London, but moved with her family, after her father's death, to Berwick-upon-Tweed, where she lived until returning to London in 1781.

⁴ The offer was made by Robinson, through Malone (*Boswell Papers*, xviii. 118). Boswell replied to Malone on January 18, 1790: 'I am really tempted to accept the £1000 for my *Life of Johnson*. Yet it would go to my heart to sell it at a price which I think much too low. Let me struggle and hope.' On March 8 he wrote: 'I am quite resolved now to keep the property of my *Magnum Opus*; and I flatter myself I shall not repent it.' *Letters of Boswell*, ed. Tinker, 413–14, 427. His profit from the first edition, paid on November 24, 1791, was £1,555. 18s. 2d. (*Boswell Papers*, xviii. 180), and at the time of his death in 1795 he was revising for a third edition.

⁵ General Pasquale Paoli, the Corsican republican, and Boswell's friend, who had been in England since 1769. He returned in triumph to administer Corsica as a dependency of the new republican government of France, leaving England on March 29. *Boswell Papers*, xviii. 29.

⁶ An unintentional 'not' is here omitted.

⁷ Book 12 of the Confessions. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Rousseau describes himself, just before his

the Idler under a fictitious Name—the Name of Sober I think;¹ that 'tis quite comical to observe the Resemblance.—

When Rousseau says he once took a deaf Man for a wise Man because of his *Manieres posés*—he is delightful; I fancy Reynolds has met with many Rousseaux.

The Pun of Bruce's Travels to discover the Source of the *Nile* being more properly to find out the Head of the *Nihil* is well enough, but makes no Fun to Foreigners—they pronounce the Latin Word *Neckel*.

I would rather read two Pages of Rousseau's Confessions than ten Vol^s of Travels; for though these new Discoverers like the Blusterer in Shakespear, *talk as familiarly of roaring Lyons as Maids of thirteen do of Puppy dogs*:² I am still of the same Opinion that

Let Bear or Elephant be e'er so white,
The People still—the people are the Sight.³

The Heart of Mortal Man is my *Topography*.

A Spanish War⁴ is expected every hour—no matter! I suppose 'twill pay its own Expences, and France is too busy to help them.

Rousseau is not like Johnson when he thinks a mute & sublime Admiration of his worke the best Worship of the Creator, altho' that Admiration should excite no Act of any sort, but end wholly in itself⁵—Johnson thought that God Almighty sent us here *to do* something,—not merely to *stare about*.

The Old Woman that when She try'd to say her Prayers could never get further than *Oh! Oh!*⁶ is charming: yet I like not the Moral inculcated—We shall never get to Heaven by crying *Oh! Oh! Oh!* however we may be impress'd at the moment: for Virtue must be practised, and Duty must be done—Suffrings must be submitted to, and Benefits confer'd—even on our Enemies before we can begin to plead his Merits who lived not the Life of Anchorite or Quietist for our Example, but who taught his Followers to pray, & shew'd them how to suffer.

account of his retirement to the Île de St. Pierre, in 1765, as devoted to a life of unregimented indolence.

¹ *Idler*, No. 31. Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 178.

² *King John*, II. i. 459–60.

³ Pope, *Epistle to Augustus*, II. 322–3.

⁴ Over the Nootka Sound controversy, which was settled by treaty in October.

⁵ 'Je ne trouve point de plus digne hommage à la Divinité que cette admiration muette qu'excite la contemplation de ses œuvres, et qui ne s'exprime point par des actes développés. . . .'
Confessions, Bk. 12, *Œuvres complètes*, ix. 71–2.

⁶ Loc. cit.

Some Affinities strike one odly. The Method by which Abimelech took the Tower of Shechem see the 9th Chapter of the Book of Judges, is the same which is adopted by young Malcolm in Shakespeare's Play of Macbeth, and the Method of the Benjamites used to obtain Wives See the last Chapter of the same Book—corresponds exactly with Romulus's Project of catching up the Sabine Girls at a Dance given for the Purpose. Saul's Death & his Armour-bearer's fidelity¹ too, are before hand with Mark Antony & Eros.²

We are going to Streatham on Saturday next—for *Good* as the Phrase is,—yet am I in no high Spirits about it. Mr Piozzi had a slight Spitting of Blood a Week ago, & it alarmed me, & my Nerves now will bear no more Shocks—they are too much worn, and *such* a Weight seems to oppress my heart as I have often felt—but do not like to feel. My charming Husband has changed the furniture of every Room that convey'd black Ideas, & perpetuates the remembrance of every Circumstance likely to please me with extreme Tenderness and kind Solitude: he spends Treasures of Money upon the Place, tho' it belongs to his & my most inveterate Enemies: & justifies my Preference of him to all the World by every Action of his Life—Should He!—but I will not think on so horrible a Deprivation, 'tis not worth while indeed, for I should not survive him three Months.

12: May 1790.] Mr Piozzi is very well as can be; has a strong Touch of the Gout in his Feet—no Fears for his Life therefore, and scarcely for his Health: We give a grand Concert, & he sings best at it,—far away—tho' Pacchierotti is the Other.

I *ought* to be happy & thankful, & go to Streatham in the best Humour possible—*& so I will too.*

Addio Londra! I carry poor Mr^s Lewis.—

1790. 17: May: Streatham] Well! and here we are: & the Weather beautiful, and the Plantation in full Bloom; My poor dear Mother's Trees, that *She said* would one Day be the ornaments of this Place, now turn out truly so; and I to enjoy them the more, have chosen Dr Johnson's old Room, (new furnished for the Occasion) to be my Bed Chamber—Spite of Baretti's Counsels,³ Spite of General Dalrymple's *Hogs*, and Mr Steele's *Goat*,⁴ which have ruined so many of my Possessions; *her Shrubs* are all *alive* all thriving, all in Beauty. why was this? She w^d set none but valuable,

¹ 1 Sam. xxxi.

² In Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. xiv.

³ To cut down her mother's fruit-trees. See above, p. 43.

⁴ General Dalrymple had taken over Lord Lansdowne's lease during part of 1786. Thomas Steele (see above, p. 708, n. 1) was still in possession in 1790. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 602.

rational Plants; Fruit or Forest Trees: so the Oak, the Apple, and the Cherry defied my Enemies, and have lived to delight their poor Orphan Mistress with their Blossoms, Shade & Fruit. Ah how falsely did She use to say that when I had a Husband & Children I should forget my Mother! No! No! No! Two Husbands, two young Sons & ten Daughter's Lives & Deaths have not eras'd her Image from my Mind.—Now I return to Streatham unperplex'd, tis perhaps *that* Image which most frequently recurs.

*Her Voice in ev'ry Breeze I seem to hear,
While to each Gale there drops a filial Tear.*

The Misses will be told how fine Piozzi has made their House—& will wish him & his Wife dead the more I suppose—that they may enjoy it. Was I to lose him they would come into Possession instantly, for I would not live single here six Weeks, & probably should not live at all 3 Months.—If I go first, he w^d be turned out in a Day I trust, and might take my dead Body with him, for from their Toleration nothing could be hoped—I never knew so rancorous a Hatred: Marriage might perhaps soften their Hearts, but I hear no likelihood of such an Event.

As Baretti used to say of the Dice when playing at Backgammon, *We must have 'dem, as they are.* but it frights me to see so much Money spending—when so little good is likely to come of it.

No Proverb so true in Civil, moral, or literary Life, as that one Man may more safely steal a Horse than another look over the Hedge.

Ptolemy said gravely that the men in such and such Islands had Tails—Sir John Mandeville called them the *Folk* when he saw the Simia Satyrus, & Keeping a Suede, swore they traded with *him* &c. but L^d Montboddo when he talks of Men with Tails,¹ sets all those who *have none*,—o'laughing. Lord Montboddo is absurd enough to be sure, yet I love not that scoffing Spirit so rife among the English, better than I love grosser Absurdities. Derision is to me—perhaps because I have suffered so much by it—particularly offensive; and I now find that it is dangerous too. It creates a general Cowardice, & produces perpetual Hypocrisy—it terrifies those who have any Feeling out of many Duties, & hinders many a happy Hour to us all—makes one Man laugh when he is not merry, & one Woman sigh when She is not sad: claps a hard Crust over every delicate Character, & keeps the Sword of Damocles suspended over all our Heads—if *we hold 'em up*.

¹ In Montboddo's *Origin and Progress of Language* (1773). Cf. Boswell, *Life*, v. 45, 111, 330.

Charming¹ Siddons has spent some Weeks with me, I think mighty well of her Virtue, & am amazed at the Cultivated State in which I have found her Mind:—She is a fine Creature Body & Soul, & has a very distinguish'd Superiority over other Mortals—High Breeding too *which tho' no Science is well worth the seven*² seems to be natural there, & all her Grace has dignity: that She loves *me* I am not so sure,³ but I love her exceedingly. The Physicians have Mistaken her Case, & have under a silly notion of Scorbutic Humours—dosed that poor Dear with Mercurial Medcines, till they have torne the fine Vessells to pieces, & shattered all the nerves that her Profession had not ruined before—Sir Lucas Pepys will restore her however to Health as firm as mine which was still more ill used. Poor pretty Siddons! a warm Heart, & a Cold Husband are sad things to contend with, but She'll get thro'.⁴

The Fountain may make you lovely says Johnson,⁵ but that you should be loved therefore is no certain Consequence. I have observed that Female Beauty does not excite proportionate Passion. Qualities w^{ch} *do* cause Passion may certainly be annex'd to Beauty & often are so, but they do not necessarily belong to it. Lord Coventry is more attach'd to his present Wife than ever he was to the first,⁶ nor could M^{rs} Siddons whose Beauty perhaps came at least eighth after hers, ever fix a Man's fondness more certainly than far inferior Persons. of all the Women I have seen the most truly beautiful were

The two Gunnings.
Lady Rivers.
Duchess of Gloucester.
Duchess of Leinster.

Miss Eld.
Princess Belmonte.
Contessa L'Arena &
M^{rs} Siddons.

M^{rs} Hartley—an Actress

Lady Hesketh & Sophy Streatfield after these at a wide Distance.

¹ Hughes prints, with omissions, the following account of Mrs. Siddons, in *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, p. 52.

² Pope, *Epistle to the Earl of Burlington*, l. 44.

³ Her feeling certainly developed into love. On August 5, 1793, she concluded a letter to Mrs. Piozzi: 'Adieu dearest and kindest soul alive—give my true love to your dear Husband and believe that I *adore* you with all the faculties of my Mind and Love you with all the warmest affections of my Heart.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 574.

⁴ Mrs. Siddons wrote to Bedina Wynne, on June 2, 1799: 'Doctors differ you know and it seems they are very much at odds about poor me, for Sir Lucas Pepys says my Complaint is *Nerves* and Nerves only—and that acrimony has nothing to do with it.' *MS. Letters of Mrs. Siddons*, Harvard Theatre Collection.

⁵ see Fairly Tale. *Mrs. Piozzi*. 'The Fountains.'

⁶ His first wife was the beautiful Maria Gunning; his second, Barbara St. John, daughter of Lord St. John of Bletso.

17: June 1790 Streatham] The *Monster*¹ is caught. Who can She mean by the Monster? cries whoever reads this Farrago. Why all this Spring a Man has gone about London Streets in dark Evenings stabbing pretty Girls if he could catch one walking alone; to which Enormity was added by the Perpetrator some Expressions of a *peculiar Cast*; cruel, indecent, & undeserved. The Offence was first complained of, & then taken up with a high Hand by a rich Merch^t John Julius Angerstein² of Pallmall, who offered a large Reward for the Fellow's Discovery. This brought forward our natural Spirit of Derision, & the Ladies' Champion became a Subject of Ridicule to all the merry Fellows—& most of all, to those who visited at *Strawberry Hill*³ whence Pasquinades came forth to laugh, & sett all the 'Town o' laughing at poor Angerstein, whose Quixotism was represented on the Summer Stages round London with great Effect. Meantime many Women were cut in the Streets; some of whom being ugly, were ashamed to tell on't, & others were wounded in *odd Places*, & said nothing for fear of Ridicule, the Poyson of which is certainly far worse than his Dagger who *par Eminence* was called the *Monster*, and is now taken & proved to be Member of some *unnatural Society*, who hold Females in Abhorrence. There is a strange Propensity now in England for these unspeakable Sins. M^{rs} *Damor*⁴ a Lady much suspected for liking her own Sex in a criminal Way, had Miss Farren the fine comic Actress often about her last Year; and M^{rs} Siddons's Husband made the following Verses on them.

Her little Stock of private Fame
Will fall a Wreck to public Clamour,
If Farren leagues with one whose Name
Comes near—Aye very near—to *Damn her*.

The same Man being affronted at one of the Actors whose Name was *Baddelay*⁵ found out this Pun for an Epigram, cleverly enough.

Delay is bad, and men must say
There's nought but bad in *Baddelay*.

M^r Siddons is very like M^r Seward in Person—M^r Seward is grown very fat. I think poor M^{rs} Byron is dying. The⁶ Pepyses find out

¹ One Renwick Williams, who was tried at the Old Bailey and found guilty on July 8. *Gent. Mag.* lx. 660.

² Noted as the founder of the modern Lloyd's, as a philanthropist, and as an art collector.

³ Horace Walpole's residence.

⁴ Anne Damer, the sculptress, whose husband committed suicide in 1776 (see above, p. 1). She was a second cousin to Horace Walpole.

⁵ Robert Baddeley, the comedian.

⁶ Hayward (i. 304) quotes the rest of this paragraph.

that they have used me very ill—I hope they find out too, that I do not care. Seward sues for Reconcilement under hand—so they do all; & I as sincerely forgive them. but like the Linnet in Metastasio

Cauta diviene per prova,
Ne più tradir se fà.

When lim'd, the poor Bird thus with Eagerness strains,
Nor regrets his torn Wing while his freedom he gains,
The Loss of his Plumage small Time will restore,
And once tried the false Twig—it shall cheat him no more.

Mr^s Light¹ who has pass'd much Time in India tells me that the natives often poyson their Arrows with Salt and Lime Juice, which united with Steel becomes death to the Constitution. Can this be true? *Sure 'tis an Antiseptic*, I have heard, & am much more willing to believe y^t the Putridity of a dead Corpse is the matter they inoculate—Such Stuff must necessarily be fatal.

Mr^s Light is the Lady who first planted a Cinnamon Tree on our Settlements, She stole two from Ceylon & from them Seven hundred are already produced—She expects and will probably obtain a Reward from the India Company.

23: June 1790.] The Thermometer stood this day at $87\frac{1}{2}$ placed in the Shade at South Lambeth; a North Aspect 3 o'clock P:M.

Mr^s Siddons has staid a Month here & is better; what day did you come my dear? said I: on the 29: of May replied She—a happy day added I—the *Restoration* day² said She, I think.

Well! we have lived more merrily than wisely to be sure; the Expences fright me: *such* Improvements! & a Chimney Piece that costs 100 Guineas for a House not our own—

I wish as old Croaker³ says, we may all be the better for it five months hence.

Kemble & his Sister both pretend to like my little Drama,⁴ but I dare say would see me hanged, rather than bring it out at the very slightest personal Hazard of ten Pence Loss, as well as they pretend to love me—

My last Set of Friends have however done me *one* Favour; they

¹ Mr^s Light stole a Cinnamon Tree from the Island of Ceylon, & planted it in our Settlements on the Coast of Coromandel: 700 Trees are already sprung from that Plant it seems, (such is the quick Growth of hot Climates:) and She expects a Reward from the East India Company. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

² i.e. the anniversary of Charles II's restoration.

³ In Goldsmith's *Good Natured Man*, I. i: 'God send we be all better this day three months.'

⁴ 'Floredda.' See above, p. 752.

have cured me of suspecting Kindness from any one. I am not cured of loving *others*, but shall never more believe that any one loves *me*.

Was ever Child more bound to a Parent than Sophy Thrale? was ever Friend more tyed by Benefits & Fondness than the Race of Burney? Why should Cecilia be more Dutyful? or these new Acquaintance more Affectionate? I can neither hope, desire, or expect it.

If I could have got Floretta on the Boards of old Drury, She would have paid the Mason's Bill perhaps.

The Hay harvest this Year has been eminently prosperous round London; in many Places two Load to an Acre, a Proportion scarce ever known before. The Cuckoo began in March this Year—but with long intermissions, & I heard him myself the last day of June 1790. Mr Piozzi gave his Haymakers and Servants a *Festa di Ballo* with Roast Beef and Rum Punch for sixty Persons—so we had a gallant Harvest home—and then fell the Rain as if It had been prayed for.

Mr^s Lewis thinks that the posthumous Pamphlet called the Sentimental Mother, or a last Legacy from an old Friend to Hester Lynch Piozzi,¹ was not Baretti's writing but Burney's.—Her Reasons are forcible, & She thinks herself sure of it. I should like to know w^{ch} of my old Inmates I was obliged to: & whether Miss Thrale instigated *that* Insult as well as the rest. I warrant young Lysons could tell; that Fellow has more Anecdote, & a deeper Fund of Literary History for 20 Years back than anybody.

a Brace of capital Puns.

There were two Players on the Stage at the same Time and both their Names were *Palmer*: to distinguish them, one was call'd Mr I: Palmer always;—at last the other Man quitted the Theatre, and discrimination became superfluous: Have you heard says Sophia Lee that young Palmer has lost his *Eye*. *I*. the People started, and thought him suddenly blinded—he had lost the distinction of *I*: Palmer only.

Some Years there come a Flight of Birds to Florence w^{ch} in the Spring appear no other than *Blackbirds* says Dr Parker, but change in the Autumn or Vintage Season, and become *Grey Plovers*. Our Professor of Natural Philosophy Mr Chappelow listened attentively,

¹ See above, p. 752, and n, 1.

& we all tried to account for it—They grew *Grape-lovers* said the Doctor humourously.

Bruce of Abyssinia is like Sir Sampson Legend in Congreve's *Love for Love*, who says *he knows the Length of the Emperor of China's Foot, has made a Cuckold of the King of Bantam and rode a' Hunting upon an Elephant with the great Cham of Tartary.*¹

There is an odd Affinity between the Miracle of Elisha the Son of *Shaphat*—who was Son of *Japhet* I believe; (not a Hebrew) when he made the Ax Head of Iron to swim,²—and a Fable in *Æsop*³ where Mercury performs the same, or a like Act of preternatural Power; & detects the Thief who claim'd the Silver one.

The Heathen Mythology borrow'd much from Sacred Story, & when the Prophets did Miracles, the Devil either had the Wit to claim them as his own, or the Cunning to turn poor Creatures Devotion's self into a Snare, by making them incline to worship the *Agent* of Almighty Power, instead of that holy Spirit which created all things.

I was looking at some old Dragon China Yesterday & saying that Confucious's Mother made a considerable Figure always on the old Porcelane, but that Superstition was wearing out even among Pagans, for I never scarcely saw it on any of the Modern Cups Basons &c. Was that strange Serpent, Mother to Confucius the mild Lawgiver said Mr Nicholls? She should methinks added he, have been rather called Parent of *Draco* whose Injunctions were written in Blood.

Mr Nicholls⁴ left me these Verses of Gray as a literary Rarity, they have it seems never been printed,⁵

1.

Thyrsis when he left me swore
E'er the Spring he would return,
What then means yon op'ning Flowr?
And the Bud which decks the Thorn?
'Twas the Lark that upward sprung,
'Twas the Nightingale that sung.

¹ *Love for Love*, II. i.

² *2 Kings* vi. 6.

³ 'Mercury and the Wood-cutter.' The hatchet claimed by the thief was of gold.

⁴ Mr. Norton Nicholls, of Blundeston near Lowestoft, a lifelong friend of hers (Bowood Papers) and a friend and protégé of Gray, who may have given him the poems.

⁵ True at the time of writing. The 'Thyrsis' poem appeared in the *European Magazine* (xix. 152) in the following February, and the other one in Joseph Warton's edition of Pope (1797), ii. 285, n. Both poems were written for Miss Speed, later Countess of Viry. C. S. Northup, *Bibliography of Gray*, pp. 61, 195. Mrs. Piozzi's MS. copy now belongs to Mrs. Evans, the present occupant of Brynbellia. Though so endorsed, it is not, in the opinion of Mr. Leonard Whibley, in Gray's own hand.

2.

Idle Notes! untimely Green!
 Why such unavailing Haste?
 Gentle Gales and Skies serene
 Prove not always Winter past.
 Cease my Doubts, my fears to move
 Spare the honour of my Love.

And these

1.

With Beauty, with Pleasure surrounded—to languish,
 To weep without knowing the Cause of one's Anguish,
 To start from short Slumbers and wish for the Morning,
 To close my dull Eyes when I see it returning;

2.

Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected
 Words that steal from my 'Tongue by no meaning connected;
 Ah say Fellow Swains, how these Symptoms befel me,
 They smile and reply not—sure Dalia can tell me.

What read you in that Book My Lord? cries Rosencrans¹ to Hamlet; the pretended Madman replies—*Words, Words, Words*. When I am looking into Gray's Poems, and Merry's Diversity, I am apt to think that the Answer given w^d be well suited to *their* Readers; for 'tis all so about nothing; I run for mental Food to Pope's Epistles or Addison's Cato.

For Tulip Leaves & Lemon Peel
 Serve only to adorn the Meal;
 And he must be an idle Dreamer,
 That leaves the Pye, and gnaws the Streamer.²

'Tis much the same with modern Musick for ought I find; Clementi's Lessons and Dusseck's Sonatas so fashionable now—serve but to whet my Appetite and sharpen my Delight in a Concerto of Bach, a Chorus of Handel, and a single Song of Sacchini.

What hear you my Lady? one might ask with Rosencrans—Marchesi's Admirers might reply with Truth *Notes, Notes, Notes*.

¹ Polonius, rather. *Hamlet*, II. ii. 194.

² 'But tulip-leaves and lemon-peel
 Serve only to adorn the meal,
 And painted flags, superb and neat,
 Proclaim you welcome to the treat.
 The man of sense his meat devours,
 But only smells the peel and flowers,
 But he must be an idle dreamer,
 Who leaves the pie and gnaws the streamer.'

Prior, *Alma*, Canto 1, ll. 380-7.

Streatham 28 July—1790.] We¹ have kept our seventh Wedding Day, and celebrated our Return to this House with prodigious Splendor and Gayety.

Seventy People eat at our Expence, Thirty six of which dined at an immensely long Table in the Library²—The Plate so fine too, the China so showy, all so magnificent, and at the Time of Dinner Horns Clarinets &c w^{ch} afterwards performed upon the Water in our new Boat that makes such a beautiful, such an elegant Figure.

Never was a pleasanter Day seen, nor Weather half as favourable: the Setting Sun, & the full moon rising, were wonderfully happy Additions; and at Night the Trees & Front of the House were illuminated with Colour'd Lamps, that called forth our Neighbours from all the adjacent Villages to admire & enjoy such Diversion. Many Friends swear that not less than a Thousand Men Women & Children might have been counted in the House & Grounds, where tho' all were admitted, nothing was stolen, lost, broken, or even damaged—a Circumstance almost incredible; & which gave Mr Piozzi a high Opinion of English Gratitude and respectful Attachment.

Streatham 1: August 1790] Here is a new Book come out—its Name Dinarbas,³ written to imitate Johnson's Style, yet in profess'd enmity against his Sentiments; I fancy the famous Mrs Barbauld must be the Authour;⁴ Sir Lucas Pepys accused *me* of writing it, but my Heart is too much a Misanthrope to gloss over Misery, and call it mere Inconvenience. *That* Spirit has always resided with the Calvinists, and I sh^d think it might be meritorious in some respects but that I see God condemning the Philosophy of Job's Friends, and at length rewarding *his* patient Endurance of what he continually acknowledged to be Evil. Indeed this dainty Method of finding out that we are *all* happy, in *all* situations; tends as far [as] I can see but to a very dangerous Conclusion—viz: the Denial of Original Sin, & Doubts of our first Parents' Lapse. Such Doctrines can end only in modern Infidelity; for if we are so capable of Virtue & Felicity in this World, what need is there to hope for any other? and if no Original Sin was committed, what call could there be for an all-perfect & sufficient Sacrifice by the Death of Christ? but even Clergymen now publicly confess Incredulity,

¹ Hayward (i. 304) quotes the two following paragraphs.

² 36 in the Library, 12 in Mr Piozzi's dressing Room adjoining. a Nobleman at dinner again, it was my Lord Deerhurst *this* Time. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

³ A continuation of *Rasselas*, in Johnsonian style.

⁴ It was Cornelia Knight. *Mrs. Piozzi.* See below, p. 779.

and Mr Chappelow said in my hearing three Days ago, that Adam & Eve and the Apple was an old Woman's Story—that he believed the World was five Hundred thousand years old at least, with many other equally *impious* Positions. When I was abroad, Anselmo Artizza a learned Benedictine, took serious Pains to make me an Unbeliever; and stoutly denied the *Possibility* of Israel's Increase in Egypt to the Degree mentioned by Moses, as contrary to Natural Reason, Observation and Philosophy: nor could I convince the Man that he who gave no Credit to the *Old Testament*, must at the same moment renounce the *New*: for to say Truth he was himself so far a Christian, as to shudder when he saw a brutal Frenchman approach the Altar without pulling off his Hat—tho' if Messiah was not the fulfilling of the Prophecies—he was no Messiah; nor his Presence to be particularly venerated. Surely to doubt *one Word* of the Sacred Scriptures, is no other than a direct *Sin against the Holy Ghost*—*Who spake by the Prophets* as says the Nicene Creed.

Stretham 1: August 1790.] I do myself verily think that the World is drawing on to a Conclusion which is scarcely further off now than 210 Years—& the ten odd ones are probably swallow'd up by the Days lost in our Calculations since Cæsar's Division of the Months &c. Many things concur to make one of this Opinion—The Diminution of Papal Power prophesied of by our Saviour in the 18th Verse of the last Chapter of St John's Gospel where he says to *Peter* in their last Conversation

Verily Verily I say unto thee—" "When thou wast young—thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest;—but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands—and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not." "

all this is even literally come to pass of the Church St Peter founded—when young and vigorous, it certainly enjoyed a Plenitude of Power; but now, in Age,—it doth stretch forth its hands.

*Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu! non tua palmas.*¹

and is carried whither God knows it would not, for I suppose no one believes this prophecy could allude to any thing but the *Church*: what befell the mere Man, was what in old Age falls to the Lot of every Man—another girds us all. Nor was the Race between the two Apostles in the 20th Chap: of St John void I trust of mystical Meaning—"For that *other Disciple* did *outrun Peter*" and so he has indeed! yet poor St Peter jumped first *into the Sepulchre*; and after a while—that *other Disciple follow'd*:—and so I doubt not

¹ Virgil, *Georgics* iv. 498.

but he will.—Romanism once extinguished, all other Sects will follow, and that the *Catholic* Religion—falsely so called—for Catholick means universal—is going, none now will venture to deny.¹ Sublime and graceful Fabric as it was—towering and Insolent, yet majestic and lovely in its preeminent Splendour!—going,—going, girded by another; carried where it would not—led on to certain Fall—how venerable will be its Ruin! how will the Mighty be fallen! !

When our Saviour enjoins his Apostles 14: Chap: of St Luke's Gospel not to strive for the principal Seat, or best Place at the Table of one who gives a Feast;—is it possible that a Reader can miss the mysterious Prophecy couch'd under the apparent Design? or can we believe that Jesus Christ meant like Lord Chesterfield to give an Essay on Good Breeding only—Ridiculous!—No. he gave in the 8: 9: and 10th Verses the exact description of what has at length happened to the Churches founded by those Men who listen'd to his Instructions “Sit not down (says he) in the highest Room—lest a more honourable Man be bidden of the Master: and he that bade both thee & him, come and say—*Give this Man place, & thou begin with Shame to take the lower room*”

Has not this literally happened to the Romanists? and are they not at this Moment beginning with Shame to take their Seat at the bottom? While those who followed the Advice in the 10th Verse receive actually the Invitation *Friend, come up higher*—yea, and they do now apparently receive honour of them that sit at Meat with them.

The Gospel is I suppose well preached all over the World by this Time—however ill its Precepts may be obeyed—& triumphant Calvinism will soon possess the whole Continent of America: in the Southern Parts of which our present Quarrel with Spain allures us to set up Liberty's Standard, and give Freedom to the subjugated Mexicans,² who for so many Years have groaned under Chains hung on with Religion's hand.

¹ Perhaps what our Saviour said of St John too—when they asked him “Lord what shall this man do” was prophetic of the reform'd Religion outlasting the Romish. ““If I will (says our Redeemer) that he *tarry till I come*, what is that to thee? follow thou me.”” ’Tis plain this was not true of the individual, maybe it will be verified of *the Church*. I hope so. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² Pitt had agreed with Francesco de Miranda, the Venezuelan liberator, that England would free the Spanish American states from Spain, in case of war's breaking out with Spain over the Nootka Sound controversy. That dispute being settled by separate treaty in October, the promise to Miranda was cancelled. W. S. Robertson, ‘Francesco de Miranda . . .’, *American Historical Association Report* (1907), i. 764–84.

Oh that *perverse*, that *wicked* Servant! who said in his Heart (see the 24: Chap: of St Mathew 48: Verse)

My Lord delayeth his coming;—and did begin—as saith our blessed Saviour—to *smite* his *fellow Servants*, and to eat and drink with the drunken—The Lord of that Servant shall come, in a Day *when he looked not for him*—and shall *cut him asunder*—& appoint him his portion with the Hypocrites.—*Then* shall be wailing & gnashing of Teeth. that St Peter's Successors sh^d so ruin the Religion they lov'd, so tear down the House they honour'd, grieves one: yet I am glad I saw Rome before the last Act of her Tragedy; poor Braschi! may there at least be Peace in *his* Days!—he will I doubt not be the *finishing Pope*,—When any Man has sate as long as St Peter did in the Chair, they have an old Tradition to say that Papacy will be at an End; and no Man ever bid fairer for it than the present Possessor: who has already reigned 16 years I think, and may easily get through the rest of the four & Twenty.¹ with him I believe *all will end*.

Few Books carry so irresistible a Power of Perswasion with them as Cheyne's² do; when I read Cheyne I feel disposed to retire to *Arruchar* in the Highlands of Scotland—live on Oat bread & Milk, and bathe in the Frith of Clyde for seven Years; and I do partly believe that was I to take up that impracticable Resolution at *the Turn of Life*³ I should last a healthy Woman to a Hundred years old—Absence of all Passions, Fish now & then, but a continual Diet of good Seeds & Milk, would with a little Bark for chewing, with Rhubarb if Occasion arose, give one amazing Strength:—compared to the Artificial Fire excited by Meat & Wine. My early Habits of extreme Temperance have doubtless lent me my present Vigour—tho' Sir Richard Jebb lowered me unnecessarily in the Year 1781 & Pepys had me to whip up the Hill again with Cold bathing Steel &c. Yet early Abstinence did surely lay the Foundation of a robust Constitution rarely equalled—& difficult to overturn even by that undeserved Severity which alone could have shaken or injured it.—

Triple Time in Musick has to my Ear an Effect like eight Syllable Rhyme in Poetry—adding Grace to light Compositions, but taking away Majesty from Sublimar Thoughts.—Parnell's Night piece on

¹ Pius VI died in 1799.

² Dr. George Cheyne, *The English Malady, or a Treatise of Nervous Diseases of All Kinds* (1733), and *Anatomy* (1743). Dr. Johnson recommended the first to Boswell: 'Read Cheyne's "English Malady"; but do not let him teach you a foolish notion that melancholy is a proof of acuteness.' *Life*, iii. 87.

³ *which* seems however to be yet far distant. *Mrs. Piozzii*.

Death should have been in longer Measure;—Paullo majora canamus!¹ and Paesiello has committed the same Folly in that fine Duet beginning *Ne' giorni tuoi felici* in his Olimpiade: the Expression gets forced, and while you applaud, you condemn yourself for applauding.—Tis like Bernini's Apollo and Daphne seen at Rome.

The *Torpor* regularly succeeds to the *Torture*, say those who are accustomed Among Savages: M^{rs} Woodcock of Bath is grown lethargic now, and sleeps in Company. never was there a Mind more active or sedulous for this World's Good—w^{ch} She has been perpetually within Reach of,—and always disappointed. quite the busiest among good Housewives; notable in her Family, and rising early to seek the Happiness of six or seven beautiful Girls, & a Husband,² handsomer than any thing human (in his particular Style of Beauty) and how they have all in various ways worried & tormented that wretched Woman!! but She goes to Sleep now—the *Torpor* follows the *Torture*.

Dinarbas is not M^{rs} Barbauld's Book after all, 'Tis written by the learned Miss Knight, with whom I had the honour to be acquainted at Naples.

Cornelia Knight is a very extraordinary Person, has a wonderful Power over Language in general, and of the ancient and modern Tongues a Knowledge superior to most Men. She left England very young, and scarcely remembers the Country, yet see how She imitates the Style of its greatest Writer! I once saw her play a simliar Trick with *La nouvelle Eloise*; yet is Cornelia Knight no Johnson or Rousseau; nor does She appear to possess either uncommon Genius, or uncommon *Knowledge*, except of *Languages*; in which her proficiency is such that I have been told She reads Demosthenes off with the utmost facility into a Latin that charms every listener. Still her Conversation is weak somehow; and scantily provided with allusions to Science, in which I yet doubt me, whether She is very deeply read. Her Painting too, for She handles her Pencil most dextrously; seems less *pleasing* than *studied*, less *knowing* if I may say so, than *Learned*—and I would not take her Judgment of an old Master, nor depend upon her Skill for the Discrimination of Hands.

Au reste—her Living constantly with that strange old drunken Mother³ makes her contract a coarseness scarce to be counteracted

¹ Virgil, *Eclogues* iv. 1.

² Probably the Rev. D. Woodcock, of Bath. *Farington Diary*, i. 115.

³ Cornelia Knight's mother was a friend of Dr. Johnson, and contributed 'Anecdotes and Remarks of Dr. Johnson' to the *European Magazine* for October 1799. See *Johns. Misc.* ii. 176.

by Literature; and a Pride of Manners which had She not the sweetest of all Voices in common Talk—would drive her Admirers away.—her Person is plain but very tall, and the Demeanor lofty: her Teeth eminently white.¹

The Authours now all seem to write for the Players, & the Composers of an Opera consult only their principal Singers—what Meanness is all this! and how are we like to have tolerable Compositions in any Way—Would Sacchini, would Bach, would Otway Rowe or Congreve so have submitted? surely not; but these are *Bianchi, Tarchi, Murphy—Sheridan*.²

Melody is to Harmony I think, what Innocence is to Virtue—without the two first the two last can scarce subsist: yet after a Man has lived long in the World & heard and seen many and various Combinations—*good* ones too—which have given him more admiration than pleasure—He delights at last in a simple Air, and a clean looking Girl of fifteen.

I am very fond of reading Jeremy Collier's Essays;³ there is so much wit in them, & that Wit so well applied; so much Meaning—& that Meaning so good a one. Jeremy was a fine Fellow, tho' now & then the Allusions are gross & common: D^r Bullock's Sermons⁴ please one much in the same manner, & I like D^r Bullock mightily.

I have a Trick of writing in the Margins of my Books, it is not a good Trick, but one longs to say something & cannot stop to take out the *Thraliana*.

I fancy the Happiness of the Saints in Heaven is progressive: As it will doubtless chiefly consist in Contemplation of God's Works, which are infinite, and to finite Beings of Course unsearchable; what can be more likely than that when be[c]ome immortal they shall be employ'd in tracing—admiring and extolling *his* Perfections, which will break in upon them with perpetual Novelty? Recollection never failing of past Wonders delighted in, & Variety never ex-

¹ She & Lady Knight have such a Way of dressing too—not even the Duchess of Cumberland who is so *very* well-bred, *could* keep from laughing.—

Some Statue you would swear,

Stept from its Pedestal to take the Air.

Mrs. Piozzi. See Pope, *Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace*, ll. 121–2.

² Cornelia Knight will make no such Concessions. She is Donna Altiera quanto povera, as M^r Piozzi says. Mrs. Piozzi.

³ *Essays upon Several Moral Subjects* (1697, 1705).

⁴ *Seven Sermons* (1726).

hausting to produce Entertainment for a blessed Eternity—at his right Hand there are *Pleasures* for ever more. Curiosity never extinguished, though gratified each Moment of succeeding Ages: *that* sure must be the Pleasure of *Man*: in the Nature of whose *Soul* Desire of boundless Knowledge is implanted, and tho' in this World he pants with Thirst of it like Animals in a half exhausted Receiver—he will *there* like the Hart at the Water Brooks¹ described by King David, drink deep of the Stream, & quaff perennial Delight.

With regard to Identity of Body at the Resurrection, I see little more Difficulty than in many a Proposition less cavilled at . . . Every one must have his own Body acknowledged by his own Cotemporaries in order to answer for the relative Duties done in the Flesh: and I doubt not but each of us shall appear to the other, as they were when connected on Earth—for Example

My Grandmothers were old Women when *I* knew them, to *me* therefore they must at the Day of Judgement *appear* Old; how else shall I know em? how be answerable for my Conduct towards them? how shall I be punished if I insulted their Decrepitude, when they shall no longer appear Decrepit? to their Parents & Nurses however they must appear Babies—or how will *they* account for the Cruelties committed towards them in their Infant State—were any such committed—while to the new-rai's'd Eye of Husbands, Lovers, Friends &c. who could recognize no possible Acquaintance either with the Crone or Baby—Lucy Salusbury and Philadelphia Cotton must certainly be seen as they were in Youth, Health, & Maturity.

All this however seems most easy when we reflect on the Omnipotence of Gods holy *Word* & *Spirit*—the last breathed on Chaos &

The formless Mass came to an Heap²

as Milton says; the first pronouncing Creation completed—saw Separation perfected in various Shapes, and impressed on each, such an Idea of other, as suited all. How know we *now* that the Horse has the same Idea of his Master that *I* have? that his favourite Cat has?—Probably a very different one: their Eyes are not formed alike, & I believe the Image remitted to the Retina is not alike in both. Yet we want to make Matters *easy* to God Almighty:

¹ Ps. xlii. 1.

² ' . . . the formless mass,

This World's material mould, came to an heap.'

Paradise Lost, iii. 708-9.

In good Time! with our assisting Genius & Philosophy. A Man who shewed & sold Wild Beasts once near Westminster Bridge pleased me better than any of them; “ “People think now,—said I “ “to him—that Wolves, Foxes, Dogs & Jackalls are all the same “ “Genus, and will breed together; Do you think so? because if such “ “be the Case, there was but one Couple of true *Canines* created at “ “first, and the Variety we see *now*, came all from *that original Pair*.” ” —*Lord! Madam replies the Fellow, tis said I suppose by the Way of saving God Almighty trouble—& sure enough he'll never thank them for 't: because 'tis like he knows best himself how to make the World.*

Does not Portia in the Merchant of Venice do wrong to appeal in her Address to Shylock—ay & allude strongly to *the Lord's Prayer*?¹ for which as a Jew Shylock could have no Reverence. This Remark was made to me by Miss Sarah Lewis Daughter of the late Dean Lewis—and I think it excellent.—

Looking round me however—I find it is not new.

7: Oct^r 1790.] Wonderful Weather for the Time of Year; hot as August, with alternate heavy Vapour, & bright Sun. Perkins told me Yesterday that his Guile of Beer had a *Summer-head* on't, like as one sees in the last Weeks of Brewing in a forward Spring:—The Phænomenon surprized him I find.

12: Oct^r 1790. Streatham] On the Morning of this Day twenty seven Years ago I first opened my Eyes in this House, to w^{ch} my Mother, myself, my Uncle & distant Relation the Rev: Thelwall Salusbury who had married us—were brought by M^r Thrale to reside. And what a House it was then! a little squeezed miserable Place with a wretched Court before it, & all these noble Elm Trees out upon the Common. Such Furniture too! I can but laugh when it crosses my Recollection. Yet how serious and how thankful should every Thought of my heart be, at the Remembrance that every Year has produced some singular Improvement, & that *here I am*, blessed with Health to enjoy all that has been done by *both* my Husbands for my Satisfaction and Comfort. Poor Piozzi has sure enough, a little *over-done* the Business; & put us into a little Distress for Money, to pay these last Bills: which amount to no less than two Thousand Pounds Sterling, a Sum perhaps imprudently laid out on a Seat whence if I dye tomorrow, he must instantly be

¹ ‘... we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.’

gone. Nobly disinterested has his Conduct been towards me, that's certain; and most sincerely does the love of his little Galesina follow such Kindness.

How unworthily did my Daughters traduce that Man! and how basely did they seek to injure his Character!

Surely Cecilia will live long enough with us to *see* how ill we have both been used by them; Surely they will not at last seduce her to their Party against such a Mother, & such a Friend! *Nous verrons*.

War is now once more hourly expected¹—I am not sorry, tho' the Stocks *do* fall, and we of Course must suffer. a War will open the Eyes of our silly pretended Patriots; and shew them that France still preserves its original Aversion to *us*, & preference of Spanish Connections, tho' here has been such a Talk about their Tenderness tow'rds England, and desire of imitating its Constitution.—In good Time!—but M^r Pitt has out-*Cabinetted* them this once, spite of Rezzonico's² Notions. I never loved that Count Rezzonico somehow, he seemed a dangerous Fellow.—and the Marquis del Campo³ is a *Traitor sure*; I marked him one Night, he knew not me, it was in a mixed Company with ten Card-Tables, that Year the poor King was sick: he spoke Spanish with a Friend; native I think of the Canary Isles,—and little imagined that there stood near him one who understood a Tongue so little studied.

His Discourse was very contemptuous, very cruel I may say, towards the Person of our unfortunate Sovereign; whose utter extinction he seemed as eager for—as if his King were to have been immediate Heir. 'Twas at a Time indeed when all spoke plain; the Regency was settling &c. but in *him*, the Ingratitude, as well as the Brutality shocked me. I hope and pray that our Monarch knows better than to trust him.

I long thought the following Line of Beattie in his Minstrel original, but have at last found that the Thought was borrow'd from Thompson. 'tis where describing Edwin he cries out

The Neighbours star'd & gap'd, yet bless'd the Lad,
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, & some believ'd him mad.⁴

¹ Pitt had sent an ultimatum to Spain, at the beginning of October, concerning the Nootka Sound dispute, but Spain found herself deserted by France, who refused to support the old Family Compact of the Bourbons. Consequently, Spain agreed to the English terms, on October 28, and the threat of war was dissipated. *Cambridge Modern History*, viii. 292.

² Carlo Gastone, Comte Rezzonico della Torre, an Italian poet, who visited England in 1789–90, and wrote *Viaggio in Inghilterra*.

³ The Spanish ambassador at the English court. He was credited by George III with saving his life, in 1786, when Peg Nicholson attempted to stab him. *Gent. Mag.* lxx. 488–9.

⁴ Book 1, stanza 16.

I now find in the Castle of Indolence

While moping here did Hypochondria sit
While some her frantic deem'd, & some believ'd a Wit.¹

Richardson was wrong in making Clementina write Harriett word that She hoped to make Acquaintance with her here, & share a blissful Eternity in her Company hereafter.²

The bigotted Bolognese would never have taken her *future* Chance with an English Protestant; if she *would*,—why was Grandison refused?—Richardson forgot himself

If Mr Piozzi *does* go to Italy without me next year, they will try to keep him from ever returning; or if he *does* return, will send him home perhaps with a Heart alienated from England & from *me*.

Nothing so easily done if Providence which has saved me from so many Evils interferes not; for Piozzi has a flexible Mind, & particularly easy of Impression in religious Matters—I never tempted him to change his Sect for mine, because I hold it my Duty not to use Influence to affect the Choice, but I shall probably pay dear for my Magnanimity, as Romanists have no such Scruples, & the most pious among them would think himself not only justified but meritorious in the Sight of God & his Confessor, to throw a Woman of his own Language & Perswasion in his Way, to make what they would *hope* an irreparable Breach betwixt us.

19: Oct^r 1790.] To such Friends shall I commit my Husband this Time Twelvemonth, if we live till then. for I would not on any Acc^t slacken that Tenderness which prompts him to take a farewell Leave of Father Bro^s Family & old Friends—such he now thinks the *Motive* of his Journey: the *Result* God only knows:

I have been reading Harris's Logical Treatise upon Happiness again—'tis a fine Performance: one should learn Logic if it was but to defend oneself from the Logicians, as one should acquaint one's self with the Principles of *Legerdemain* that one may not be *blown* as the coarse Phrase is, by a Jugler.

Mandeville's second Volume—in Dialogue which he calls a Defence of the Fable of the Bees, is an admirable Antidote against *Shaftburism* the Principle James Harris means to establish, for as the R^t Honourable Author of the Characteristicks endeavours to insinuate his sweet but subtle Poyson into the Veins, and stop the Circulation of Christianity,—his Grandson or Nephew³ tries to

¹ Canto 1, stanza 75.

² *The History of Sir Charles Grandison*, vol. v, letter 37.

³ James Harris was Lord Shaftesbury's nephew.

burst even the Rock on which it stands by Vinegar—Vain Wisdom all, & false Philosophy!

The first Dialogue between Horatio & Cleomenes in the Fable of the Bees 2^d Vol. has infinite Humour among its other Merits, I have seldom read a pleasanter Book; yet 'tis now little regarded:—a Proof how Violence destroys itself.—The Writer draws no Line where Luxury begins, but strips Men naked to make them pious; & takes up the Cross in as literal a Sense, as the Ladies described by Byron¹ at Lima in Peru, when they drag a heavy Piece of Wood made in that Form, all round the Town, till fainting beneath their Load.

Mr Siddons told me to day that there was a Paper War commenced between Cumberland and Steevens. The Viper and the Toad said I, no one will care who wins: Yet in my heart I wish for the first named, tho' I do think the other Man will beat him; for Cumberland, tho' he hates all, would injure none I fancy, & Steevens is ever prepared to injure even those he cannot hate.—

The *Black Dog* is upon his Back; was a common saying some Years ago when a Man was seen troubled with Melancholy: we used to make of it a sort of *Byword* or *Hack Joke* here at Streatham, and in the Letters I published between Dr Johnson & myself, it is almost perpetually recurring.²

Few People however seem to recognize its true Original; which may be found in Dr Henry More's Philosophical Works, where he tells us that Appollonius Tyaneus told the Greeks how that Spirit which was the Scourge of the City where he dwelt, (Athens I think,) appeared to him in Form of a large *Black Dog*: & leaping *on his Back* sometimes;—filled him with Melancholy for many Days after.

This was the same Appollonius Tyaneus—who cried out “ “Courage Stephanus strike the Tyrant” ” all on a sudden while he was teaching in his own School a full Thousand Miles from the Place where dwelt Domitian the Tyrant alluded to³—This was by Virtue as I have ever understood, of that *Second Sight* now claimed by some Families in Scotland only; which shewed to Appollonius Tyanæus at Athens, a Scene then passing at Rome, where a Man named Stephanus assassinated the Emperor Domitian in his

¹ *Narrative of the Honourable John Byron . . . Written by Himself* (1768). The place was Santiago, Chile, not Lima.

² See Johnson, *Letters*, Nos. 586, 591, 592, 857. Cf. also below, p. 870.

³ See More's *Explanation of the Grand Mystery of Godliness*, Bk. 10, chap. 4.

Apartments—& the Struggle between *them* was preternaturally brought before the Eyes of the Philosopher.¹ M^{rs} Siddons told me that Erskine our famous Counsellor, believed in Apparitions & this Power of Second Sight; one cannot however give Credit to such *hearsay* Evidence—when Erskine tells *me* he believes in them it will be Time enough to think about the matter. Neither M^r Erskine nor M^{rs} Siddons have their Imagination under a very tight rein,—we all three ride it in a Snaffle

Superstition is said to be driven out of the World—no such Thing, 'tis only driven out of Books & Talk.—The Spirit of Superstition is so exactly the same, that Stories told in More's Antidote against Atheism² of some Dæmon in Maçon in Burgundy, were related two Years ago of one George Lukins a poor Lad at Bristol—& the Tale just like that old one, how he sung *Hunting Songs* &c. in good Time!³

On Saturday Night the twenty fourth I think of October 1790. here at Streatham was seen very clearly and distinctly the uncommon Phænomenon of a *Lunar Rainbow*.—so bright in Colour too, that it produced, as does the Solar one in Summer Weather; a mockery of itself, a reflexion some Shades paler. M^r Davies⁴ the Curate, myself, and our Butler Tho^s Lammas looked at it from the Lawn before our House a few Minutes, nor is the last named Person a bad Witness—for having served M^r Walker the Professor, & attended his Lectures—Thomas is no mean or incompetent Observer of Astronomical Phænomena. I forget if Cæcilia Thrale saw it or no; but She piques herself on having *no Memory*—so if She did see, there are small hopes of her recollecting it.—

T'was the Night after the Eclipse, and the Moon shone particularly bright.

Doctor Blair's Sermon⁵ on the Dissolution of the World is almost

¹ These Tales the learned Grotius firmly believes. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² Bk. 3, chap. 3.

³ Why should y^e Devil sing *Hunting Songs*, no Songs are more innocent than those in praise of y^e Chace. but Lukins sung or said an inverted Te Deum I remember we praise thee oh Devil &c. I wonder nobody found out the Cheat for a Cheat no doubt it was.—the Devil does not call himself *Devil* I believe, any more than the Sultan calls himself Turk;—they are names of Reproach given by *us*: but Lukins was not up to that. & nobody tried whether he understood Languages neither—w^{ch} if it was the Devil he would have done. Some Methodists exorcised him at last i:e Lukins and he got well, or at least left off his Tricks. *Mrs. Piozzi*. His seven devils were finally exorcised by seven clergymen. *Gent. Mag.* lviii. 609.

⁴ The Rev. Reynold Davies, curate of St. Leonard's, and head of Streatham 'University', the school to which Mr. Piozzi's nephew was later sent. See below, p. 992.

⁵ *Sermons*, vol. iii, Sermon 20, 'On the Dissolution of the World'.

all borrowed from Burnet¹—how could one get six hundred Guineas & Literary Fame easier?—yet I [do] not grudge either to a Writer so charming, a Man so excellent, an Instructor so pious, and a Friend so kind. *one Vol: 8^{vo} selling for 600 Guineas*² is however a Phænomenon scarce inferior to the Lunar Rainbow: a Proof of English Opulence beside;—& likely to strike superficial Observers, as a Proof of our Disposition to correct those Immoralities, which constitute the Disgrace of the Age.

Poor dear dead M^{rs} Byron! Nobleness, Elegance, Animated Beauty—Promptitude of Wit, Capacity for Thought—could no longer avail her it seems; no longer keep Soul & Body together, tho against the general Foe few ever made more vigorous Resistance. Sweet Soul! in her Way She loved *me* dearly; and her last Letter³ to me—how fine a thing it is!

Poor, dear, dead M^{rs} Byron! Farewell & take my Prayers.—

Doctor Lort too!⁴ a more valued—a more valuable Friend, often mentioned in this Analect Book; gone too!—thrown away I think: a warm Climate might have saved *him*, & good Care kept him alive. The literary Comfort too of poking into the good old Libraries of Milan Florence &c. would have diverted & lengthened his Existence—but he was *married*, & *his Will was made*! Well! all goes right as God permits it to go, only we see imperfectly, & cannot find *how* right, till future Experience shews. I loved D^r Lort; he was a Man one could tell one's whole Heart to—I have now no Creature that I really confide in—all Acquaintance & no Friends—my Loss in Doctor Lort is prodigious—Delap would be my next Choice for true Worthiness of Heart, & Cultivation of Mind; but one never sees him,⁵ & he knows beside no more of the World than a Baby, & therefore could give no Counsel did one want it.⁶ What shall I do

¹ *Sacred Theory of the Earth*, Bk. 3, chap. 12, 'An imperfect Description of the Coming of our Saviour; and of the World on Fire.' ² Corroborated by Boswell, *Life*, iii. 98.

³ Written in a scrawled and painful hand: 'dont be *overcome* with the *little cant* of grief of my daughter Mrs. G. B. when I am no more. Tell Her black becomes Her and she will forget it all—once more—adieu—Think I have not many more Hours to love thank and beg you never to forget your S. B. [P.S.] It's a hard struggle and Mr. Grant will tell you my suffering.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 546. She was buried in the Abbey Church at Bath, according to the burial register, on November 12. 'Mrs. G. B.' was the wife of her second son, George Anson Byron, whom he married in Barbados, in 1780, after an acquaintance of a week. D'Arblay, *Diary*, i. 347. She survived her mother-in-law only two years and four months. Cf. below, p. 892, n. 1.

⁴ He died on November 5. *Genl. Mag.* lx. 1055.

⁵ He lived at Lewes, in Sussex.

⁶ Charming M^r Scrase is Bedridden, & I never go now to Brighthelmston. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Her daughters summered there, of course. Mr. Scrase died on January 13, 1792. *Genl. Mag.* lxii. 92.

for my dear old Doctor? his Principles were the same as mine, his Prejudices the same—these new fashioned Philosopher-Men fatigue me to hear them prattle—

How finely does Burke beat them down under his feet!¹ I fancy the Pope has transmitted to him the famous Grant of Power

Super Aspidum et Basiliscum ambulabis.²

1: Dec. 1790.] The Weather is just set in *Cold*; we had Primroses a Week ago, Stocks in flower, & the Mazerion coming out every day.

Doctor³ Parr and I are in Correspondence, and his Letters are very flattering: I am proud of his Notice to be sure, and he seems pleased with my Acknowledgements of Esteem: he is a prodigious Scholar, but in the meantime I have lost Dr Lort!

Burgess's⁴ Sermon against the Socinians is a great Performance: Controversy is bad for the Establishment of Church Uniformity; when once Matters of Ecclesiastic Concern are well & firmly fixed,—let them alone; but at the beginning some Dispute is necessary, and at the End—useful: I would now be glad to fight these Infidels to the last drop of the Ink Bottle, and shew their Followers at least that all Learning is against them. The poor Romanists put not forth a Pen, but sink down totally helpless—our Anglican Church has some good Champions left yet. *but* these Cambridge Men! ! !—

Our Dogma once supported our Hierarchy, which but for that would have sunk, & left us like the Lutheran States of Germany—the Hierarchy now in return supports the Dogma, & keeps us from falling into Socinianism.—when a Man is made Bishop or likely to become one, he takes Care of the Church for his own Sake.

No Bishop, no King: the old Calvinistal Cry, in England, now roars loudly in France; but I somehow fancy 'tis but a temporary Judgement on a Court so impious as theirs has been. the *little Dauphin* will enjoy perhaps greater Power than his Ancestors themselves, for Anarchy has a natural Tendency to finish in Despotism; and France after She has been bent backward so long, will feel her Elastic Force, & restore herself speedily—*Louis Charles* will one Day have them all at his Feet I do believe. he has saved his Mother many a Time already: God will I hope touch her noble

¹ In his *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790).

² Ps. xci. 13. For *aspidum* read *aspidem*.

³ Hayward (i. 305) quotes this paragraph.

⁴ Thomas Burgess, *The Divinity of Christ proved from his own Declarations* (1790).

Heart *now* with *natural* Passions, and shewing her the Vicissitudes of this Life, turn her Thoughts to Eternity.

Doctor Priestley's saying that he has not yet settled the Articles of his own Belief, puts one in Mind of La Peyrere the famous Pre-Adamite in 1655: on whom the French Wits made a comical Epitaph,¹ which some Time or another I'll try to imitate & appropriate to Dr Priestley.

Our Anglican Church stands like the Rock among the Rapids of Niagara—like that tis a Concretion formed by the falling Earth—& like that it will stand—please God!—in spite of the roar all round it.—

My Property in America² is likely to turn out of more Value than I thought it; one Mr Wetherhead a Relation of Dear Mrs Lewis lately arrived here from Nova Scotia gives us an Idea that 'tis well worth looking after, *Nous verrons*.

Colonel Barry says that *Luck* is only a Term of depreciation given by the World to a Man superior in Abilities—Who is it that ever threw Sixes Sixteen Times together? either the Dice are loaded, or the Man has a *peculiar Knack*, says he.

Colonel Barry says these Assignats³ of Paris are absolutely necessary, there must be some Tye of Property affixed to the new Government—at the Revolution we made a funded Debt on no higher Principle.

Colonel Barry is a very showy talking Man: full of general Knowledge; & an acute, as well as vigorous Reasoner—Irish headed however, & Irish-voiced; & tho' a Literary Person by Profession, having published many small Performances,⁴ none of them disgraceful to a Gentleman or a Scholar—says—I *would not* be surprized: in Conversation,—for I *should not* be surprized. how odd! & I could have *went* instead of I could have *gone all' Irlandese*.

13: Dec^r 1790.] I planted a very fine straight *Ash Tree* just at the Turn of the Water, in sight almost of our Library Window here at Streatham this morn^g & hope it will thrive: a Copy of Verses upon

¹ To be found in Jean Pierre Nicéron's *Mémoires* (1730), xii. 70.

² See below, p. 807 and n. 4.

³ The paper money of the new government.

⁴ His obituary notice in the *Annual Biography* (1824), viii. 408, says that while acting as Lord Rawdon's secretary in America he 'penned some of the best-written dispatches which were ever transmitted from any army on service to the British Cabinet'. He published two pamphlets in America: *The Advantages which America derives from her . . . Dependence on Britain* (New York, 1775), and *The General attacked by a Subaltern . . .* (New York, 1775).

poor dear Lady Salusbury's *Ash Tree* in Offley Park was among my earliest Compositions, & now I have taken a Fancy to plant an *Ash Tree* myself; It would vex me should it not prosper, but if they let it alone, Nature will do the Work; & I have been careful to find a Place whence no one will surely be tempted ever to remove it.

I hope we shall let the London House this Winter, for our Expences grow very high here: that vast Kitchen Garden eats one's Income quite up.

'Tis strange to think, and very curious to observe how sincerely the Scots still hate the Inhabitants of what they call South Britain! Helen Williams's little Democratical Book¹ is a mighty pretty Thing, but her Aspersions in it upon the English for hard heartedness towards the Poor, are cruel & unjust. No Nation is so generous as ours—so charitable none! but She is a *Scotch* Woman, & feels herself influenced by natural Prejudices in favour of France.

Doctor Moore told me the other Day that when Lady Jane Long² was ill, & he attended her; there was some little Mess to be made, w^{ch} the Patient had agreed to take; & he called her Housekeeper in to give Directions of Course. the Woman offered her Service in the pert London Accent, & left the Room to get Matters ready—when Lady Jane cried out—I won't have that Stuff D^r don't press me to make use of it. Her Physician approaching the Bed lamented his Loss of Influence, & respectfully blamed his Patient for an Appearance of Caprice She seldom betrayed—'Tis neither one nor other my dear Sir, replied the sick Lady—but that Woman who came in just now,—look'd *so English* I can bear nothing She touches.

NB. this Lady was a poor Scotch girl of Quality married to a rich London Merchant who adored, and cover'd her with finery; every Day showing some new & solid Proof of his Tenderness for *her*—But it *is* so. The English scatter Wealth and Kindness all over Europe, leaving every Place & Person the wiser & better for having made Acquaintance with *them*; yet cannot conquer the Antipathy even of their nearest Neighbours.

¹ *Letters on the French Revolution, Written in France, in the Summer of 1790 . . .* (1790). Facing the title-page is a stanza from Pibrac, and a translation 'by Mrs. Piozzi'. She gives an account of the great 'Federation' celebration on July 14—on the day after she reached Paris—and a long memoir of M. du F[ossé], a *ci-devant* nobleman, whose story, she later said, had led her 'to love; as well as admire, the revolution'. She followed this book by a second volume of *Letters from France* in 1792, and a third in 1795, 'containing a sketch of the scenes which passed . . . during the tyranny of Robespierre'.

² Jane Maitland, daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale, who married Samuel Long, M.P. for Ilchester, in 1789.

Dr Moore is as we all see by his Books—half a Calvinist, and half an Infidel; we see too—or think we see, that he disregards Painting: yet he said the other Day in this house, that there was—at Mr Locke's I think—a Head of our Saviour painted by Cipriani, Companion to Piozzi's fav'rite Magdalen; before which he could not bear *to say a bad Word, or do a bad Thing*. an odd Idea in any Man, but very observable in Dr Moore. I value such Traits of Character however far beyond a humourous Story or a Copy of Verses.

The following ones of the same Writer are very pretty notwithstanding. they are addressed to Helena Williams who assur'd herself when She lodged in a House of one Captain Jacques in Southampton Row that those Apartments were once occupied by Gray.¹

Dear Helena

Since in thy sapient Brain the fancy plays
That Captain Jacques's Mansion once was Gray's
For do not ancient Records plainly show
The Poet lodged in blest Southampton Row?
And Captain Jacques if rightly understood
Must surely mean old Jacques of Arden Wood:
I date these Lines convinced by Proof so clear,
From that dear Row which so delights thine Ear.
Proving your Faith, tho' on Opponent Walls
King Street appears in impious Capitals,
Spreading abroad to every vulgar Eye,
A Wicked, odious and detested Lye.
Tho' Captain Jacques—if this be still the same
We must confess has long enjoy'd his Fame.
Yet Helen's Creed I never will forego,
That he is Jacques, & this,—Southampton Row.
Yes—here, & nowhere else, the Cambrian Bard
Before th'enraptur'd Eyes of Gray appear'd;
Here first in this identick Elbow Chair
He saw the Meteor Bard, and hoary Hair:
And at this Window, tho' so near the Hosier's,
Saw Father Thames arise, all crown'd with Osiers.
What Time the Muse—and Critics can't forgive her,
So pos'd with Questions the dumb-founder'd River.
For Doctor Johnson has most shrewdly said
The River knew no more than did the Maid.
From this same Window to your certain Knowledge
He had his distant View of Eton College;
And here saw Odin, with imprudent Speed
Gallop to Hell upon a Coal black Steed.
Here formed for Owen the triumphant Song,
Owen the Welch Achilles! swift and strong.

¹ Gray lodged at Mr. Jauncey's in Southampton Row in July and August 1759. *Correspondence*, ed. Toynbee and Whibley (1935), ii. 629–33.

This Room's the Church Yard, at the knell of Day,
 Sublimely sung in elegiac Lay.
 And here no doubt in this inspiring Cell,
 Thy Muse shall soon possess an equal Spell:
 Prompt at thy Call the rosy-bosom'd hours,
 Shall cover Bloomsbury's teeming Square with flowrs
 And Attic Warblers pour their tuneful throats,
 While City Cuckoos sing responsive Notes.
 Yet let me beg that when thin Forms arise
 And Shadows flit before th'entranced Eyes—
 No fond Affection for the fatal Norse
 May tempt *thee* mount King Odin's coalblack Horse;
 Or prompt thy Muse a little given to gloom,
 To join the fatal Sisters at their Loom,
 Where bloody shafts instead of Shuttles move
 Where human Entrails into Cloth are wove,
 And gasping Warriors' Heads like Weights are hung,
 To make the horrid Tissue—firm & strong.

Somewhat too much of this tho' very pretty. a slight Thought if not closer compress'd, loses all Power of Impression; this is so thin, one hardly sees the *wire tho' a gold one*.

I am told Burke's Book¹ is dying already, my heart felt it was Mortal; but the Life will not be so short as they who say so, wish it. 'Tis the work of a wonderful Genius; who if he cannot immortalize, Can at least vivify his Performance beyond all Idea of us his cold & sullen Critics, who might as well endeavour to measure the Rainbow we can neither make nor catch; and which will be displaying its Colorific Radiance in another Hemisphere, before our Lines & Plummets are fixed in this, for the Purposes of Mensuration.

Could Fireworks continue longer, what an Art would their Construction be considered! but the *Splendour* is *transient*, & the *Scaffolding mean*.

The best Review of Burke's Book is the Analytical I think, but by all the Works there being *Scotch* almost, 'tis most likely the Reviewers are of that Nation.

I must write out Doctor Moore's Letter to his Son from South Wales, it is so very flattering to us Welch Folks.

The fervour of a Father's Love
 Greets thee dear Frank² from Golden Grove;
 Where open hearted Bounty reigns,
 And spreads his Blessing on the plains.
 Where his full Flock the Shepherd leads

¹ Cf. above, p. 788.

² Francis, the fourth son, who was in the War Office.

O'er Pastures rich and flowery Meads,
 While crossing Towy's chrystal Rill,
 Ascends the Slope of Grongar Hill,
 And sees beneath his roving Eye
 A Thousand rural Beauties lye,
 Wood, Village, Garden, Hill and Dale,
 And Rivers winding thro' the Vale,
 And milk White Cottages so clean
 Sweet Contrast to the Grove so green,
 The Cliff which overhangs the Flood,
 The Castle rising thro' the Wood,
 E'er while the Seat of feudal Lord,
 And Bard his Battles to record.
 And lo her Bow now whilst I write,
 Bright Iris bends before my Sight,
 One End She leans on Dryslins Tower
 The other sinks in Newton's Bower,
 And comprehends in their Embrace
 The various Beauties of the Place.
 Lending a frame of various hue
 To this, the most enchanting View }
 That Nature's Pencil ever drew. }
 But here perchance the frigid Dame
 Whose Touch can damp poetic Flame,
 Who every narrative assails,
 With odious Compasses and Scales;
 Who can the Traveller's Pen benumb,
 And strike the Story teller dumb,
 Whose wav'ring Faith in every Age
 Has fill'd the Zealot's breast with rage,
 Who heard unmov'd the Sybil's Strain,
 And Pontiff's Claim with cold Disdain;
 Who pausing o'er each sacred Line
 Still frets the Orthodox Divine:
 And *Doubt* is this old Beldam's Name,
 That prompts you Francis to exclaim,
 "My Father dips in Faery Tales,
 "There's no such Golden Groves in Wales."
 Come then, oh Thou of feeble Faith!
 And see Description fall beneath
 The real Beauties which prevail
 Round Golden Grove in Towy Vale.
 And when you're told these Scenes can claim
 The honor of Caermarthen's Name;
 Your glowing Breast will at the Sound
 With many a grateful Thought rebound,
 And make you view with partial Eye,
 The meanest Object you descry.

Xmas, Mr¹ and Miss Jones²—very charming! Mr^s Soame³ and her Nephews with pleasing Bedina Wynn: the two Lees⁴ from Bath, and Helena Williams whose pensive Look and loveliness of Manner engages every one's Affection while her Talents render her extremely respectable. She presented me with the following Verses on New Year's Day which She passed chiefly in her Bed because of a Cold which torments every one just now—a sort of Influenza.

A New year's Morn again I see
 But sure it does not smile on Me;
 To cure my Cough condemn'd am I
 Within this Bed till Noon to lie;
 From the dear Library am banish'd
 The Joys of Attic Breakfast vanish'd,
 And here in lonely Meditation
 Must lose my Piozzi's Conversation:
 She—who for Breakfast feeds the Mind
 With more Ideas than we find
 Others can well afford,—to cheer
 Their hungry Guests with—once o' Year.
 Perhaps this Moment whilst I write
 Some new-born Image takes its Flight;
 Some fresh-blown Flow'rs from Fancy's hoard
 She scatters o'er the social Board.
 Or charm'd the Happy Circle sit
 To catch the sparkling Fires of Wit,
 Whose flash tho' bright, is harmless found,
 Whose stroke was never known to wound;
 But is as far remov'd from Satire
 As if her boast were pure Good Nature:
 Quite as remote from being cruel
 As if the Chat were Water Gruel;
 While her rich Genius crowns the Season,
 With Christmas Banquets for our Reason.

The following Sonnet by the same Author upon reading her Countryman Burn's famous Mountain Daisy is I think better written—She sent it as a present to Mr Hayley

While soon the Garden's flanting flow'rs decay
 And scatter'd on the Earth neglected lie;
 The Mountain Daisy cherish'd by the ray
 A Poet drew from Heaven—will never die.

¹ Mr. John Jones, of Mitcham, Surrey, who had married Miss Fowler, first cousin of Mrs. Piozzi's mother. *Mainwaring Piozziana*, iii. 80.

² Lucy Eliza, later Mrs. George Mackay. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 556.

³ Mrs. Henry Soame, Bedina (Bridget) Wynn's aunt. She was the Fanny Wynn whom Mrs. Piozzi had admired in her girlhood. See above, p. 51. Burke's *Peerage* (under 'Newborough') incorrectly represents them as sisters. Bridget was a daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Glynn Wynn, Mrs. Soame's brother.

⁴ Harriet and Sophia. See above, p. 695.

Ah! like that lonely flower the Poet rose,
 'Mid Penury's bleak Soil and bitter Gale,
 He felt each Storm that on the Mountain blows,
 Nor ever knew the Shelter of the Vale.
 By Genius in her native Vigour nurst,
 On Nature with enraptur'd Look he gaz'd,
 Then from the Cloud of adverse Fortune burst
 Indignant; and in Light unborrow'd—blaz'd.
 Scotia! from rude Affliction shield thy Bard,
 His heavn-taught Numbers, Fame herself will guard.

In return for this Sonnet, Hayley sent her back by the Servant who waited a large Nosegay from his Garden and this Impromptu of eight Lines.

To deck the tender Guest who grac'd
 These chearful tho' sequester'd Bowrs,
 Their Hermit sends in eager Haste
 An Offering of his fairest Flow'rs:
 This slight return for thy sweet Lays
 Nymph of enchanting Song—forgive;
 For ill my fading Gift repays
 Thy present which will ever live.

The following more studied Performance of the same Writer I like less. Too much ado about nothing—but Miss Seward is his favourite Heroine. 'Tis odd tho' that the Man is always dancing so about the Edges of Obscenity and Profaneness. Does any body like him the better for 't? The King says no: he would not make Mr Hayley the Laureat I have heard because of his Immorality. Well! Miss Seward sent Hayley her Bust, & he bid the Stone Cutter in London with whom he dealt, send two Heads to stand one on each side the Lady in his Library at Eartham. Pope & Prior were the Casts he wrote for—but the Sculptor made a Mistake which occasioned these eight Stanzas.

Ye Gods! cried a Bard—with a classical Oath
 Who had order'd the Bustos of Pope & of Prior;
 That on each side of Seward who rivals 'em both,
 They might properly honor that Queen of the Lyre

Oh Jove! he exclaim'd if I wielded thy Thunder
 I'd frighten the Sculptor who ruins my hope;
 Sure never did Artist commit such a Blunder
 He has sent me a Newton instead of a Pope.

In the wonders of Nature Sir Isaac was vers'd,
 But Alas! with the Nine he had little Alliance,
 And tho' to the bottom of Comets he pierc'd
 He ne'er sounded Woman, that much deeper Science.

But away old Astronomer 'tis not thy Post,
 Here—exclaim'd the vext Poet, take Newton away:
 When oh wonderful Speech in the Tone of a Ghost
 The meek modest Head thus petition'd to say.

Dear irascible Bard—be a little more just,
 Nor thy Sculptor accuse of a careless Transaction
 In the Shape of a cold and insensible Bust
 I am drawn to thy House by the Laws of Attraction

Tho Sages and Bards think but ill of a Brother,
 While Matter incumbers the Spirit of each,
 All the Children of Science are true to each other,
 When once soar'd out of human Infirmary's reach.

E'en on Canvass fair Seward has Virtue to draw
 A Philosopher's Soul from the Regions of Bliss;
 To contemplate her Genius may charm him who saw
 All the Secret Sublime of the Starry Abyss.

Then on me I beseech you this Charge to confer,
 Of Seward's Attendants I justly am one;
 The fond Student of Light may well wait upon her,
 Whose Fancy has all the rich hues of the Sun.

Mr Hayley seems always to possess Sprightliness without Vigour, in a way that amazes me: the Thought is pretty here, had he not amplified it so, & wiredrawn his Gold till one could scarce see it. The *Old Maids* & the *young Widows*, & every thing the Man touches, draws odly into Length like Ribbands from the Mouth of a Juggler I have seen bringing Yards & Yards of *dirty Stuff* from between his Lips at a Country Fair when I was a Child—at Cheltenham particularly: 'tis a Trick left off now among the Itinerant Wonder doers—& kept above Water only by Mr Hayley. His three Volumes of farfetched Allusion, recondite Meaning, and Gleams of Tartarian Wit, which he called an Essay on Old Maids: provoked me when at Brussels where I first read it, to send the following Stanzas to a London Newspaper. Della Crusca likewise sent some, & gave me the Copy; but I lost it.

These Lines—tame ones enough—are my own.

To the Author of the Essay on Old Maids

The Writer who by Ridicule
 Can check the Growth of Knave or Fool,
 All for a Wit acknowledge;
 But petulantly to offend
 Without some Moral for one's End
 Best suits a Boy from College.

And trust me Sir, the World suspects
 You're little favour'd of our Sex,
 We scorn your double Meanings:
 Thin Irony's transparent Cloke,
 The batter'd Theme, the studied Joke,
 And Literary Gleanings.
 They urge indeed in your Behalf,
 That He who in his Rage to laugh,
 Spares neither Saint nor Martyr;
 Did well on his polluted Page
 To place the Glory of this Age
 Our venerable *Carter*.

3: Jan: 1791.] So here is another New Year begun, and begun at Streatham of all Places: where indeed so many of my Annual Revolutions have commenced their Course; comparatively happy ones; and I hope this will be so too, tho' Piozzi's Health is not good upon the whole, and I like neither the Notion of his going to Italy without me, or of my going with him, (on Cecilia's Acc^t) or of his forbearing to go at all, should such a Journey be thought likely to establish his Constitution, which is full of Gout, & nervous Disorders beside. his Looks are however good still, but I perceive a cruel Alteration in the Voice since that Spitting of Blood mentioned in Page 140¹ of this Book, or I dream so.

Streatham looks divinely itself; my present Master has been an admirable Steward for my past Mistresses, who I hope will approve *his* Works, tho' I'm told they always censure *mine*. Our Nursery Garden, Shrubbery &c. is in the finest Order I ever yet saw them; & the House has an Appearance of Gayety never attempted in Mr Thrale's Time. Constant Company, elegant, expensive and tasteful Furniture; splendid Dinners and fine Plantations. I am glad that Hanover Square house is let, or going to be Let to Lord Dumfries; our Establishment here is too magnificent for the admission of other Expences, and if we are prudent even Bath must be given up for this Season, for one cannot do every thing; tho' by Dint of Management I see that a great Deal may be done with 3000^l o'Year. Mr Piozzi is a capital Manager.

Every body tells me that Cæcilia Thrale improves, & so I think She does; tho' not because they say so: were She less altered for the better, no less would be said about her perfections I suppose. but She has lost much of the savage Manners She brought from School: is tamer, & handsomer, and grows very like what her Sisters were when they lived with me.—The Exterior is best tho' with Cecilia;

¹ See above, p. 767.

her Mind recovers more slowly than her Person, from a severe Shock certainly given to Both in the Year 1783 by the Hooping Cough & Measles together, when her younger Sister lost that Life which was preserved to this Girl only by Sir Lucas Pepys's extreme Skill & Care.¹ She will however be a fine Woman, with Accomplishments & Beauty & Virtue enough to accompany forty or fifty Thousand Pounds—although her Memory is far from strong, and her Spirit of Application to any Study much too weak ever to attain at Eminence I think.

Her Temper when unthwarted is sweet, but She arms against opposition even instinctively; and will do nothing because She is commanded, but the contrary, while the same surly Independent Soul inhabits her Bosom with equal Rapacity to obtain, and Rage to appropriate, as in the hearts of any of her Family. Cecilia seems however to love M^r Piozzi—in her way of loving—but no one accuses her of partiality towards *me* I believe, whose Company She studiously avoids; & I therefore say nothing, but provide Refuges for her to recur to, that are no less improving Companions than myself—while She has Miss Weston, Miss Williams, Miss Lees, or Dear Siddons only for Confidants—She can hear of nothing but Literature, so I care not.

The Greatheeds too, so much her favourites! with whom can She be better? We keep no Company but that by which something must be obtained to a Young Mind, of Knowledge or of Virtue.—

See Page 41 of this Volume² & admire at the Compiler's Folly—I have got an Extract of M^r Thrale's Will at last, & find out that for the 150[£] a piece of his Daughters to be annually paid till they attain the Age of 15. and for the 200[£] o'Year a piece from that Age till the Day they become 21. nobody has a Right to receive it except myself—nor am I accountable to any Person whatever for what I please to do with it—Yet have I tacitly suffered them & their Other Guardians to manage it how *they* thought fit, and M^r Cator had the Assurance to advise me a Twelvemonth ago in Hanover Square, to take 50[£] o'Year for Cecilia's Maintenance, if I *would* have her with me was the Phrase; & plague him no more about the Bills, which were enormous he said,—in good Time! because they amounted to 80[£]

One could not credit such Usage, was it related of another—& such Submission to ill Usage is I believe wholly unexampled. but *Charity seeketh not her own.*³

¹ See Johnson's Letters 1: Vol. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See above, pp. 563-4.

² See above, p. 705.

³ 1 Cor. xiii. 5.

I have been reading Vathek,¹ 'tis a mad Book to be sure, and written by a mad Author, yet there is a Sublimity about it—particularly towards the Conclusion.

M^r Beckford's *favourite Propensity* is all along visible I think; particularly in the luscious Descriptions given of Gulchenrouz: but his Quarantine seems to be performed, & I am told he is return'd quietly to Fonthill. When we were at Milan M^r Bisset brought over the news how he was hooted from Society by my Lord Loughborough, who threatened corporal or legal Punishment for M^r Beckford's Violation of young Courtenay—Brother to Lady Loughborough.² at Lausanne no Englishman would exchange a Word with the Creature; & charming Doctor Fisher's charitable Heart pitied his wretched exclusion from the World.

But since Courtenay came to his Estate and Title,³ and I suppose treated the whole Business as a Joke, or common Occurrence, all is over; and I hear nothing said of M^r Beckford but as an *Authour*. what a World it is!!!!

Thraliana is itself an odd Thing! here is the Year 1791 begun, and five Volumes of the six M^r Thrale gave me, not filled yet:⁴—very strange! considering what Trash I put in it too. but when the last comes as near to ending as this now does—my fingers will shake lest I should be near ending as well as my Book. my heart tells me that he said something when he presented me with the Volumes, as if—I don't know as if: but this I know, that fifteen Years have elapsed since I first made the *Thraliana* my Confident, my solitary Comfort, and Depositary of every Thought as it arose. What will be done with my poor *Thraliana* when I am dead? I hope the Day is distant however, and as Old Kecksey says—Who's afraid?

27 Jan: 1791.] Here's my Birthday returned; the first I have spent at Streatham for many Years, and quite the happiest I ever *did* spend there: Our daughter who lives in the house with us—*Cecilia*—much improved, & growing handsome as well as tall & rich; good as her Neighbours too, for ought I see; though without much Love of Study, or Regard for me, all goes well between us; and her *Papa* as She calls him, has a very solid kindness & true Goodwill towards *her*. I find he is of Opinion that Cator is no honest Guardian to those Girls, but I suppose they would rather be robbed by him, than saved by *us*. Terrible Cheating has certainly gone for-

¹ It had been published in 1786.

² She was William Courtenay's aunt.

³ He became 3rd Viscount Courtenay in 1788.

⁴ This entry is on p. 204 of vol. v.

ward, and the concealment of that 13000^l provided for me at Marriage by Mr Thrale, and yet never bought into the Stocks at all, till the year 1786 was a horrid Imposition to be sure. Well! much has been done to injure me that's certain, yet She who trusts in God will at last be little injur'd. Piozzi seems likely to make them all repent their ill Usage of her who chose him in Despite of Lies raised by them all to his disadvantage;—he will get some of the Money back from Cator now I do believe; so a cunning Rogue will at length be foil'd by such a poor Sheep as myself; assisted & stimulated by a foreigner, ignorant (at starting) of the Laws, Language, & almost the Coyn of the Country.

Out of the Mouth of *Babes & Sucklings* however hath God ordained Strength. and so it is a Sign.

We are going to Bath for the Season, most of our great Debts paid, & our Hearts at Ease: the Servants always plague one I think—but that's of small Consequence.

—That Hester is a Word signifying *Secret* we all know: but I have some Notion there was a great and curious Mystery couched under the Name of the patriotic jewess who through her Beauty's Influence saved her Countrymen's Lives from the Decree of Ahasuerus: *Hadassa*¹ was the Name *He* called, & knew her by, in the Seraglio: *Edessa* whence that Word is easily derived, is synonymous with *Ur* the Place w^{ch} Abraham came from it seems; as Bryant plainly proves²—the Secret then consisted perhaps in the very *Name*. 'tis silly to baptize Christians by that Appellation be it as it will.

People who would not for Worlds profane by common Usage & familiar Talk, the smallest Thing relating to our Lord's last Supper—the *Sacrament* as they call it, justly enough—but injudiciously—because it sounds as if there was ne'er another—make no Scruple of saying We must *Christen* the Cat, or *Christen* the Ship—how shocking! & how silly!

Baptism is as much a Sacrament as is the Lord's Supper, & as necessary to Salvation and as much received for that Purpose by the Church: yet Folks have odly contracted a familiarity with Baptism, that I know not how to account for: this Absurdity prevails in the Romish Perswasion as well as in ours; the most pious among them fear not to say *Questo Vino è troppo battezzato* meaning it has too much Water in it—& the like.³

¹ Esther ii. 7.

² In his *Analysis of Ancient Mythology* (1774-6).

³ We used to baptize Church Bells in England long enough since the Reformation—*Two*

9: April 1791.] We are returned from our Bath Excursion—I love Bath dearly, yet am not sorry to come home; We have led pleasant Lives too, & spent Money merrily,—but the People there seem grateful at least—& inclined to like us. Mean Time I believe my *oldest Friend* is at last going to leave me, & that will probably make a Change in my Health, if not induce the Loss of it for ever. an odd thing has been observable on the Occasion, & merits Notice.

When I was a Girl of ten Years old perhaps,¹ the Measles attacked & put me in some Danger—leaving at their Departure a small red swelling on my Cheek, which my Mother called the Measle-Mark, & it remained there till the *Change of Life* took it quite away. That very Mark is now upon this second *critical Change* returned—nor do I, nor did I *then* feel any other *very material* Alteration from the coming or going of Youth.

I am now exactly 50 Years old I think, & am possessed of great Corporal Strength blessed be God, with ability to endure Fatigue if necessary. the Nerves however so shaken between the Years 1779 and 1784 cannot be expected to recover their Tone, and certainly never *have* recover'd it.

The following Lines were put into the Hand of a Girl in the Rooms at Bath who wore a fashionable Great Coat with *one* Cape to it—by a Friend who knew her Intention of running away that very Evening. NB. Her Chaperon was a Lady who had married richly in India & who was likewise dress'd in a Great Coat with a *double* Cape as many Women wear 'em.

In your Habit so trim all agog to elope,
Your Cape so befringed is the *Cape of good Hope*,
But you'd better y^r Match if your Betters you'd ape,
And catch a *Nabob* if you'd *double the Cape*

I brought little George Coventry L^d Deerhurst's pretty boy an Orbis Pictus for a Bath Gift—they made me put some Lines in the first Page so I gave them these.

Whate'er can sooth, whate'er afflict us,
You'll find within this Orbis Pictus;
Sweet! then accept the Present made
This Portrait of a World display'd;

of them still remain—their Names Thomas at Lincoln & Oxford.—The mighty *Tom* celebrated in y^e Catch called the merry merry Christ Church Bells is one of them and the great Tom o' Lincoln is the other. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

¹ It was shortly before her twelfth birthday, during the Christmas season of 1752. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 530.

For Learning's End—respect the Means,
 And heedful turn these varying Scenes—
 Of which your Good the sole Design is,
 Quite down from Frontispiece to *Finis*.

I had a great Mind this Year, & I have a great Mind still—to put up a little Monument for poor dear M^{rs} Byron¹ in the Abbey Church at Bath, where She is buried—The following Lines would not be very bad

From some Cold Spot near this sad Stone that lies,
 Byron's reanimated Dust shall rise.
 You then—that idly range, and thoughtless tread
 These melancholy Mansions of the Dead;
 You that in Wit or Birth, or Beauty trust,
 Reflect that lovelier Byron—is but Dust.
 That now no more her high Descent we trace
 In each fine Feature of th' expressive Face;
 While polish'd Ease with Sprightliness combin'd
 In ev'ry Sentence spoke the vigorous Mind;
 Then pausing own—Religion's heav'nly Ray
 Can best direct the Wand'rer on her Way;
 While Faith, Hope, Charity alone can save
 From Death eternal, and a hopeless Grave.

These Lines are at least more original if not *better*, than those Colonel Barry boasts so in the same Cathedral upon Sir Nigel Griesly—*those* are I see borrowed apparently from the motto of some Man's Picture famous for his Corpulence, which one may meet with at a little Inn called Petty France in Gloucestershire. I rather thought well of them too—before the Detection.

Streatham 19: April 1791.] There has been much Talk about this Spring as unusually forward, but I see on looking over the third Volume of *Thraliana* that in 1779 it was forwarder still: the Swallows are not yet come, and the Cuckoo has been heard,—but faintly. Turkeys &c are very backward for ought I see, and my Apple Trees not yet in Bloom: only Pears & Cherries, but there is a vast Show for Fruit.

How shockingly this Volume of *Thraliana* is written compared with the foregoing ones!! I am frightened to see how my Hand writing is degenerated: and Eyesight goes away so horribly fast, that it injures my Powers of Composition. When I look back on the pages I have written myself, or those printed ones indeed, meant to

¹ It was never executed. The only Byron memorials in the Abbey Church are those to her daughter-in-law, Mrs. George Anson Byron, who was buried there on February 26, 1793, and to the latter's infant son, John James Byron.

be reply'd to: the Power of taking in much at once is now wholly gone, and I *was* in the musical Phrase—*Such a Sights woman!* 'Tis dreadful!

My Una & Duessa¹ might be a clever Book, were I a clever Authour: the Plan is so comprehensive, & the Manner—a revived one to be sure—but with a new Face upon 't in these Days—so happy; perhaps it may please however, poorly as it will be executed, for want of Collier's Wit, Mandeville's Sense, and Hurd's Learning. We must do our best.—

Miss Clerke's² being run away with so, is a very strange Thing; and Miss Gunning's³ being perjured so—a much stranger: how will those Wonders end?

20: Ap¹ 1791.] Mr Thrale has been dead now *just* ten Years—& I have *just* now, at that Distance of Time, found out the Cause of his Death. He died of sudden Shock & Terror I am now sure, which he received that fatal Tuesday 8th of June,⁴ when driving to London apparently in sound Health about 10 o'clock in the Morning, to *do little Things* as we call it; and dine with his Sister Nesbitt, then lately become a Widow, She brought him home at 7 in the Evening incapable of even knowing us; & She said he was *delirious*:—her manner of expressing perhaps that he was struck with an Apoplexy as he sate at Table, an Account after confirmed to me by Robson the Attorney, who dined with them. and well might he be struck poor Soul! well might he! when it seems that Fellow Nesbitt died insolvent; at the Time my Husband was bound for him in a forfeiture of two Hundred & twenty Thousand Pounds. Well! Mr Thrale recovering, kept the Secret, tho' he lost his Wits; & kept it I do believe even from Sophy Streatfield⁵—his Health and Happiness forsook him from that Hour however, ' & tho' he lived

¹ A set of dialogues, written between April and July, 1791, 'upon the most popular subjects'—i.e. the relative merit of the arts; the progress of morality; the rights of man; national taste. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 635. She never attempted to print them. See below, pp. 812–13.

² Miss Clark, an heiress, who was abducted from a boarding-school in Bristol by one Perry. *Pennington Correspondence*, p. 88; *Ry. Eng. MS.* 566.

³ Miss Elizabeth Gunning, who declared that she had been courted by the Marquis of Blandford, with the consent of his father, the Duke of Marlborough. The correspondence on which her assertions were based was proved to be a forgery, and the general verdict of the day was that she and her mother had perpetrated a hoax. *Gent. Mag.* lxi. 180; Walpole, *Letters*, xiv. 162, and n.

⁴ See Vol: 3^d of this *Thraliana* Page 112. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See above, p. 389, for Mr. Thrale's first attack, in 1779.

⁵ The *Thraliana*'s last reference to her. She lived to the age of eighty-one, dying on November 30, 1835. She was buried at Chiddingstone, and a tablet to her memory is erected in Chiddingstone Church. I am indebted for this information to Major Sir Henry Streatfeild, her brother's great-grandson, and the present head of the Streatfeild family.

near two Years—for this Event was in June 1779, & tho' he died not till April 1781 he never looked up more. & *This Year, this Day, this Hour* 20th April 1791. tells me the real Truth. Thus have his poor Girls been living as Women of Fortune when all they have on Earth will not Suffice to answer the Claims of Government, should the Talons of it be laid on their Possessions after ten years Enjoyment. Cruel Supposition! dreadful Misfortune! curst imprudence! but Friendships formed in Debauchery and Profaness—how should they end? That Nesbitt was a shockingly wicked Fellow always—how could Mr Thrale adore him so! The *Wife*, a pretty, but paltry Creature, lived & died I trust without ever knowing any thing at least *clearly* about the matter: and I,—till Perkins and Cator¹ almost in one Breath—but both of them by Letter; have at length informed me, that the Claim likely to be made by Mr Pitt upon poor Thrale's Heirs at law, is for non Performance of a Government Contract in the Year 1760—before I was married—& while my Father kept perpetually telling Sir Thomas Salusbury—“*if the Child does marry that Puppy, I know he'll be a Bankrupt.*” how odd! how shocking!

Now for the *hoping* Side. Our fears of a War with Russia are all over, the Stocks rise, and our gallant Minister will not 'tis to be hoped, want Money—or if he should—may possibly suffer this *Contract* to be *contracted*, and accept of Composition. Colebrook & Turner who joined in the Security must share the Danger too; but Colebrook is already ruin'd and nothing can be got from *him* I trow: the other Man's Name is not familiar to me, nor am I acquainted of his Situation or his Heirs. Cator makes the Case appear worse than it is no doubt, to increase his Influence over Miss Thrales; who will not dare call him to Account for Peculation, because *he* forsooth is to defend this rotten Cause in the House of Commons, assisted by Crutchley, who is likewise in Parliament; and who will I fear by his desponding Talk, & ever-dolorous Manner, fright my poor Queeney into such a State of Health as her Father's—Surely *She* however has more Principle, more Religion, more Trust in God—sure, *sure* She has; than to be scared out of her Wits by that croaking, wretched, Raven. When in the dreadful Year 1772² Mr Thrale

¹ Nesbitt, as John Cator explained in a letter dated April 17, 1805, had bought French annuities, and later, needing money, had sold them at public auction, being permitted to do so by the Government on condition that security was offered for their payment. To provide this security Thrale and Nesbitt joined in a bond. At the overthrow of the French government, payment of the annuities ceased, and Mr. Thrale's estate became theoretically liable. A suit in Chancery was instituted which was still dragging out in 1805. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 602.

² see Vol: 2^d of this Thraliana Page 257 at the Bottom & 258. *Mrs. Piozzzi.* See above, p. 311.

seem'd *first* affected with that horrible Stupor which at last quench'd entirely the Spark of Life so far as related to *this World*; when hourly Bankruptcy was Expected, the House here at Streatham prepared to receive Officers of Execution, and myself, then ready to be delivered—not knowing where I might with safety lay down my Burden; when Business drove me daily to the Borough house notwithstanding my Size & Condition, I used to take my Queeney in the Chaise with me, and read to her out of Père Rollin¹ Instances of Solid Glory and real greatness. preaching at Intervals how She ought not to be affected if She was forced to relinquish the Trappings of Life—remembering that they were *but* Trappings, &c. and I thought She used to mind me. Nelson² was always our Guide in Spiritual Matters, and I ever tried to lay peculiar Strength on his often repeated Precept of *Sitting loose to the Goods which we possess*. May She benefit by these past Conversations! and may they keep the Balance steady I pray God—by weighing against that hereditary Disposition She has from her poor Papa of sinking down, even from Apprehension of a Change in Fortune. and may She dear Soul! never increase her own Vexations by a Thought of *me*! unless it should dispose her to fly into my Arms, and in the Warmth of the Embrace receive full Conviction of my pure, my fond, forgiveness. Kind Piozzi comforts me with this Idea; & beg'd me this Morning to consider him as a Strengtheners, not a Weakener of my hands, for the Support of my Children's Spirits.

We tell Cæcilia nothing, because the less is said about such Matters—the less will be done: Government may *forget*, if our Clamours do not *remind*; & prompt sleeping Justice to

Arm his red right Hand to plague us. Milton.³

My Fears are all for Queeney. Whilst we were at Bath,⁴ an odd Affair happened, that perhaps has perplexed—possibly hurt her Feelings—tho' it ought not. An Attorney at Lewes in Sussex told Doctor Delap that the three eldest Thrales were unjustly possessed of their Father's Estate in Sussex, which of right belonged to his *youngest* only—meaning *Cæcilia*, by the Custom of Brighthelmstone Manor:⁵ a Circumstance we none of us ever dreamed on; but which proves upon enquiry made in Consequence of the Dr's Information,

¹ *Histoire ancienne*.

² *A Companion for the Festivals and Fasts of the English Church*.

³ *Paradise Lost*, ii. 172–3.

⁴ last Feb: & March 1791. Mrs. Piozzi.

⁵ The communication from the attorney, Charles Gilbert, enclosed in a letter from Dr. Delap, reads: 'The late Mr. Thrale died seisd of a copyhold estate on the manor of Brighthelmston, & having surrendered it to the use of his will, the same on his death descended to his youngest Daughter, by the custom of the manor. . . . Ry. Eng. MS. 547.'

strictly true: and all they have received from that Estate whether much or little,—must be refunded to the youngest Sister. Well! they may be happy now if Pitt does not seize all they have: he will not touch them however, I dare say; and charming M^r Cator will take to himself the Merit of the other's Forbearance. Susanna will be of Age next Month, & I suppose Sign anything the Guardian requires, to *conciliate his Assistance a Scoundrell*!

I could almost like to say to Cecy—but that I believe She is no *Cordelia*—*Shall we not see these Daughters—and these Sisters?*¹ I scarcely ever name them to her though;—and therein am I wise, for why should She say when I am dead & gone “My Mother strove to alienate my Heart from those whom God & Nature gave me for Friends.” ” Oh no, not I for the World.—

Let's think of something else. Veniamo ad altro as the Italians say.

Here's a French Cardinal² has flung his Hat in Pius Sextus's Face, and renounced the Dignity for ever. 'Tis said the National Assembly will chuse an independent Primate; this Man will probably be the Person fix'd on. The Measure is bad Policy.

There is a Report very strong indeed, spread just now of a Counter Revolution and Massacre at Paris,³—nothing more probable: I should suppose the natural Tendency of that whole Nation to Loyalty could scarcely be expected to dye away without giving Signs of Resilience: and strong Convulsions will of course ensue.

I have been reading Gaparo Gozzi;⁴ 'tis inconceivable how Baretti imitated that Authour in all his lighter Pieces: I fancy there is no such Thing as an Original Book in the World after all, excepting Homer, Shakespear and Ariosto. One would have sworn that Monkey Baretti's Dialogues; strange, whimsical and empty as they are, might at least have escaped the Charge of Servile Imitation; but No! you may have just such Stuff in that clever Fellow Gozzi's Letters—just such!—

¹ *King Lear*, v. iii. 7.

² Cardinal de Bernis (1715–94), who, though opposed to the Revolution, had kept France's peace in Rome until the adoption of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, which caused Pius VI to break with him.

³ A French mob, on April 18, had refused to allow the King and Queen to journey to St. Cloud, because of the rumour that a foreign counter-revolutionary army was threatening the French border.

⁴ Count Gasparo Gozzi, Baretti's friend from the time of the latter's first visit to Venice. Baretti's *Frusta Litteraria* also owed much to his *Osservatore Veneto*. Collison-Morley, *Baretti*, pp. 20, 23, 38.

Mr¹ Boswell's Book is coming out,² & the Wits expect me to tremble: what will the Fellow say?—that has not been said already.

D^r Rutherford has sent me his Book³ with many undeserv'd Compliments—D^r Parr is most amiably kind; will not they make amends for Boswell and Baretti—Yes surely.

It was on Wednesday the 3^d May 1750. that my Father set out for Halifax Nova Scotia; and on Wednesday 3: May 1790. Mr Piozzi resolved to claim our Possessions there⁴ granted by George 2^d in right of Marriage with his Heiress & only Child. I have had more ado to collect Evidence of my being such however, than one could have dreamed on; many of the Hertfords—Copy holds⁵ are sold at last, & I am very glad indeed: even the Name of that County frets my Heart-strings yet: and since there is so little Chance of my having the Offley Estate there—in God's Name let's have *nothing*, & so hear no more about the Matter.

Mr Merry⁶ sticks close to our Neighbours Lord & Lady Deerhurst I perceive: what do you think of *that*? says Mr Greateed—why really just this: I think Della Crusca used to make his Friends blind always, and now he has got one *ready made*.

I have had Testimonies to seek in order to prove that I am my Father's Daughter—this for the sake of reobtaining the Nova Scotia Property. D^r Parker, Mr Hale of Kings Walden, & poor Mr Lawrence all named in the very early Vol^s of Thraliana as my very earliest Friends, Admirers & Sweethearts, were hasty to come forward & give what help they could. I shed Tears of Tenderness over dear Lawrence's Letter;—We had once half loved—and once

¹ Hayward (i. 341) quotes this paragraph.

² It was published on May 16, 1791.

³ Vol. ii of his *View of Antient History* (2 vols.; 1788–90).

⁴ Robson, their attorney, made an abortive attempt, in 1786, to establish a claim, but the William Wyly to whom he wrote had moved from Halifax to the Bahamas, and did not reply until 1790. Attorney Ward then entered into correspondence with Jonathan Sterns of the Halifax Records Office, and the Piozzis learned that the four parcels of property originally allotted to John Salusbury (two plots, of 248 and 20 acres respectively, outside the town, one of a quarter acre in 'the north suburbs', and a fishing tract of 'about 70 rods' at Dunk Cove) had all been forfeited for lack of improvements, according to the terms of the grant. An appeal to the Court of Chancery would have been necessary in order to recover them, and Sterns, in December 1791, advised against such a move, because of the expense involved and the uncertainty of the result. The plan was then abandoned. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 601.

⁵ Property which her uncle, Sir Thomas Salusbury, had forgotten to surrender to the uses of his will, and which therefore reverted to her as heir-at-law upon his death.

⁶ Since her last mention of him in April 1789 (see above, p. 741), Merry had allied himself with the Friends of Liberty. He visited France in 1789, and was to go again in the summer of 1791.

half quarrel'd—but never met for many, many Years till one time since my return to England—as mention'd Page 50 of this Volume.¹ I had a mind to apply to Sir James Marriott another old *Loveyer*² *true*, who is still alive thank God; but the three first thought on were sufficient. It is a melancholy Thing tho', to see oneself at the Close of Life surrounded by all new Faces—while so many Relations & Cotemporaries still live, though dead to me; who recollect not even at *Confession*, the human Being I ever injured, or I think *wilfully disobliged*. my Lovers and my Friends hast thou put away from me, & hid mine Acquaintance out of my Sight.³

A very plain Woman,⁴—very sensible tho', & extremely intelligent, told me today that She had been once in a Ship when it caught Fire, her husband & Children of the party: *He* could have escap'd She said, but would not quit *her* whom he willingly resolved to dye with. Now I have had two Husbands; and as good ones as can be hoped, wish'd or sigh'd for in this World sure; yet neither of them I am confident would have paid me any such Compliment: Piozzi would have hasten'd to save himself, & have said *Bisogna pensar all' individuo,—che così Dio vuole*. Thrale would have been so tardy in escaping, that he would only have reflected on his own *good Luck*; & laughed heartily at any one supposing he could at such a moment be thinking *on a Wife*. “ “Why says he but that I always was the *luckiest* Fellow in the World—I should have been burnt or drown'd *myself*.” ”

I⁵ think Mr^s Siddons tho' beautiful, & endowed with Talents not to support only, but enrich her Family—is a Woman by no means particularly beloved either by Parents, husband Brother or Son. They all like to get what they can out of her; but all the Affection flows from her to them, not from them to her. and to me She is really very charming—estimable in Conduct, & with a Mind of pious Dignity difficult to find in any Man or Woman. I guess not the Reason, but five Thousand Women are better liked by their Families.

Mr Piozzi wants me to write a warning Letter to Susanna Thrale by the way of putting her on her Guard against Cator, who he thinks will cheat & force her to sign some release to him on her

¹ See above, p. 710.

² See above, p. 33, n. 1.

³ Ps. lxxxviii. 18.

⁴ The Lady was Mr^s Jackson of Jamaica—but I have no Authority for the fact, except her own Word. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁵ This paragraph was printed by Hughes, in *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, p. 52.

coming of Age—*Cui bono?* do Girls of one and Twenty ever mind *Warnings?* I *will* write however, & send an Anonymous Letter to that dull drowsy Soul'd Crutcheley too; who wants neither Sense nor Virtue I believe, tho' tis his firm Perswasion no one else has any—and my Conduct in marrying again has confirm'd the notion. Mrs Child's acceptance of Lord Ducie¹ has made just as great a Noise in the World, or very near—so I remember did Lady Egremont's, when She became Countess Bruhl;² tho' the Saxons were more than equally enraged at his Choice of a Woman beneath him as *they* thought; whatever opinion might be entertained by the English—and my Husband's Father, Brothers &c were frighted to Death lest I should not be *Dama* in good Time! for no Money makes amends for want of Birth in Italy—Where my Power of proving an ancient and honourable Descent was my best Friend indeed, and productive of all the true Advantages I reaped there—but second Weddings always inflame the World against a Woman, while to remain a young Widow in that World, is next to totally impossible.

Mrs Light has this Moment made her Flight again to India with a *new Bath Guide* Young Anstey Son of the Author:³ Oh how the People do rave! She has left three youngish Children by her first Husband all at School.

Lord Deerhurst is a clever Fellow, he has made my Lines before the Child's Orbis Pictus⁴ into very good Latin Verse.

Quæ tibi Tristitiam, vel quæ tibi gaudia donent,

Hoc orbis picti munere chare legas:

Aspicias partes varias, perque Omnia, perque

Hic tibi Doctrina debita dona patent.

Ut lucro apponas, mihi votum fundere fas est,

Frontisque ad Finem te promovebit Iter.—

I⁵ have been now laughing & crying by turns for two Days⁶ over

¹ Mrs. Child, widow of Robert Child, the banker, married Francis Reynolds-Moreton, 3rd Baron Ducie, on January 18, 1791, by special licence. *Gent. Mag.* lxi. 88. His social position was certainly higher than hers.

² Alicia Maria Carpenter, daughter of the 2nd Lord Carpenter of Killaghy, married Charles Wyndham, the 2nd Earl of Egremont, in 1751, and Count de Bruhl, Minister Extraordinary from the Elector of Saxony, in 1767. *Gent. Mag.* xxxvii. 382. The latter was a soldier, mathematician, and man of letters, and belonged to an ancient German family.

³ Which son is not apparent. The eldest son was vicar of Stockton-upon-Tees (*Gent. Mag.* liii. 540), and the second son, John, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, and a poet. There may have been other sons as well.

⁴ See page 209. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See above, p. 801.

⁵ Hayward (i. 342) quotes most of the two following paragraphs.

⁶ Since the *Life of Johnson* was published on May 16, this entry-belonges rather with the date below (May 25) than with that above (April 20).

Boswell's Book: That poor Man should have a *Bon Bouillon* and be put to Bed,—he is quite light-headed. yet Madmen, Drunkards, & Fools tell Truth they say:—and if Johnson was to me the back Friend¹ he has represented—let it cure me of ever making *Friend*—

¹ It was Boswell's revenge for their established rivalry as Johnsonian biographers, and particularly for the treatment she had accorded him in the matter of the Postscript to her *Anecdotes* (see p. 745, n. 1), and her slighting of him in her *Letters* (see p. 631, n. 1), to talk her down in his book. Much as one would prefer to think that his attack was a misguided but pardonable result of what he considered her betrayal of Johnson after Mr. Thrale's death, the evidence proves otherwise. Her betrayal, such as it was, had long been history when Boswell published his *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, in 1785; but in that book there is no suggestion of enmity, or even of disapproval. He openly acknowledges there Mrs. Thrale's 'enchantment' over his hero. *Life*, v. 14. He expresses his surprise that Johnson could write 'so much and so easily' to her. *Ibid.*, pp. 109–10. He faithfully transcribes the whole of the 'Thralia dulcis' ode (*ibid.*, pp. 157–8), and recounts Johnson's rebukes to him for the coarseness of his own rallying comments on her (*ibid.*, pp. 139, 347). Only once does he refer to Johnson's rough treatment of her ('I have seen even Mrs. Thrale stunned', *ibid.*, p. 288), but makes clear that if Johnson could so treat her, his habit of plain-speaking was indeed ingrained.

In the *Life* his attitude is sharply different. He wages an open attack, on high moral grounds, against the lady's lack of veracity and sincerity in her *Anecdotes* and *Letters* (*Life*, iv. 340–7, and *passim*), and against her disloyalty after Mr. Thrale's death. But the indirect attack is the more subtle, and the more effective. Only after a thorough canvassing of all the allusions to her in the *Life* is the full extent of Boswell's art of depreciation apparent. Condescending praise is mingled with patronizing criticism. When he comments on her just and witty accounting for the dislike of the great for Johnson's conversation, on the grounds that they 'were too accustomed to obsequiousness and flattery' (*ibid.* iv. 117), the compliment loses its savour because of his reiterated charge that she herself was a coarse flatterer, and that Johnson resented and despised the habit. *Ibid.* ii. 332, n. 1, 349; iii. 225; iv. 81–2. To his statement that Johnson took pleasure in the 'vivacity of Mrs. Thrale's literary talk' he appends, 'even when they were alone'. When he does her the justice of acknowledging that she was 'enchanted by Johnson's conversation for its own sake', he adds: 'and had also a very allowable vanity in appearing to be honoured with the attention of so celebrated a man'. *Ibid.* i. 495–6. He makes it appear that the real attraction of the Thrales' household was Mr. Thrale's company, and that Johnson considered her virtues and parts trifling, compared to her husband's: 'he is a regular scholar; but her learning is that of a school-boy in one of the lower forms'. *Ibid.* i. 494. He misses no opportunity to repeat Johnson's public rebukes to the flighty, flippant lady, whose whirligig tongue might divert him, but whose inattention to truth, lack of delicacy, and 'insolence of wealth' pained and disgusted him.

The subtle effectiveness of the attack proceeds from the fact that Johnson, and not Boswell, is made the defamer of her character, her taste, her breeding, and her learning. The *Boswell Papers* bear out the truth of some of Boswell's accounts of Johnson's public rebukes to Mrs. Thrale (xi. 265; xiv. 186–7); and, since there is plenty of evidence elsewhere that Johnson treated her roughly in company, Boswell was here on safe ground. The charge which he cannot be cleared of, however, is that he colours and changes the true picture of their relationship by his choice of detail, and his innuendo of relation. Of Johnson's extravagant and sincere devotion to her during the nineteen years of their intimacy, before their break, there is not one hint.

The passages in Boswell's book which must have been most galling to Mrs. Piozzi were the recording of those private conversations in which Johnson told Boswell his derogatory opinions of her. If these were true, Johnson was, indeed, a 'back friend'; and their privacy made disproof impossible. Curiously enough, the *Boswell Papers* offer no authenticating evidence for any of these passages. Johnson's comparison of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, which Boswell sets down in 'his own words', but to which he attaches no date (*ibid.* i. 494), has no counterpart in

ship more with any human Being—let it cure me! from the Certainty that such a Quality abides not with *Mortality*—Oh yes—it does among the *Dogs & Cats*.

25: May 1791.] The Death of my Son so suddenly—so horribly produced before my Eyes, now suffering from the Tears then shed—so shockingly brought forward¹ in Boswell's two Guinea Book, made me very ill this Week, very ill indeed; it would make the *modern* Friends all buy the Work I fancy, did they but know how sick the *ancient* Friends, had it in their Power to make me: but I had more Wit than tell any of 'em. And what is the Folly among all these Fellows of wishing we may know one another in the next World—comical enough! when we have only to expect deserved Reproaches for breach of Confidence and cruel Usage. Sure, sure I hope Rancour and Resentment will at least be put off in the last Moments:—sure, surely we shall meet no more, except on the great day when each is to answer to other, & before other;—after that—I hope to keep better Company than any of them.—

Susanna Arabella Thrale came of Age on Monday last the 23: we drank her Health & sincerely do I wish it her. I wonder whether those Girls read Boswell's Book? & whether they enjoy the Insults offered to their Mother—perhaps they have forgotten who, what, or where She is though: & fallen into a new & different Circle think of me no more than they think of Stratonice—I should rather believe that the Case. Cæcilia would forget my very Existence in a Year: & what She remember'd of it, would I believe be always connected with Contempt.

16: July 1791.] Well! this famous fourteenth—this fœderation the Journals. Johnson's remark on Mrs. Thrale's 'insolence of wealth' (ibid. iii. 316), and his devastating arraignment of her indifference to truth (ibid. iii. 242), occurred in that interval from March 22 to May 23, 1778, for which no Boswellian record survives. See the *Boswell Papers*, xiii. 116. Likewise, the reiteration of her lack of veracity in October 1779 (*Life*, iii. 404) occurs in a period for which the Journal record has been destroyed. *Boswell Papers*, xiii. 291. Again, Johnson's famous remark, made on May 16, 1784, that she had 'done everything wrong, since Thrale's bridle was off her neck' (*Life*, iv. 277) is obscured by a gap in Boswell's record. *Boswell Papers*, xvi. 52. The disappearance of the records at these crucial points is unfortunate. Mrs. Piozzi, to judge from the tone of this entry, did not entirely credit the truth of these private betrayals. Since there are only two allusions in the remainder of the *Thraliana* (pp. 367, 378) to Boswell and his book, and those without rancour, she appears to have forgiven or forgotten his treatment of her. She appears, furthermore, to have been unaware of the greatness of his performance.

¹ See the *Life*, ii. 468–71. Johnson and Boswell were in Ashbourne at the time, and Johnson agreed with Boswell that he was lucky in not being upon the scene, since 'people in distress never think that you feel enough'. But he also said, 'I would have gone to the extremity of the earth to have preserved this boy'.

Day is over, & nothing came of it but a little Crowd at the Crown & Anchor Door. 'Tis horrible enough tho' to think that Englishmen are so mad as it seems they are; when meeting to celebrate the Anniversary of a gross Rebellion made against the King of a neighbouring Country.

Mr Piozzi has discovered many & complicated Frauds in Cator's Behaviour & Acc^{ts}—shall we at last file a Bill in Chancery against him? I am *so* afraid of provoking the Wretch to injure my Daughters in neglecting this *Gov^t Threat*.¹ Ward protests however that all is a Dream, and that Cator only brings it forward to fright them from examining into his Peculations.

We have passed a mighty showy Summer notwithstanding my private Sensations on this last Subject which nobody thought of but myself who have been thinking on nothing else—in *earnest*—tho apparently amused with our gay Fête, and serious Morning Readings with Marquiss de Trotti² & Harriett Lee, who I once fancied had made impression on his Heart, so closely did his Lordship attend to the *Lecture*: but I believe he only wanted to gain the Language after all. and as James Harris says—if *the World in general, & every Individual of it is guided by Interest—What should they be guided by?*³ not Principle I suppose on any Account.

Well! I never was much led from Virtue's path by the Lure of Interest—I think scarcely one Time in my whole Life; and who has been so lucky? but God Almighty takes Care of those who rely on him, while the carkers & Carers, live fretful for ought I see; & dye Poor.

Mr Piozzi will squeeze this old dry Cator till He gets somewhat out of him at last may be; mean Time Crutcheley who always hated me will retard our Researches no doubt, he is an odious Animal tho' an honest one—of the two, I even *now* love Cator best.

Mr Buchetti—Companion to our Marquis, makes a Collection of Epigrams: I gave him *this*, because we had been reading Howard's Book upon Prisons,⁴ & listening to the Newspaper Tales of Louis Seize's Escape & Capture, & Imprisonment in the Thuilleries.

By Friend Howard instructed in Virtue t'advance
The Difference we find 'twixt Great Britain & France;
Old England her Prisoners to Palaces brings,
While the Palace in France makes a Prison for Kings.

I have written a Pamphlet or thin flat Octavo Book on popular Sub-

¹ see Page 212. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See above, pp. 803-4.

² Cf. p. 614, above.

³ Cf. James Harris, *Dialogue concerning Happiness*. Works (1801), i. 138.

⁴ John Howard, *State of the Prisons in England and Wales* (1777).

jects—the Title Una and Duessa¹—but Mr Piozzi won't let me print it, for fear of making Enemies, & such Stuff.—The Truth, is he would rather tear ten Guineas out of Cator, than a Hundred out of my Brains;² & I suppose that Man will at pinning up his Basket, find his Sins punish'd by a Hand he must necessarily have despised for its apparent Feebleness. How could Cator dream of being pursued by Piozzi? The Fellow's Astonishment must equal his Indignation I should suppose: and I trust the Ladies are half breathless with Rage at me for falling thus upon their favourites—whereas Heaven knows I try to hold *in* my Husband all I can. No matter! they deserve all that follows; if Piozzi pursued the Creatures with rancour, from *him* they have deserved it: but he seeks, only the Money as it appears to me—there is no Resentment mingled in his Search.³

My Heart boyls when the Images of those People are presented to my Fancy: were I a single Woman I would throw all my Money at their Heads, except a well secured Annuity of two Thousand o' Year; & see nor hear of them more—but retire into the West or North of England, & not know there was any body in the World but myself.

Every body—Every Thing grows so detestable to me. nothing but Baseness, nothing but grossness.—The World does get *too* bad.

Well! there was a sort of Loyal Riot at Birmingham⁴ on this famous fourteenth of July it seems: the Dissenters began drinking Treasonable Toasts—as Confusion to the present Government &c: when the Town rose upon them, & persuing the Confederates to their Houses, burnt the furniture & did a great deal of Damage: their Zeal was flaming hot sure enough, & perverse in its Effects; but tis a good Spirit, & will cure the Taste these Madmen have gained for Revolutions better than any thing that could have happened.⁵

9: Sept^r 1791. Streatham Park.] We have taken a little Frisk

¹ See above, p. 803.

² Mr Piozzi has his own Country Prejudice against writing Ladies—Mr Thrale would have liked Me to enter the Lists exceedingly;—so runs the World away. but while Johnson lived whatever I wrote would have been attributed to *him* & I *could* not turn Author. Piozzi likes the Money I get well enough, but dislikes y^e Manner of getting it; he married a *Dama* not a *Virtuosa* he says. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ The bickerings with Cator over his administration of the estate continued, in one form or another, until the final quarrel over Cecilia Thrale Mostyn's marriage settlement in 1796. See below, pp. 973, and n. 4, 983, and n. 2.

⁴ Priestley's meeting-house and residence were first attacked. The rioting and burning continued from Wednesday to Monday, when a regiment of dragoons from Nottingham restored order. *Annual Register*, xxxiii. i. 29–32.

⁵ one Highwayman shot is better than two hang'd—one Loyal Riot is worth twenty legal Punishments. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

about the World & are returned home again, safe thank God, & disposed to be comfortable: Marquis Trotti & Mr Buchetti had a mind to see North Wales, & my Husband had a Mind to shew it them; so I wrote their Tour!—sending them round by Oxford, Blenheim, Worcester, Hagley, Leasowes, & L^d Stamford's fine Seat at Anville Park, thro' Colebrook Dale, Shrewsbury, Llangollen, Dynas Bran &c to Wrexham. whence they shaped their Course thro' Bala Dolgelly & Barmouth to Brynodynol; visited Bodvel the Place of my Nativity, in good Time! & came round By Caernarvon Bangor & Conway to Anglesea, where the Paris Mine is an Object of rational Curiosity, & Baron Hill of Admiration as I am told.—from these Places across the Ferry S^t Asaph Holywell & Denbigh detained 'em a while with Llewenny's *Works*, & poor Bachy-graig's Idleness. Well! My Scheme was to reside with dear M^{rs} Siddons at Nuneham¹ till they returned: but She miscarried, & to encrease her Illness came a Storm worthy of hotter Climates, which killed a Woman within our View, and fired ten Shocks of a neighbouring Farmer's Corn under the very Windows. Our young Girls Cecilia and Miss Siddons fell into Fits, the Baby Boy George not 5 Years old was from home, gone o' merry-making with our Servants to some Village not far off—the Mother became a real Picture of Despair, supposing him killed by the Lightning: and I had to comfort & support them all: but my Task was too great, and gave me a Pain in my Bowels that might have had bad Consequences. Mean Time I had many petty Vexations: the Eating & Drinking at M^{rs} Siddons's was insupportably ill dress'd, dirty, & scanty: my little favourite Spaniel Phillis went proud; & as I had received a Charge from Mr Piozzi to let her have no Dog, She distressed me in that small House beyond all telling: my Maid was discontented with her Place of Residence, ill Lodged I believe She was sure enough, & worse fed: so the Plagues increased upon me, while the Pleasures faded away. at our first Coming I liked Nuneham vastly; the View from our Cottage Window was enchanting, M^{rs} Siddons sate spinning under a great Tree at the Door, reminding one of Circe as Homer describes—

Or Nymph or Goddess chanting to the Loom.²

but Her Illness laid an Extinguisher on every Comfort, & that

¹ The rectory house in Nuneham Park, near Oxford, where Mrs. Siddons spent her summers at this time, to be near her friends, Lord and Lady Harcourt.

² 'What voice celestial, chanting to the loom,

Or nymph, or goddess, echoes from the room?'

Odyssey, tr. Pope, x. 260-1.

settled Despair of Recovery with which nervous Patients are particularly afflicted, preying on *her* Spirits, stole mine too imperceptibly away; I long'd likewise to see my Travellers again, & felt M^r Piozzi's Absence very irksome to me—so I wrote the following Stanzas and sent after them

Verses to the Travellers
written at the Rectory House Nuneham

1.

While you your wand'ring Footsteps bear
To harsher Climes and colder Air
Nor once our Absence feel;
Here still beneath the shady Tree
We sip our solitary Tea
Or turn the pensive Wheel.

2.

Yet oft our Thoughts recur to You
As the rich Landschape lies in View,
And spreads her Beauties wide:
Such Beauties once were found we cry
In our lov'd Friends' Society
By us erewhile enjoy'd.

3.

On the pure Current if we gaze
Where *Isis* thro' the Valley strays
Far from her Silvery Source;
From Pride and Prejudice as clear,
We read our Noble Traveller¹
Refining in his Course.

4.

Like him She haunts the rural Shade,
Nor loves the clam'rous loud Cascade
Loftiest in Stormy Weather:
Nor scorns to mix her *Ancient Name*
With honest, artless, British *Thame*
And seek the Seas together.

5.

But if around we turn our Eyes,
Where Learning's lofty Turrets rise²
Dropping their classic Manna;
How swift does Fancy back reflect
Those Hours devoted to collect
Our darling *Buchettiana*!³

¹ The Marquis Trotti who always says he means to marry an *English Wife*. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² Oxford. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ M^r Buchetti makes a Collection of Epigrams—we call it in Play the *Buchettiana*. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

6.

When Cynthia swells with Silver Light
 Lending fresh Lustre to the Night
 If Philomel we hear!
 Pouring her Wood-notes o'er the Plain,
 How does our Piozzi's sweeter Strain
 Still vibrate on our Ear!

7.

Too empty then your Projects prove
 To run from Friendship and from Love
 And call it Separation;
 Reason admits of many a Cheat,
 But never yet was found Deceit
 Could trick th' Imagination.

By this Time too Miss Owen had written to *request*—almost to *require* my Company at Shrewsbury, where She stood in serious need She said, of Advice & Consolation: I sent for Jacob¹ therefore to take Care of Phillis, & set out to comfort one of my earliest, perhaps one of my most disinterested Friends;—& set out the more willingly as M^{rs} Siddons had a Mind to go spend some Days at Guy's Cliffe, where M^r & M^{rs} Greathead had invited *her* not *me*, at which I felt offended: We had however diverted ourselves while at the Rectory, with reading over all the Manuscript Verses ever sent as Tributes of Praise to our fair Inimitable; She keeps them nicely copied in a Red Book, and I think Whalleys are the best, tho' there is a M^r Barton does pretty well too, and that strange Fellow Pratt²—who from being a Beggar of poor D^r Johnson's & mine is now become a Novel & Rhyme-Writer of some Eminence.—Well! with these *illustrious* Names being one w^d think desirous my own should be enroll'd—but in truth being sincerely earnest to pay my Testimony to a Merit so conspicuous; and a Regard so friendly, tender, and trusting as M^{rs} Siddons's has ever been to me—Why I wrote the following Stanzas, and think She seem'd to like them.

I.

Where Nuneham's proud Terrace oerlooks the rich Vale,
 With a View comprehensively wide;
 And Fancy far-stretching expands her full Sail
 To float on this Classical Tide:

¹ Jacob Weston, the Piozzi's coachman and major-domo.

² Samuel Jackson Pratt, whose curious begging letter to Johnson, dated April 6, 1769, is printed by J. D. Wright in his 'Unpublished Letters to and from Johnson', in the *Rylands Library Bulletin* (xvi. 46–52). He wrote under the name 'Courtney Melmoth'. In 1779 he was a suitor to Sophia Weston. *Pennington Correspondence*, p. 56.

Where Chance Art & Nature their Beauties combine,
 Or contrasting affect us the more,
 Half wearied with Wonder and Pleasure—I pine,
 Till soft Quiet my Temper restore.

2.

Tis thus the Sense aches with superior Delight
 When our Siddons the Theatre treads;
 Majestick in Charms too distressingly bright,
 While She supplicates, threatens, or pleads:
 But when her lov'd Cottage peeps over the Hill
 That the Friend of my Bosom contains,
 How sweet are the Sentiments then that I feel!
 What Tranquillity flows through my Veins!

3.

No more then let's Echo the Axiom oft heard,
 How the Gem is more priz'd than the Flow'r;
 Because the same Sun that produc'd both, confer'd
 On the former more proofs of his Pow'r:
 Oh still let me Sacrifice Glory to Ease,
 And still this lov'd Maxim impart;
 That the Diamonds may blaze round my *head* if they please
 But I'll place the sweet Rose next my *Heart*.

This Duty (such I really almost think it) once perform'd, Cecilia and I left the pretty Rectory for Miss Owens Habitation, treading in our dear Master's Steps all the way; stopping to look at Worcester Cathedral, & Bridgenorth's Burrows;—where the Inhabitants live like Rabbits under Ground, or as the Scripture says of the Kenites who *make their Dwelling in the Rock*¹ & Colebrook Dale, that Tartarus in Tempe, which is in its Kind unequalled.—We slept there; looked at the Iron Bridge with Admiration, and at the nightly Fires with Astonishment—artificial Stromboli! strange Imitation of Nature's Volcanoes long since seen by me in Italy—they put one in Mind of Milton's 2^d Book, where *Mammon* projects such Imitation; & 'twas the same industrious Spirit of *Money-getting produced it here*.

When arrived at Shrewsbury whither Cecilia had no Mind to go, She found herself very happy—Miss Forrester's Company made amends for that of Miss Siddons, given up with so much difficulty; & regretted only till another Miss appear'd,—to stand between her & her Mother: The Assembly room compensated for the Solitude of Nuneham, where Novel reading was all the Amusement—and we should have waited our Travellers Return in all the Felicity which good Welcome, good Cheer & Good Company can give, had not poor Mr Owen, Brother to my Friend, in an evil Hour escaped

¹ Num. xxiv. 21.

from Dr Arnold's¹ at Leicester; and come to complain as he expressed it of the *Tyranny* exercised upon his Person at Belle Grove house, a Retreat for Patients under the Influence of temporary Madness—Such a Visitor terrified & confounded us extremely, & I hurried my Gentlemen back now, being *really* in corporal Fear, and *possibly*—for no one can answer how a Lunatic shall behave—in personal Danger. charming Miss Owen is only too good, & suffers from her Scruples of Morality—She will not take out a Commission against this unhappy Man, because She is next Heir,² & fears lest Interest should mingle in the Motive—this is lovely, but in the mean Time her unfortunate Brother is left to inflame his Disorder by Intoxication, & destroy his Fortune by Freaks of Expence, while her own Life can scarcely be called safe, as his mistaken Fury often flies at her I find, for petty Offences which perhaps others have committed.—Dreadful Situation! though every thing else combined to make me doat upon Shrewsbury, its beautiful Environs & amiable Inhabitants; I was truly rejoiced to return home to Streat-ham, after having half caught my Death by sitting with Mr Owen in the Garden one Morn^g—when he called up his Sister & me before Sunrise—and half broke my Leg by running from him another Morning, lest the same Concession sh^d be necessary.—

Here—at least over Leaf, shall be inserted sweet Harriett Lee's Verses to Mr^s Piozzi in good Time: that Girl has strong & elegant pow'rs of writing,³ as her eldest Sister has of *thinking*. they are a fine Family—Marquis Trotti need not be ashamed of his partiality for dear Henrietta,⁴ though he were descended from the Roman Emperors like my ragged Friend at Genoa.

¹ Dr. Thomas Arnold's asylum.

² The brother, John Owen, outlived her. She died in 1816 and he in 1823. *Powys Land Club Collections relating to Montgomeryshire*, xiii. 418.

³ Her 'Tale of Kruitznar', in her *Canterbury Tales* (1797–1805), was acknowledged by Byron as model for his *Werner*.

⁴ Mrs. Piozzi had been guilty of match-making in this affair. The story, as told in her published letters to Miss Weston (*Pennington Correspondence*, pp. 30–52) and in Miss Weston's letters to her (*Ry. Eng. MS.* 566), was briefly as follows: Harriet returned to Bath, painfully in love, and in distress at Trotti's failure to declare himself. Mrs. Piozzi, at Shrewsbury, attempted to precipitate the declaration by commissioning Miss Weston to write a letter, meant for Trotti to see 'by accident' on the traveller's return, which should make clear to him that his 'heart's dearest secret' was observed by an outsider. The stratagem was carried out, but failed of its object. Trotti postponed his intended visit to Bath, and left England, in July 1792, without seeing Harriet again. *Pennington Correspondence*, p. 54. By 1795 he was married, presumably to a lady of suitable rank (*ibid.*, p. 130). The editor of the *Pennington Correspondence*, Mr. Knapp, because of misinterpreting a reference to the James Drummond affair (see below, pp. 834–5) as one to Marquis Trotti, supposes that he left England under a cloud (*ibid.*, pp. 52–3)—which was not the case. Harriet Lee never married, though William Godwin courted her, in 1798, after Mary Wollestonecraft's death.

When will this Aristocratick Pride be over I wonder? If French Philosophy had done even *that* good, one might have pardon'd it some of the harm.—

Harriett Lee's Verses to M^{rs} Piozzi

written 10: August 1791.

From the bright West the Orb of Day
Far hence his dazzling Fires removes,
While Twilight brings in sober Gray
The pensive Hour that Sorrow loves.

Tho' the dim Landschape mock mine Eye
Mine Eye its fading Charms persues,
Oh tell me busy Fancy why
Thro' lonely Evening wouldst thou muse?

More rich Perfume does Flora yield?
Does Zephyr blow a softer Gale?
Do fresher Dews revive the field?
Does sweeter Music fill the Vale?

No—idle Wand'rer—no; In vain
For thee they blend their sweetest Powrs,
Thine Ear persues a distant Strain,
Thy gaze still courts far distant Bow'rs.

To that lov'd Roof where Friendship's Fires
With pure and generous Ardour burn;
Lost to whate'er this Scene inspires,
Thy fond Affections still return.

Even now I tread the Velvet Plain,
That spreads its graceful Curve around,
Where Pleasure bade her fairy Train
With magic Influence bless the Ground.

Now on that more than Syren Song,
Where Nature lends her Grace to Art;
My Sense delighted lingers long,
And owns the Language of my heart.

And thou much lov'd! whose cultur'd Mind
Each Muse, & every Virtue crown;
If ought to charm in mine thou find
Ah justly deem that Charm thy own!

From thee I learn'd that Grace to seize
Whose varying tints can gild each hour,
From thee that warm Desire to please
Which only can supply the Pow'r.

Then let me court pale Fancy still,
 Still bid her bright Illusions last;
 The present Hour She best can fill
 That kindly can recall the past.

And *Oh that Past!* fond Heart forbear,
 Nor dim the Vision with a Tear.—

13: Sept^r 1791. Streatham] Here is Weather worth remarking
 —The Thermometer up at 114 in the Sun, at 96 in the Shade—
 very astonishing at close of the year so; very astonishing indeed: &
 I fear bodes no Good,—*nous verrons*.

Cator has paid the 186[£] odd at last,¹ & the 40[£] for which Mr
 Piozzi had L^d Landsdowne's Steward to whom the Rec^t was given
 for Witness, & the very Paper itself too—This Man is a Hero of
 Rascality,—when Hanging Time comes, he should have the right
 Hand of all the Thieves in the Cart I think.

He made three separate Pretences about the 186[£] first he said, he
 gave it LoveGrove as a Douceur to make him raise his Rent:—but
 the honest Fellow came to Town & swore he never had a Shilling
 from Cator upon such a Consideration.—He then urged that 'twas
 spent in Repairs,—whereas proof was produced that Six Guineas
 only had been so spent.—He then trump'd up a Claim on my
 Husband for 100[£] paid to Balabio at Milan, the contrary of w^{ch}
 Mr Piozzi proved from both their Books; he then begged the
 Money as a fav^r for having taken Care of our Affairs—in good
 Time! and when refused—& threatened with a Bill in Chancery
paid the Money. So God à mercy Cator!

This Weather I see is like that of the Year 1781. w^{ch} lasted all
 Oct^r through, and surprized us much by its long Continuance &
 gradual Decay—a dismal Spring with an epidemical Distemper
 follow'd; I see 'tis recorded in this very Collection, and if the
 Weather now should go on in the same way another Month, I
 should know what to expect.

Mr Kemble has sent for my little Drama—the Fountains we call
 it: will he bring it out this Year I wonder! They have pulled down

¹ Of this sum, £136 was for arrears of rent from Crowmarsh Farm, in Oxfordshire, from
 1785 to 1788, Mrs. Piozzi claiming that, of the £1,508. 3s. 6d. paid by Lovegrove during
 that time, Mr. Piozzi had received only £1,372. 3s. The remaining £50 was the balance due
 from Hugh Griffiths, her tenant in Carnarvonshire. She claimed, besides, £1,521. 15s. 6d.
 as the balance due on timber cut from her property in Flint and Denbighshire. These claims
 are set forth at length in an undated document, in Mrs. Piozzi's hand, entitled 'Memorial
 of H. L. Piozzi against John Cator Esqr.' *Ry. Eng. MS. 611.*

Old Drury, & are making temporary Residence at the fine new Opera House in the Hay Market. my Fairies would cut a nice Figure! I wish he may want them:—& if poor Siddons is sick, & Miss Farren—*called to the Upper House*¹ there will be neither Tragedy nor Comedy, & so *my* Stuff may come in Play.—

Della Crusca is married at last to Miss Brunton² it seems, a pleasing young Actress of perfectly unsullied Character, Well! She may help maintain, if 'tis too late to reform him: poor Girl! I'm sorry for her.—

Miss Burney has left the Queen's Service & Family, Ill health her pretext; but I find She retires on a pension;³ M^{rs} Siddons can know thro' Lady Harcourt if this be true: *my* Notion always was that her Majesty confided in, & loved the little cunning Creature as *I* did: while *She*, to cover her real Consequence at Court, pretended disgust & weariness among her friends.⁴ but M^{rs} Siddons said all along, that our Queen was not one of those who let the Maids comb Secrets out of her Head, & that She certainly had no immediate & personal Partiality for Fanny Burney—a Thing to me very strange; as no one possesses more powers of pleasing than She does, no one *can* be more self interested, & of course more willing to employ those Powers for her own, and her Family's Benefit—& no one certainly ever enjoyed a better Opportunity—Were I as near the Queen, I'd make her love even *me*.—

M^r Buchetti Marquis Trotti's Companion and Counsellor—an Ex Jesuit,—a very learned⁵ & agreeable Man, gave me these Latin Verses—which make a Chant for a Blind Beggar comically enough.

All Blind Men beg in one odd flat Tone in every Country; & which is curious, always in y^e same Tune I think

Cæci Cantilenæ in X^{ti} Dñi diem natalem.

Hem O Christiadæ stipem misello
Cæco porgite quem nivalis Auster

¹ She did not marry the Earl of Derby until 1797.

² Elizabeth Brunton, daughter of John Brunton the actor, and sister of Louisa, Countess of Craven. They were married on August 26. *Gent. Mag.* lxi. 872.

³ She left the Queen's service on July 7, on half-pay. Her ill health was genuine, although before it became acute, in the winter of 1791, her spirits had been undermined by the difficulty of coping with the irascible Mrs. Schwellenberg. D'Arblay, *Diary*, iv. 448–88.

⁴ & takes off her Mistress to divert M^{rs} Locke—Miss Jeffries & Carry Vernon do so too to divert M^{rs} Siddons, take Snuff like the Queen, & draw the White hand across the dirty Nose &c. very wrong of them tho', & very impudent—and in Fanny Burney grossly ungrateful. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁵ He had edited, in 1784, the idylls of Bion, Moschus, and Theocritus.

Edendi et Rabies maligna torquet.
 Huic vos, si quid amatis elegantem
 Mellitum, tenerum sacrum Puellum,
 Per cunabula dura, zonulamque
 Olli quæ niveum latus revinxit,
 Jejuna pyxidi quadrantem.
 Nullo excusso sonat quadrante pyxis,
 At mihi medio inquieta Ventre,
 Intestina sonant, dapesque poscunt.
 Oh Cæcum miserum! malique fati
 Oh longam nimis esuritionem!
 At Pyxis sonuit; bene ac beate
 Sit tibi bene qui facis misello—
 Teque infans ope sospiter¹ benigna.

Augustus plenas mundi torquebat habenas,
 Edomitique Dacis condebat Sæcula pacis.
 Ecce Dei proles post multos denique soles
 Visus ab indoctis per amica silentia noctis.
 Aliger ipse viam monstrat reperire Mariam,
 Auctoresque gregis trahit ad cunabula Regis—
 Quem Bovis et Belli—flatus calefactat aselli.—

17: Sept^r 1791.] This Day Twenty seven Years ago, did I in Mr Thrale's House now Perkins's, at Deadman's Place Southwark; bring forth my eldest Daughter: who is God be praised—(at least as I hear)—still alive, and my *beautiful Daughter*² yet: but never married: a thing apparently strange enough, as her Person is agreeable, her Knowledge extensive, and her Fortune high, (if the Government lets her enjoy it in Peace.) Well! I little thought I should live to see her 27 Years old, and myself at Streatham—& Streatham grown so fine too, and all! How good and gracious has God Almighty been to me? & no Alteration in the Family or way of living somehow, except Improvement. Here was *then*³ neither Lawn, nor Pond, nor Shrubbery without doors; nor Eating Parlour, Drawing Room, or Library within—but a little, tidy Brick House with four Walls, & little Garden before it up to the Great Elm Trees, & there a *Gate*. The Park divided into Fields or Closes, & all the Pleasure Ground *Common*.

1: Oct^r] Here is just such Weather as I see noted in the last Vol: of Thraliana for the same Time of Year—1781 so 'tis come round in exactly ten Years: nothing can exceed its Brightness, Warmth, & Droughth; all the Fruits ripen delightfully, the latter Turkeys prosper, & we are now (foolishly enough indeed) without

¹ read *sospitet*.

² so Mr Thrale & I always called her. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ in the Year 1764 when Miss Thrale was born. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

fears of Winter, weaning a Young Calf. I find it lasted through October thus mild & fine in 1781. it may do so again:

Abate Toaldo, astronomical Professor at Padua, bid me take notice that it *would* Do so, and said the *Influenza* would follow again—but I did not mind him; his Observation has hitherto turned out true however.

Our having learned to wash at home produces much Good,—but one great Evil seems to counterbalance it: We are in perpetual Want of Water now during the dry Season.

I do think Marquis Trotti will marry Harriett Lee at last;¹ I do think he will: His Love is founded merely on her Virtue & Talents, & when he sees that no other Woman possesses as much;—he will marry her for *Prudence* even after he has conquered his *Passion* for her perhaps. Never try says Mr Buchetti, at conquering any one's Passions (but your own,) by Virtue:—Let Avarice alone, that *one* Vice will seldom fail to subdue all the rest.

I am much of his Mind myself; but what a World it is the while! and what Wretches are we who inhabit it!

What shall we say about the native Power of Pathos! Is there, or is there not any such *native* Power! did ever Indian or Infant weep at a dismal Story? unless they had been previously taught to consider weeping as a Distinction? I know Children will be affected at a melancholy Tale after as much Cultivation as suffices to make them suppress what I verily believe is the true *natural* Passion, when something sad is related or seen:—namely *genuine uninstructed Laughter*.—Mr Greatheed says I am a Misanthrope, & 'tis half true perhaps—but who that knows Mankind, *can* love them?²

I remember many years ago, when Susan & Sophia came home one Time from Kensington School—Mrs Cumyns's; they used to repeat some Stuff in an odd Tone of Voice, & laugh obstreperously at their own Ideas—upon Enquiry we found out that 'twas the pathetic Passages in *Sterne's Maria* that so diverted & tickled their Spleen: and their youngest Sister Cecilia three Years ago, told me *how droll* it was to hear their reading Master at Stevenson's Queen Square repeat Shakespeare's Plays—*He dies, and makes no Sign*!³—

¹ See above, p. 818 n. 4.

² nobody is half as willing to *serve* their Neighbours as I am—but as to having a good Opinion of their Virtue—how can I? would one wait to do a Fellow-Creature Kindness, till he was prov'd an honest Man—he w^d die unserv'd I believe. *Mrs. Piozzzi*.

³ 2 *Henry VI*, III. iii. 29.

for example says She, bursting out at the very recollection of a Scene so ridiculous in her Mind as the Death of Cardinal Beaufort.

Now I dare say their hearts are no ways different from those of the next Misses in the next School to theirs; & well does my Memory serve me to bring back their eldest Sister Hester Maria Thrale, weeping at four Years old for the Hare in Gay's last Fable, when all the Beasts refuse to save her from the Hounds; tho' I have no Reason to suppose them made of *Sterner Stuff* as Antony calls it,¹ than She is. but Miss Thrale was a *taught* Child; & Nature had no part in the Tenderness—She had learn'd to be pityful as She had learn'd to be pious—Compassion is certainly *no* native Sentiment of the Soul: The Indians are never compassionate.

Religion only can teach Morality,—Religion alone can supply Reasons for being merciful.

James Drummond a Cadet of the great Banking house courts our Cecilia I see—Well! there's no great harm in that to be sure; he expects to rise & be one of the Partners: a proper Ambition for a Young Clerk—& Thrale the Brewers Daughter wedded to Drummond the Bankers Son,² carries with it a Sound of Equality less offensive than pleasing—Yet my Duty teaches to give no Encouragement where a large Sum of Money must be sunk I suppose to purchase a perhaps imaginary Joynture: Cecilia w^d take to the house we'll say 40 or 50,000^l and what *Certainty* can they give her of a competent—I mean adequate Annuity after his Death should She survive him. There is no doubt but that the Wife of a Trader who flatters himself that he has Three or four Thousand Pounds o' Year, lives in much more Splendour than the Wife of a Gentleman who has three or four Thousand Pounds o' Year Estate: for the Commercial Man gains by his Business a familiarity with Money, tho' totally unmingled with *Contempt* of it, which the Aristocrate cannot possibly obtain—who sees his Cash so seldom, & finds it so necessary to his Happiness. Meantime my Country Baronet or 'Squire *has* what he *thinks* he has, & his Wife knows how much and how little that amounts to—as well as himself: but the Merchant's *Lady* never is informed of her Husband's Circumstances any more than his *Whore* is; She cannot be let in to the Mysteries of a large & Complicated Business—probably She could not understand it if She was inform'd, more probably She would talk of it among her female Companions, and *most* probably the Acc^t of it would interest her so little, She would drive away to the Auction hoping Wholly to

¹ *Julius Caesar*, III. ii. 97.

² he is only Nephew not *Son* I find. *Mrs. Piozzi*. But see below, p. 334.

forget it. These Reasons induce the Trader's Wife to Dissipations at which the Lady who lives in a distant Province trembles;—for the Fields & Harvests by which her Husband's Rent is paid, are situate under her own Eye: nor can She escape knowing when a cross Accident has happen'd—besides 'tis the Country Gentleman's Play to tell his Children's Mother all his Cares;—& perhaps affectedly to double his Affliction, and make *noisy* Laments to fright her into frugality when a Tenant breaks in his Debt.—while The Tradesman seeks as sedulously to hide Misfortunes which Says he—tho' trivial in themselves, can they but keep concealed;—may lead to ruin if disclosed or hinted at. These Men therefore *invite* their Families to expensive pleasures, whilst the Females of the Aristocratic Class fatigue themselves with tugging out their Husbands to the Front of Life, where at last they are seldom suffered to shine, till shining Time is past; & the Excuse of a Daughter to be married, & shewed at Market for y^t purpose, draws them forth:

When Youth & genial Years are flown
And all the Life of Life is gone.

I have not yet mention'd Piety & Virtue, because they are Things that neither Class is caring for; yet without thinking a Moment on the Subject, without knowing, & without wishing about the Matter—The Shropshire or Westmoreland Lady is likelier to go to heaven than my gay City Dame I believe; merely because fewer Temptations Surround, & fewer tumultuous Gayeties increase the Giddiness so natural to Youth: She *must* study to please her husband too, because She lives with him—w^{ch} the other scarce can be said to do: as his Morn^g is spent in the Compting house, his Evening at the Theatre & Assembly rooms; where he meets his Wife as he does other Ladies—cracks Jokes about her Person—talks of her Accomplishments, & rejoyses to hear *She is the Ton*: lays Wagers with Rakes of Quality concerning her, & divests himself of all delicate Attachment; tho' liberal in his Allowance, and pecuniarily kind—So far as is consistent however with mysterious Reserve as to the *Main Chance* and when he dies, leaves her to find her Joynture where She may.

Well then Philosopher—if thou hast a Daughter; Shall She become a quiet Country Gentlewoman? keep her Pickles from Mother, and Conserves from Cloud? narrow her notions to petty Scandal, foment Election Quarrels in the County, pot the Hares her Husband brings home from Hunting? watch him when he is drunk that the Liquor may not choke him? & as he lies fast asleep,

cheat him of a few Guineas by bringing him in false Acc^{ts} of Sugar &c for Family uses, in Concurrence with her own Maid & House-keeper who came with her at Marriage-Day. This to go on till The Maid's Mouth can be stopt by wedding her to a wealthy Farmer, the sooner if eldest Miss may be depended upon for *her* Assistance on similar Occasions, when shewn the utility of Fraud, by an annual Bribe of a new Silk dress for the Race Ball &c. out of Mama's Generosity to her *dear favourite Girl* for a Year or two before Initiation.

When such is Life however—& who can deny that such it is?—Can one help being a Misanthrope?

Kitty Beavor¹ told me a pretty Anecdote today—& says She will if I insist on't, go to the next Magistrate & take her Oath—this for a Joke, because I profess Incredulity as to related Tales. but one M^{rs} Townshend a Lady of her Acquaintance was much distressed at finding her old Coachman drunk two Nights together as he drove her home from Friends' Houses in the Winter last Year at London—so the third Night when he was quite sober, She called the Man into her Study, & laying Quintus Curtius on the Table, read to the Fellow the Character of Alexander the Great with that striking Story of his killing Clytus—& now William said She, if Alexander's Life and great Actions were tarnished by this one Vice—what must become of *yours*? Miss Beavor who was present kept her Countenance with difficulty, but what was her Astonishment when She saw the Coachman shed Tears! & heard last Week that he never has been drunk since.

Why this Lady said I proceeded upon Swift's Plan for his Vanessa, whom he sets to consider even on the commonest Occasions—to determine forsooth

In such a Case would Cato bleed?

And how would Socrates proceed?²

I was bringing in the Ancients as pedantically myself yesterday I think: when relating as a Proof of every Man's Self Importance & Idea of his own Consequence to others, I told what really happened to a Tenant's boy of ours in Wales: who living on a Knowl whence a large Tract of Country on every Side was commanded,—said one Day to the old Man of the House—Why Feyther! God made us ye see to live just in the *middle* of all the World! for here's all the World all round us. and now said I how much foolisher were this poor

¹ Daughter to the Rev. James Beavor, of Lewknor, Oxfordshire.

² To Stella, *Visiting me in my Sickness*, ll. 41-2.

Fellow & his looby Son than the enlightened Greeks of Delphos? who verily believed their Town was situate to be (as they phrased it) the *Umbilicus* or *Centre* (in good Time) of the whole Earth. Euripides avers it to be such; and what is worse Livy the Roman Historian, Years afterwards, adopts the notion, and calls it Book 38. Ch: 47. *Umbilicus orbis Terrarum*. If the expression *Umbilicus* should hurt anyone's delicacy in reading it, let them remember Milton's Spirit in *Comus* says—

Within the *Navel* of this hideous Wood. &c¹

but Milton read the Ancients, our Moderns read *Recueil*: except indeed M^{rs} Townsend, we will say.—

One asked M^r Hamilton to go with him to Dibdin's new Theatre that he calls *Sans Souci*.² Indeed replies our Friend, M^r Dibdin shall go *Sans six sous* of mine I'll assure him.

Vaillant's Travels³ just come out, are exceedingly read: they are pretty because original, and every one delights—with true Democratic Spirit—in seeing *Old Authorities* brought to Ground. Kolben's Acct. of the Cape⁴ will no more be considered as anything but a mere Romance; false as Gulliver, but without Wit or meaning. Yet I am not inclined to believe the *new* Authour in all; no, nor in half of what he would wish. When one finds it laid down as a principle that all Sentiments of Good Nature may exist without Religion 'tis easy to suppose the Writer will bend even tough & hard Facts to so *favourite*, and so *favoured* an Hypothesis. I am strongly tempted to think that *Fear* forms the Chain of Society (for Vaillant confesses that all the Savages he saw in Africa were Cowards) rather than that Sense of affectionate Tenderness he attributes to them so liberally.

That a Dog when heated will not go into Cold Water—& that if he does go in,—the Experiment will prove fatal, is new to me; and I question the Truth of his Position, tho' it sounds probable too from theoretic Reasoning, because the Canine Race never sweat⁵—only drop at the Tongue; so y^t Sudden Immersion in a Cold fluid might expectedly enough, cause a dangerous Constipation: yet if all this were so, how does a Pack of Hounds—*Stag* hounds especially,⁶ rush

¹ *Comus*, l. 520.

² In the Royal Polygraphic rooms, in the Strand, which Charles Dibdin hired during 1791–2.

³ François Le Vaillant, *Travels into the Interior Parts of Africa by the way of the Cape of Good Hope in the Year 1780. Translated from the French* (1790).

⁴ Peter Kolbe, *Caput Bonae Spei hodiernum* (1719), translated by Medley in 1731.

⁵ Some Dogs do sweat a little too; & if you give them Antimony, they will be almost sure to exude. Mrs. Piozzi.

⁶ Other Dogs too! how do they manage? Mrs. Piozzi.

into the Water after their Game, when having run a Chace of 30 Miles an End perhaps—they must be in a *Fever* of Heat; and in Fact the Hunted Animal sweats till his Smoke discovers him to the Pursuers who easily animate their Dogs to seize him, under Water by the Haunches, & force him to his last Resort, the standing handsomely at Bay:—backed by a Tree at no great Distance from the Brink.—but these Fellows write their Books from *other* Books, or pump their Brains for solitary Fancies; while Experience derides their hypothetic Notions—& as Prince Hal says—*A plain Tale puts them all Down.*¹

M^r Este has begun a new Paper that he calls the Cabinet,² & begs help from us all: I sent him a Billet or two & a Lampoon to begin with.

M^r Piozzi has had a severe Fit of the Gout this Winter, already:—very severe indeed in hands Feet & Knees.—the Complaint odly & perversely combined besides, with a Pain in the Side, darting thro' to his Back: which seems to gain Strength every Fit he has, for somehow or other it always acts as accompaniment, & I *have* thought it dangerous, but Sir Lucas Pepys has quieted my Anxiety—Turton³ frights one by his Manner more than he relieves the patient by his Medicines—I do hate the Sight of that *Turton*.

10 Dec^r 1791. Streatham Park] Here is a deep Snow and a cold Winter after our gay Days—no matter! the pears & Grapes last still; & Piozzi has sold Fruit for 70^s he says, & kept our Table *profusely* supplied all the Time. he is an exceeding Good Manager.

Cecilia grows more affectionate, or I fancy so; M^r Piozzi proposes putting Her into Chancery next Summer, it is a very honourable Intention, how will the Enemies be able to find Accusations against us I wonder? they said I had *abandon'd* her because I left her two Years at School; and since She was ten Years old we have never been a Moment apart—they *then* said we meant to *sell* or make a Property of her: She has lived five Years with us for nothing, and now we shall put her even out of our *Power* to injure. She now tells my Master how She *loves* us, & *he* believes her;—& it *may* be true: *nous verrons*.

¹ 'Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.' 1 *Henry IV*, II. iv. 56.

² In Crane and Kaye, *Census of British Newspapers*, p. 121, the date of this paper is given as 1792.

³ Dr. John Turton, who attended Goldsmith's death-bed. Boswell, *Life*, III. 164, 500.

What a deal of Literary Coquetry there is in the World! and what Stuff it is! Mr Rogers¹ told me yesterday that Dr Moore pretended to be so angry at the people's putting his Head before the European Magazine,² that he thought him sincere, & asked the Painter how he *caught* the Likeness? *Caught* it! in good Time says the Person, Why as one catches every body else;—*He sate for it.*

Mr Ray³ told me that in the Year 1784 he went to Church at Walthamstow, where he was on A Visit—& reading an Inscription there upon a Lady's Monument, found that 'twas copied verbatim from my poor dear Mother's Epitaph written by Dr Johnson; and with which as an Inhabitant of Streatham, *he was particularly* well acquainted. When he laid the Information however, such News was ill received: as the Gentleman who professed to have composed it, had received infinite Praise, & some pecuniary Acknowledgement for his Trouble—Mr Ray was therefore obliged to follow up the Detection with positive Proofs, by sending a Copy of the Tablet to Mr^s Salusbury's Memory among the Walthamstow Gentry: who finding no Change but of Dates & Names, fairly hissed the Impostor out of their Town.

The Anecdotes of Dr Johnson's Life published soon after, confirmed their righteous Judgement. but what a bold Theft it was!—

Kemble has shelved my poor Floretta completely—Mr Piozzi is angry & I am sorry—but what cares Kemble for either!

Old Macklin calls for a Subscription it seems; no one will refuse their Guinea sure to a Man who was not born in this Century,⁴ & does not mean to die in it; & who has so long diverted the Town with excellent Strokes of Humour in little Ben the Sailor,⁵ and studied Excellency in the Jew of Venice.⁶

Were the Scots to give Money on such an Occasion, it would wipe off many Accusations that regularly come against them of

¹ Samuel Rogers, the poet.

² Prefacing 'An Account of Dr. John Moore and his Writings', *European Magazine*, vol. xvii (January 1790); engraved by Bromley, after a painting by Drummond.

³ Mr. Robert Ray, lawyer. He was the son of Mrs. Ray, who with Mrs. Fry conducted Russell House, the school at Streatham.

⁴ According to his *D.N.B.* notice, the date of his birth was *ca.* 1697, and he died in 1797. Murphy, however, writing on March 29, 1792, to solicit a subscription for this same cause, stated that Macklin was then ninety-two (*Ry. Eng. MS.* 548); and when he died his coffin plate was inscribed 'Aged 97 years' (*Monthly Mirror*, iv. 62).

⁵ In Congreve's *Love for Love*.

⁶ Lord Lansdowne's adaptation of *The Merchant of Venice*. It was Macklin, however, who restored Shakespeare's own play to the stage.

hating whoever does not flatter their Vices, their national prejudices, & Aversion to a Joke.

That the Scotch have no Taste of Humour seems a Charge they dislike more than any other; Laboured Pieces have been written by numbers of Sir Archy MacSarcasm's¹ Family to prove what at last cannot be made out clearly.

The Death of Hanno a Black Slave in More's *Zeluco*² is the best Attempt.

14: Dec^r 1791.] An Earthquake at Lisbon again! & at this time of the Year too! very shocking.

M^{rs} Jackson, a Woman of 31 or 32 Years old—a Widow, greatly beloved & respected in many a Coterie of London & Bath is suddenly struck with the Palsy. A horrible Thing! & cannot be attributed as poor Lady Derby & the famous Courtesan Perdita's³ Paralytick Strokes have been, to Venereal Indulgencies. I do not believe the Accusation true even of *them*: it was L^d Deerhurst told me, & his veracity is not worth much.

Kotswarra⁴ the German Leacher who was hanged in a Brothel at London this Autumn, did not try a new experiment; I have heard my Mother tell it of Monsieur *La Motte* one of the French wits, who was left while the Girls ran to see a Procession, & lost his Life by not being cut down in time as 'twas intended. The translator of Homer⁵ I believe is the person that Story is related of, and *not* La Mothe le Vayer; but I won't be sure.

The Criticks who love digging in that Old Cloaca Suetonius, could inform one, whether the Spintriæ at Rome recommended that curious Method or no; but I dare say they Who got their Living by inventing Refinements on Sensual Pleasure, did not forget the Sublime Delight of being *hanged for't*.—a good Xmas Conundrum: Why are my old Stockings like *Dead Men*? just because they are *Men ded*.

M^r Boyle seems prone to vulgar Errors, though so very great a Philosopher; recognizes no Venom bag under the Viper's Tooth, but considers the force of the Poyson to depend on the Animal's Rage in Exertion⁶—so indeed it does we'll say, because without a

¹ The Scotsman in Charles Macklin's *Love à la Mode*. ² John Moore's *Zeluco*, chap. 15.

³ Mary Robinson, a favourite of the Prince of Wales.

⁴ Franz Kotzwara, a Bohemian composer. The *D.N.B.* gives his death as in 1793.

⁵ Antoine Houdart de la Motte, *L'Iliade en vers français* (1714).

⁶ *Considerations touching the Usefulness of Experimental Natural Philosophy* (1664), Pt. 2, Essay 2.

certain Quantity of Anger the Creature wishes not to *express* the virulent & Corrosive Matter; which is probably an Action painful even at the Moment, and certainly distressful,¹ in as much as some Time must elapse before his Instrument of Defence,—his only Instrument—is again, in Condition for Use: I forget how long Time Dr Mead² gives for Restoration of the Viper's Powers by repletion of the Venom bag. but no created Thing has I fancy Leave given by his Maker to do much Injury with Slight Provocation.

Men would pass their whole Lives in Litigation were not Law Suits attended with Expence; and risque their Neighbours Lives perpetually—were they not restrained by fears of losing their own.

Old Isaacson in his Chronology³ calls Galeazzo Visconti, *Galeas Viscount of Milan*: he did not know it seems that *Visconti* was a *Name*.

The Synonymes François⁴ makes a pretty Book; perhaps an English one on the same plan might be useful, I have half a mind to try my skill for the purpose.

Swedenborg's Account of Revelations & Visions⁵ seen by him seems to gain Credit in this Age divided between Infidelity & Fanaticism.

For my own part, I find Johnson's Precept⁶ “Remember you are but an Atom of Humanity—unlikely to receive such strange Distinctions.”—the best *moral* Guard against believing these tellers of strange Tales, while our Saviour's Caution to his own Disciples, ought as a *Religious* Guard to render other Writings superfluous: when he says If any Man shall say to you Lo here is Christ, or lo there,—*believe them not*; behold *I have told you before*: for there shall arise false Christs & false Prophets &c. &c.

Wherefore if they shall say to you Behold he is in the Desert—*go not forth*; or behold he is in the secret Chambers—*Believe it not*.⁷

This Swedenborg however may be rendered useful, if Missionaries from his Sect will preach the Word in Africa & Asia; the internal Parts whereof seem to be the last to receive Gospel Dispensation—

¹ Tis so with Man's Anger & Invective—were it not painful for us to press the Venom-bag we should give each other worse Wounds than we do. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² *A Mechanical Account of Poisons* (1702), Essay 1.

³ Henry Isaacson, *Saturni Ephemerides* (1633).

⁴ See below, p. 837, and n. 6.

⁵ In his *Heaven and Hell*, translated into English in 1778.

⁶ *Rasselas*, chap. 45: 'Keep this thought always prevalent, that you are only one atom of the mass of humanity, and have neither such virtue nor vice, as that you should be singled out for supernatural favours or afflictions.'

⁷ St Matthew Verses 23. 24. 25 & 26. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Chap. 24.

though some of the first illuminated & civilised Districts in our Earth.—a standing Completion of God's Prophecies in the Old Testament; that Owls shall hoot, & Satyrs dance where Babylon the first great City stood &c. No People so ready to run about propagating Opinions as such Enthusiasts, no People likely to make such impression on Savages as those who think they have immediate Commission from above, & Communication with the World of Spirits: I would have some warm-headed Swedenborgians hye over to Sierra Leona.

Swedenborg is a fine fellow when he *teaches* the Angels that which they were ignorant of *till he came*: in very good Time Swedenborg! See the 138 Page of his New Jerusalem Magazine.¹

Abroad you never see a young unmarried Woman at all—or as you see here a Wild-Goose upon Wing—'tis a Thing if not to wonder at—at least to stare.—Well says L^d Huntingdon I remember his Expression, when we past so much of our time together at Exmouth; and *here* you see nothing else—do you? and is it not as well that the Girls were with a discreet Governess, or in a Convent, as galloping before an impudent Footman, among a score of Fellows in Hyde Park, or the Roads round London? Of such Things my Lord replied I, the least offensive is that furthest removed from Sight. one hates that most, which one sees oftenest—That's all.

Xmas Eve] Here is fine frosty seasonable Weather, & all goes well.

2: Jan: 1792 Streatham Park] Another new Year begun; happily I hope, healthily enough Thank God: & in Company every way agreeable. M^{rs} Soame and Miss Wynn—*Bedine* as we call her; Miss Weston & Harriett Lee, who has ran away from Marquis Trotti's Addresses, not thinking them decided ones—& is come hither for Xmas Holydays. Cecilia's Sweetheart James Drummond too (a Man for ought I see, exactly like the next Man;) seems much a favourite with her & with them—& may be a deserving Lad perhaps:—'Tis impossible for one to discern Much Character in a Boy of 23 who is setting himself off to best Advantage in order to win the Heart of a Girl of 15. but he seems to resemble ten thousand human Creatures who are always what they are—from

¹ Mr Piozzi begins to think of his Friend the Chymist at Turin now, who ran away from Lyons & predicted *Then* incomprehensible Evils upon France & Italy Rome & Lyons in particular—but I never could get him to tell me that Story clearly. Piozzi did not like that I sh^d converse with the Man, lest he should set me against Italy. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

Situation not Principle. One *Red-Book* is commonly like another *Red-Book* as I call the Placemen, because their names are enrolled in an Annual Court Calendar of that Colour—and one Bankers Clerk has the same set of Ideas as another Banker's Clerk I believe. There is however little need of Heroes & Heroines in common Life: Cecilia Thrale is a *very Miss*, and may justly enough be contented with a *very Master*.

7: Jan: 1792. Streatham Park.] Here is a dreadful Event! a dreadful Discovery rather! M^r Macnamara¹ our Streatham Neighbour *learned in the Law* has found out that our Marriage Settlement of my Welch Estate on M^r Piozzi, is not worth a Shilling to him, from some Fault or Flaw in its Construction. pretty News! and if I dye tonight it seems poor old Bachygraig &c. falls to the King. Strange I should not have a power of leaving to whom I please what was transmitted to me from so many Ancestors! Horrible! that my poor Husband should have nothing to live on after my Death; when he has been spending so liberally on me & mine during our Joynt Lives! *most* horrible that my Children cannot inherit their Mother's Fortune because She is punishable by the Law for having set her Affections on a Man so *singularly* honest, that he refused, & still refuses all Idea of Naturalization on Motives of magnanimous Piety & Scruples of Religion. Mondo!

Sad beginning of our new Year indeed! M^r Piozzi bears it a great deal better than I do—but I have had so *many* Mortifications! will this be the last I wonder! it is a very deep one.—

Tis half of it a Dream I do believe, as half of all one's Terrors commonly are: The Gov^t would never seize on *my* Estate—I'll not believe it—and they *might* for ought I find seize on it *now*. Sure: Sure there is some Mistake.

Perkins is an ungrateful dirty Fellow—but how should Perkins—or when was Perkins otherwise? He complains of not being rewarded for having sold the Brew house,² & says he could tell our young Heiresses many Things much to their Advantage but will not because he is affronted—In good Time!

I gave that Creature as much Household Furniture &c. as I could have sold for 1000^l a Thousand Pounds—and never a favour did the Man do me in his Life: & now he wants rewarding does he? he was always wanting to drain M^r Thrale's purse dry I *think*.

¹ Daniel Macnamara, a solicitor in Chancery, and noted bon-vivant, who acted as steward to the Duke of Bedford. *Gent. Mag.* lxxii. 1158.

² Cf. above, p. 494, n. 1.

18: Jan: 1792 Streatham Park] We are going to Bath—Mr Piozzi's Anxiety¹ has brought Gouty Spasms on his Stomach—those Waters will remove them—This is a sad Place to be ill in; one has so long to wait before a Physician can be got: at Bath every thing is at hand. The object of our *Fear* was for ought I find a *Phantom*.

I hear my three eldest Daughters have quarrelled among themselves—about a Fellow no doubt—but nobody tells me the Cause; & I make a point of not asking, or spying or listening concerning People with whom I live not.

Adieu for three Months Streatham Park!

30: March 1792.] We are returned home again but I am not well; that Puppy James Drummond set my Welch Blood o'boyling by his Impudence in following us to Bath & behaving there to Cecilia Thrale with great Irregularity: which when I represented to him he laughed in my Face—said I must not make the important Person to *him* who cared not about *my* Displeasure, & who came not on *my* Account, but on my Daughter's whom he *would* see in spite of all I could urge &c. adding that I could have no Authority or influence over *her*, who never could be either better or worse for anything in *my Power*: Expressions I really knew not how to receive, as I knew not how to expect them.

I wrote to his Principal however—Mr Henry Drummond of the Banking house; who disclaims him as a Relation, & promises to protect me from further Insults on acc^t of a Fellow every way *contemptible*, but whom I had no Notion could be *Dangerous*.

The sight of our Family settled so near London frights me tho'—for he certainly *may* bribe himself into the Girl's Bedchamber, if he'll pay handsomely—at least I should fear so: and then *we are all at his Feet*.

From such Disgrace & Horror Libera nos Domine!

Her Fortune meantime is put into Chancery, the House of Drummond disclaims, & I abhor him—what Inducement can y^e Creature have to torment us further? he would have nothing to live on, for five or six Years till She is of Age, & She *may* dye by then leaving Children for him to rear, while the fifty Thousand Pounds

¹ Mr Piozzi's Letters of Denization save all the Fears of the last Page—& my Will must supply the Faults of the Settlement—he is now empowered to take whatever I am willing to leave & my Children lose nothing.— If 'twas not *his* 'twould be The King's sure enough. *Mrs. Piozzi*. The denization certificate is dated August 8, 1793. *Ry. Charter* 1245.

She ought to have, enriches her Sisters. Dreadful!—but *he* has I hope more Sense of Interest, & *She* of honor.¹

Doctor Campbell is going to publish poor Goldsmith's Life² I hear, the Bishop of Dromore patronizes the Undertaking—I longed to send them the Verses w^{ch} I wrote when his Picture was first hung in the Library, see Vol. 3. 241st Page,³ but have not Yet done so.

Percy says poor S^r Joshua's Life will be written by Boswell.⁴ Let us be careful of our Health my Lord said I—or he will write *our* Lives too.

Murphy has sent me *his* Anecdotes of Doctor Johnson—they are at least done very genteely, and the kind word on M^r Thrale⁵ called up Tears to My Eyes—It was pretty of Murphy to bring it in so, & very grateful & goodnatured; the Praise however is grossly injudicious—M^r Thrale's was a particularly reserved & *guarded* Mind, nothing less than *ingenuous*: My Mother who was so exceedingly partial to him, always complained—(so did Doctor

¹ Drummond wrote to Cecilia on April 23, begging her 'to throw aside every obstacle to our future happiness, endeavour to convince her [Mrs. Piozzi] that the happiness of children ought not to be sported with. . . .' Cecilia dutifully sent the letter to her mother, under cover of a note asking for a draft of a suitable reply, which her mother composed as follows: 'Sir, I have no Doubts of my Mother's desiring my Happiness, and if I am suppos'd to have any Influence over your Conduct desire you will not disturb hers by any unpermitted Conversations or Correspondence with your humble servant.' Cecilia replied to this: 'My darling Mother you will not be a little surprised to find by this that *for the present* I give up James Drummond. At a *future time* however, if I find I *really love* him why as we shall neither of us be superannuated I hope all will go on well but *now* I will neither *see, hear, or think*, of him and wish you not to mention him or let our Master more to. Yours ever Cecilia. [P.S.] I think I will send *no* Ans. to his letter.' Her reservation explains the Piozzis' future uneasiness (see below, pp. 923, n. 1, 928, n. 1) over the ostensibly closed love affair. The correspondence is in Ry. Eng. MS. 572.

² Dr. Thomas Campbell, of Clones, Ireland, was engaged by Bishop Percy to shape the materials he had gathered for the memoir of Goldsmith, which was to preface the benefit edition of the *Works* projected by Bishop Percy to help Goldsmith's surviving relatives. But delay over securing a printer, and Campbell's death in June 1795 prevented the fulfilment of the plan. The edition finally appeared in 1801, under the nominal editorship of Samuel Rose. See Balderston, *History and Sources of Percy's Memoir of Goldsmith* (1926), pp. 30–4.

³ See above, pp. 472–3. Her lines did not appear in the *Memoir*.

⁴ Reynolds had died on February 23. Sir William Chambers, at a meeting of the Royal Academy Club on December 21, 1792, half-seriously proposed that Boswell write the history of the Royal Academy, with a biographical sketch of each member, which idea, Boswell records, 'gave me a little *fillip*'. *Boswell Papers*, xviii. 189. This unrealized scheme was his nearest approach to being Reynolds's biographer.

⁵ See Murphy, 'An Essay on the Life and Genius of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.' (1792), *Johns. Misc.* i. 423–4: 'It is but justice to Mr. Thrale to say, that a more *ingenuous* frame of mind no man possessed. His education at Oxford gave him the habits of a gentleman; his amiable temper recommended his conversation, and the goodness of his heart made him a sincere friend. That he was the patron of Johnson, is an honour to his memory.'

Johnson) that a straight forward Sentence or plain Answer from Mr Thrale could on no Occasion be obtained.

Poor Sir Joshua! another of our Library Portraits gone; dismal enough—this Man was never much a personal Favourite with me however; so I only feel that kind of general Sullenness rather than Sorrow, which Death & Defalcation naturally produce.

Doctor Delap is still alive & vigorous to write Plays, & do his Duty as a Clergyman

Le Matin Catholique et le Soir Idolâtre
Il dina de L'Autel et soupa du Theatre.

Percy likes my Two Fountains exceedingly, & swears the Fairies are the best since Shakespeare's. You have catered here for my Tooth exactly says he, with your Minstrel and Ballads—so charming. but 'tis too good for the Stage—print it. I would do so, but then the Managers would get it up directly, & save my Benefit Nights by my own hasty Folly.¹

Opposition Epigram

You wonder good People to hear
That few Taxes our Party displease;
A reason we have you may swear
Why such Burdens we wish not to ease;
The reason you doubtless may trace
But one would not commit it to rumour;
We never can get *into* Place
Till the people are got *out* of humour.

It is indeed a marvellous thing that the Publick can endure the party Cry of *Ça ira* at the Theatre while every thing is done by King and Ministers to hold up Royalty as the justly preferred Form of Government by Englishmen. Mr Pitt is lessening The Imposts, & reducing the national Debt with one hand; while public Credit so rises on the other, that Stocks are nearly at par; & Estates never sold at so many Years Purchase since our Island was inhabited—What would People have? Portugal is distrest, France is distracted, Germany now feels the general Concussion—*We* are the only happy, the only prosperous Country in Europe.

A pack of Blessings light upon thy Back,
Happiness courts thee in her Best Array;
But like a misbehav'd and sullen Wench
Thou pout'st upon the Fortune and thy Love.
Take heed, take heed, for such dye miserable

¹ It was never published or produced.

says the good Fryar to Romeo in Shakespeare's Play¹—and we want such a Monitor, Mr Burke has not been wanting in Attention, but more still is necessary; and in a courser, a more popular Style of writing.—

'Tis new to me—but I see that Johnson quotes his own Irene in the Dictionary.²

Here ends I protest the *Paging* of poor Thraliana Vol: the 5th³—I never turn back to read any passages in any of the Volumes hardly—so cannot guess which is the best or worst among them; & just now that I am sick, & growing old & all, I have A Project or two in my Head one to write a little Poem something like More's female seducers⁴ about Love Avarice & Ambition, how they ran a Race to divert Duessa when She had driven Truth from the Earth—how Love won the first Heat, & the Other two scarce saved their Distance; how Ambition came in Conqueror the second Time round,—tho' Love ran him hard at the Turn—how Avarice kept quite cool all this while, and won the third Heat with so much ease to himself, that Duessa said they must all start again for the fourth—though Love beg'd to pay forfeit this time and not expose his lost Strength any further—as the Goddess refused him so just a favour, he set about helping Avarice to beat Ambition however, while Ambition desiring to see Love make a foolish figure in the Contest, offered his best Assistance to Avarice, who never despised Acquisitions of any Sort; and who at last triumph'd over all the other Passions and became the future Favourite of his Patroness. it might make a pretty little Poem, well Manufactured—*this* might.⁵

My other Project is a two Volume Book of *Synonymes* in English, like what the Abbé Girard⁶ has done in French, for the use of Foreigners, and other Children of six feet high: such a Business well manag'd would be useful, but I have not depth of Literature to do it as one ought.—a good parlour-Window Book is however

¹ *Romeo and Juliet*, III. iii. 141–5.

² *Irene* is quoted nine times, under *Disjoint*, *From*, *Idler*, *Important*, *Imposture*, *Intimidate*, *Obscurely*, *Stagnant*, and *Sulianess*. *The Vanity of Human Wishes* is quoted eight times, and *London* three. See the forthcoming edition of Johnson's *Poems*, edited by E. L. McAdam and D. N. Smith, to the latter of whom I am indebted for this information.

³ The following part, to p. 840, is written on the two unnumbered fly-leaves at the close of the fifth volume. ⁴ Edward Moore (1712–57), *Fables for the Female Sex*, Fable 15.

⁵ This project (not to be confused with the prose dialogues, *Una and Duessa*, mentioned above, p. 803) was not, as far as I can discover, executed.

⁶ Abbé Gabriel Girard, *La Justesse de la langue françoise, ou les différentes significations des mots qui passent pour synonymes* (1718). John Trusler had anticipated her by publishing, in 1766, *The Difference between Words Esteemed Synonymous in the English Language, with so much of Abbé Girard's treatise on this Subject as would Agree with our Mode of Expression*.

quite within *my* Compass, and such a one would bring me Fame for ought I know, & a hundred Pounds which I want more; for this last Bath Journey has been marvellously expensive—between giving Balls & Suppers, & Stuff to divert Cecilia Thrale's empty head from this paltry Fellow—and buying Clothes to appear in, & one Thing or other. but the strangest part of the Man's Conduct to *me* is his having pretended to be a Relation of the House at Charing Cross while they protest he is no Kin at all—nor any thing more than a mere Clerk of good Behaviour hitherto, as one says of a Servant. Well! God directs all for the best—& with trust in him we must conclude this Volume, and conclude our Lives too—When they like this, come to the last *fair Page*

Why Heaven have Mercy on us!

Bedina Wynn is married to Lord Percival,¹ & will in due Time be Countess of Egmont, & walk as such at the next Coronation I suppose. So She has catered well for herself, tho' I fear She promotes this Drummond's Affair with Cecilia.—

Here are some French & Italian Verses written by M^r Buchetti on our little favourite red & white Spaniel Phillis—he wrote some in all Languages upon our Wedding Day; but they were so long I could not take the Trouble of copying them out. M^r Buchetti is very deeply-informed, and his Knowledge very well animated by Genius—a sly & sarcastic Character—I think, but a great Portion of Learning there is in it, & a well founded Faith, and good Morals too, for a Jesuit: I esteem M^r Buchetti, though I could not confide in him; he feels the same tow'rds me perhaps, but has more Reason for dislike—because he thinks I promote Marquis Trotti's Love for my Harriett.

Tu n'est donc aimable Phillis
 qu'une charmante petite Machine?
 Et une force inconnüe t'approche,
 Ainsi que t'éloigne de mes Yeux?
 Le Mouvement secret des reports
 Pousse ainsi donc ta Langue a des jolies plaintes
 Et sans le vouloir fait avancer quelquefois vers ton Maître
 Ta petite Patte à un badinage charmant?
 La joie et le Chagrin ne sont elles donc pour toi
 Non pas des Marques fidelles d'une Ame qui s'afflige,
 Ou qui se rejouit — mais un son inexpressif des organes mis en mouvement.
 Ah si DesCartes t'auroit vu, d'honneur auroit il dit
 Ou celle cy dementit tout mon Etrange Systeme
 Ou qu'elle parmi tous les autres Machines est la seule.

¹ The marriage took place on March 10, 1792. *Gent. Mag.* lxii. 278. John Perceval succeeded to the earldom in 1822, just four years before Bedina died. *Ibid.* xcvi. i. 286.

Over the Leaf we will have it in Italian & I think it neater, but then I am partial, and love that Nation best.

Non altro dunque amabile Fillina
 Ch'una leggiadra Macchinetta sei?
 E te una forza incognita avvicina
 O ti scosta così dagli Occhi miei?

L'interno moto delle suste affina
 Talor la lingua ai graziosi omei
 E non spontanea al tuo Signor t'inchina
 Talor la Zampa ai cari vezzi e bei.

La Gioia e il Dolor per te non sono
 Ministre al *Alma* che s'allegra o affanna
 Ma d'Organi commossi un vano suono?

Se te vedea Cartesio: Ah la mia fola
 detto averebbe—o costei certo condanna,
 O pur tra l'altre Macchinette è sola.

Here however ends the 5: Vol: of poor foolish wild—confused Thraliana! let it at least end more seriously than with Verses—however grave ones—on a Lap Dog.

I am not well, and not happy, & may never begin the 6th Vol. if I do die *this* Time tis with fretting about Cecilia—but who should one fret about *but* one's Children?—there are none of them for whom I would not willingly give my Life any Day of the Week.

Here is an Epitaph written by Hannah More on some Man here in this Neighborhood¹—The last Lines are very fine indeed.

Oh thou! or Friend or Stranger who shalt tread
 These solemn Mansions of the silent Dead;
 Think—when this Record to enquiring Eyes
 No more shall tell the Spot where Dicey² lyes—
 When this frail Marble faithless to its Trust
 Mould'ring itself, resigns its mould'ring Dust;
 When Time shall fail, and Nature feel Decay,
 And Earth, and Sea, and Skies dissolve away:
 The Soul this Consummation shall survive,
 Defie the Wreck—and but begin to live:
 Pause then, reflect, repent, resolve, amend!
 Life has no length,—Eternity no End!!!³—

¹ Mr. Cluer Dicey, of Claybrook, Leicestershire, who died in 1775. See Hannah More's published *Works*.

² Mr. Piozzi thinks this *Dicey* my Relation; What can he mean? Oh he means Mr Rice: he thinks Ricey & Dicey all one.—Mr Rice married Mr Thrall's Niece but that does not make him *my Relation*. Mrs. Piozzi.

³ it has a Likeness of my Epitaph on Mrs Byron Page 210. Mrs. Piozzi. See above, p. 802.

THRALIANA

Streatham Park 1: June 1792.¹] 'Tis now nearly sixteen Years since this Farrago was first begun to be compiled under the name of *Thraliana*, & surely the Retrospect of it is such as would on perusal rather deter than encourage one as to keeping an Analect Book; so madly selected, so awkwardly put together, are the Scraps of which it is composed. I really think my best Consolation on its Revisal is the hand-writing, which is still clear enough not to puzzle those who look over it; whilst the Materials of which 'tis made, grow less in Value every hour for ought I see: the good Things have all been printed in better books, & if the rest were burned, it would be surely no Loss, yet Johnson said that Pleasure might one day be made from such Nonsense, so I'll e'en finish this *last* Volume of Anecdote & store up no more Stuff.² Could I do it more respectably than the others are done, I would not; for what signifies changing Character in the Close of Life?—let us at least *superannuate* naturally—The Catastrophe should in any wise be worthy of the *Farce*.

A pretty Register of sixteen Years—are they not? these five Vols of *Thraliana*!!!!—

Claim Ye Laughter? claim Ye Tears?
Empty unavailing Years!
Empty Years! yet swiftly flown:
Haste ye remaining—get ye gone.

The Kings Proclamation³ for suppressing the Growth & Progress of a seditious Spirit gone forth among a particular Class of People, seems a wise & good measure: may it be efficacious!

Cecilia has hurt her Hand & Arm o' romping with Sally Siddons, whose Company I beg'd to divert her from thoughts of her unworthy Sweetheart Drummond—That Fellow's Conduct has been *too* impudent: he had the Girl asked in Christ Church Surrey three Times I find without her Consent or even Knowledge. What a Measure! & the Creature is a Gentleman too: his Mother was Lord

¹ Here begins the sixth and last volume of *Thraliana*.

² A resolution she did not hold to. For the three other commonplace-books which she subsequently kept, see the Introduction, pp. xiv, xxviii.

³ On May 21. It was specifically directed against seditious literature; it also exhorted the civil officials to 'avoid and discourage all proceedings tending to produce riots and tumults'. *Gent. Mag.* lxii. 568.

John Murray's Daughter:¹ strange! & horrible Conduct in a Person of Family—for he is a Drummond of Perth² it seems, become however so mean by long Usage of a *Counting house* that his heart is as hard as the Desk he writes at; nor has he any Intellectual feeling of hon^r certainly, when for a long Time he led us all to believe he was Nephew to the Banker—A Man beneath *himself* except in Fortune. How my Heart does detest such Meanness!

By Dint of Expence & Trouble the Disgrace is done away however, & the Banns erased by order of the Ecclesiastical Courts;³—I hope Cecilia loves him not—I hope She will never link herself to such base Avarice, such gross Effrontery—such rapacious Hunger of Yellow Dirt. I hope not—meantime God send her hand & Arm well. Sally Siddons is sick too, & has an Asthma, & her Mother is gone to Scotland, & has left her here, & what shall I do if harm befalls *her*?

Charming Siddons! why She will go distracted. all these Torments keeping on so—hinder me from touching the Synonymes—but I have written a Preface for Chappelows Acc^t of the Grande Chartreuse⁴ at his Request—and am working a Piece of Embroidery for M^{rs} Siddons.

M^r & M^{rs} Greathed have passed a week with us—I thought they Had more influence over Cecilia than any one, & I was right.

The Wynns behave very ill indeed—sure they are on the Arabian Plan, of thinking robbery no Disgrace to high Descent: for they wanted to pillage the Duke of Ancaster's Purse thro' Lady Mary's Partiality for Tom;⁵ and M^r Thrale's if they could have obtained Susanna for William⁶ I find: since this last proves impossible, they revenge all on poor Cecilia by abetting young Drummond's Pretensions—while the World scruples not to say Bedina is fond of him herself.⁷ Mercy on us!—Seward writes in the European

¹ We have since heard he was *Bastard* to some of these Drummonds, but 'tis a dubious Business I find. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² He 'called himself son to Lady Jane Murray of Perth'. Bowood Papers.

³ The banns were asked before their departure for Bath in January. *Mrs. Piozzi*, when she learned what had happened, informed the young man's employer, Mr. Henry Drummond, and sought legal advice from Mr. French Laurence, who informed her that, if a minister had married them, he would have been suspended for three years for marrying a minor without her parent's consent. *Ry. Eng. MS. 572*.

⁴ Neither the book nor the preface was published. Cf. also below, p. 1044, n. 1.

⁵ Thomas-Edward Wynn, Bedina's brother, later married Charlotte, daughter of the Earl of Fauconberg. Burke, *Peerage*, under 'Newborough'.

⁶ The Rev. Dr. William Wynn, a second brother, who later married Eliza, widow of Lord Bellingham. *Ibid*.

⁷ Harriet Lee says that Bedina's Conversation was obscene & corrupted Cecilia's Mind—

Magazine¹ they tell me, he is so full of Anecdote now that I suppose he runs over. Murphy has not forgotten Streatham Park—his recollection is very tender & very pretty as can be.

The Lombard Italians aptly use a kind of middle Age Imagery that delights one in their familiar Discourse. Mr Piozzi often bids me not go like the *Visigoths* when he wants me to dress better, and says when I walk too fast—we are not going to the *Giostra*.²

20: June 1792] Tis remarkable—& very shocking—that *every* Morning of this Year, and we are now near Midsummer Day—has been *frosty*. Such Things are surely rare, & I can attribute the (second) Cause only to an approaching Comet—perhaps that which Dr Halley bid us expect about two Years ago is now coming; & the Vapours carried forward by its Tail occasions this weight of Water in the Atmosphere; it will be ruin to Farmers, & a proof to thinking Minds that some strange Judgements hang over all Europe.

Our King's Virtues & his People's Attachment secure us from the same Follies France is committing—our Opulence keeps People here from fomenting that general Spirit of Insurrection, that pervades all the neighbouring Nations—but if Famine should make an Attack, *our* Savageness would soon break forth. John Bull is a fine Fellow—but if not well *fed* he will *roar*.

Mrs Siddons once told me a Story very remarkable³—when She was a Child some Relation gave her a new Dress that was to be worne in Gala (if it did not Rain) on such an Occasion, I forget what.—The Morn^g—was very threatening; & poor Siddons rose to get her Book, & pray for Fair Weather—She did so: repeating the Form of Words with true Devotion, & sound Faith but in vain: the Clouds burst, and a wet Day rendered the Pleasure She had hoped for impracticable. When some Hours had past, & She had reflected the whole Matter over, recurring to the Liturgy what was

how strange! that one can't trust an Acquaintance of 40 Year's Standing with one's Child—I have known Mrs Soame 40 Years, & She is my Relation; who *can* one trust? & such a Character as Mrs Soame has for Miss-training! the Adairs call her *Aunt* Soame, & Make a Madame Genlis of the Woman:—I thought my self as Safe as wth Mrs or Miss Beavor. Mrs. Piozzi. Cf. above, p. 794, n. 3.

¹ His *Drossiana* began appearing in that periodical in October 1789.

² i.e. *joust*.

³ Mrs. Parsons, in her *Incomparable Siddons* (p. 9), gives this story as one of the two surviving anecdotes of Mrs. Siddons's childhood. The Reynard story, in Mrs. Piozzi's next footnote, raises the number to three.

her Comfort there? but to find She had been saying the wrong Prayer all Morn^s and calling on heaven for the very Rain She feared—how would this Story have pleased Doctor Watts!¹—

Among M^r Lysons's Rareties I saw a small old Play—called the *Witch a Tragicoomedie*² which he says is older than Shakespeare & suggested the Idea of Macbeth's Incantations³—Be that as it may, I find those Verses which are set to Musick & sung upon the Stage in the Play of Macbeth, (at least many of them) are taken from this Stuff: which appears likewise to have connection with Rosmunda the Italian Tragedy⁴—in the human Parts—The Machinery is very like that we see daily represented—but I could not find the Song of

““When good Kings bleed we rejoyce”” &c⁵

¹ M^{rs} Siddons told me another odd Thing of her Childhood—She had read much in Secret to divert herself—& all her little Books were filled with Stories of Reynard the Fox.—One Day her Parents going up the Yard at some Inn—She saw an Animal wholly new to her, & ask'd what it was? a Fox my Dear says the Waiter, you must call it Rehny.—She immediately went upstairs changed her Ribbons hasted down again,—& her Father found her a quarter of an hour afterwards curtsying respectfully before the Kennel door—What's y^s for? said he. I am begging M^r Reynard replied M^{rs} Siddons—to *play me no Trick* while we remain in the Town. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² *A Tragi-coomodie called the Witch*, by Thomas Middleton, remained in MS. until 1778, when George Steevens acquired it from a Major Pearson, who had in turn purchased it from the collection of Benjamin Griffin, the player. Shakespeare, *Plays*, ed. Reed (1803), ii. 344, n. Steevens allowed Isaac Reed to print a hundred copies, which he gave 'as presents to his particular friends'. Baker, *Biographia Dramatica* (ed. Reed, 1782), i. 314. Lysons's copy must have been one of these. The MS. now belongs to the Bodleian Library.

³ Reed and Steevens so believed (op. cit., pp. 339-45), but the opinion now generally accepted is that Middleton interpolated the Hecate portions of the witch scenes into Shakespeare's MS., including the two songs 'Come away, come away, &c.' (iii. v. 34 ff.) and 'Black spirits, &c.' (iv. i. 43 ff.), and that he drew from Shakespeare's play, as well as from his own interpolations, in writing *The Witch*. F. G. Fleay, 'D'Avenant's *Macbeth*', *Anglia*, vii. 132-42. D'Avenant's alteration of *Macbeth* (1674), which held the stage for many years, and was evidently the version with which Mrs. Piozzi was familiar, incorporated parts of Middleton's witch scenes, including the second song quoted below by Mrs. Piozzi ('Oh what a dayntie Pleasure's this'). This fact led Reed to conclude, logically enough, that the MS. of Middleton's play had passed through D'Avenant's hands, and that it was therefore to his interest to keep the play out of print, in order to conceal his plagiarism. Reed, op. cit., ii. 344.

⁴ By Giovanni Rucellai (1475-1526), the Italian humanist. The plot of both plays is based on the story of Alboinus, the Lombard king, who married Rosmunda, and made her drink from her conquered father's skull, thus inciting her to vengeance. Middleton may have borrowed his plot from Rucellai, or from Machiavelli's *History of Florence*, or from Belleforest's *Histoires tragiques*, in all of which it appears.

⁵ 'We shou'd rejoyce when good Kings bleed,' &c. *Macbeth*, ed. D'Avenant (1674), p. 27. This song first appeared in *Macbeth* in the quarto text of 1673, and was reprinted by D'Avenant in his alteration of the play (see above, n. 3). It has been variously attributed to D'Avenant (who, under this hypothesis, would have to be considered the editor of the 1673 quarto) and to an earlier interpolator, probably the one who refurbished the play for the Restoration audience in 1663. Fleay, op. cit., pp. 130-2.

There was the other of

“ “Oh what a dayntie Pleasure it is
To sayle in the Air
When the Moone shines clear,
To toye and to kiss &c—” ”¹

22: July 1792.] Sophia Thrale is this Day emancipated by Law from that Governance & Tuition She withdrew herself from on the 27: June 1784 without Provocation on my Part, or Quarrel on hers. Compliance with her eldest Sister took her from my House first,—at least I suppose so: for She urged no Reason, and I hope had none to urge—’Tis a great Blessing that I should live to see her of Age; her Illness and my own when we were at Bath together in 1784 gave me small hopes or Expectation of so transcendent a Mercy: little merited by me God knows—perhaps *her Virtues*, perhaps *her Prayers* have obtained it. I hear an admirable Character of all my dear Girls from every one who speaks of them—and if they have but *one* Fault, that of not loving their Mother, who can help Taste? I may not be amiable—probably to my Children *am* not: and if as Johnson says one may be lovely, yet not beloved—why should one be loved—if one is *not* lovely? M^{rs} Cochran² said they all did *esteem* me, and think well of my Abilities—that may be *honouring* their Mother perhaps: I would rather at any rate be in Fault myself, than find *them* so. and for keeping away, it was no such great matter, if they had not pecked at my Reputation—but *that* was cruelly done, and vainly;—for my Fame was never hurt by them at last, thank God;—Innocence always comes out clean after every attempt to stain it, and having *done* no harm—why I *suffered* none—in earnest:—a few horrid Pangs at the Moment of Infliction, but all is heal’d now, and if the Scars are gone, so should be the Remembrance of *the Wounds*.

20: Aug. Streatham Park 1792.] Here comes a Letter from Miss Thrale full of Terror lest *our* Fortune should suffer from Nesbitt’s Bankruptcy³—in good Time! her fears are for herself, but She wants to terrify Piozzi into withdrawing his Suit at Law⁴ against her Favourite Cator I suppose, or perhaps prevent His getting more allowance for Cecy—Yet say *what* She will, & *why* She will, Can it be possible that M^r Thrale should involve his Wifes fortune—voluntarily—knowingly—involve it before he even

¹ I have since heard that those Verses were D’Avenants.—no no Middleton’s. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² See above, p. 612, n. 1.

³ See above, p. 804, and n. 1.

⁴ For the recovery of sums for Cecilia’s maintenance. See above, p. 798, and below, p. 983.

received it as it were? & is it possible he should be ignorant of the Consequences of Nesbitt's Failure?

Is it possible Colebrooke's Bankruptcy¹—which happen'd long before the t'other Fellow's—did not open his Eyes, & make him take Measures for his own & his Children's Security? is it possible Scrase should not have warned him? or Robson? or is it possible Cator should not have found all this out long ago?—or is it possible he should have concealed it? I cannot credit these staring Tales, I cannot comprehend them: yet I do believe now that poor Mr Thrale died of a broken heart—and kept the Secret tho' he lost his Senses.

One Evening at the Borough—in the Year 1780 I should suppose, but I recollect not the Time—Mr Thrale said on a sudden:—when we see Heberden this Even^g—“I'll tell him all the Truth.”

Do for Heav'n's sake replied I, and what *is* the Truth? “ “Why that I am a ruined Man, and have undone my family.” ”—Which said I in return—the Dr will *know* to be a Dream, & set you down as one that has lost his Head—Ay Ay answer'd poor Mr Thrale, but *I know it for a Fact.* at these Words I ran to the Compting House, called Perkins to his Master, bid him bring the Ledger, Books &c. and *convince* him in good Time!! how *well* Things went—for so they did as to the Brewhouse,² and of other Concerns I knew not—so he looked grave & kept Silent, & saw Heberden & said *nothing* as usual; & I went to bed perswaded that he laboured under a Diseased Imagination only.

What an Ideot was *I* the while! not *He*.

Colonel Barry (& he knows military Affairs very well) says the Duke of Brunswick³ will never get to Paris; or if he does, will never come safe out on't.—I am much of the same Mind, if the Bulk of France really delights in Anarchical Democracy—& fears like ancient Rome no Name so sincerely as that of a King—but Jack Bourke said Yesterday that he verily expected *Success* from the Austrian Army, who bring *Money* with them—a Commodity just now unknown in France—and likewise the Royal Cause, which is rendered more dear to all regular Minds by the Cruelty of the Democrates.⁴

I do fancy for my own Part, that strongly bent out of its Course by

¹ See above, p. 334.

² & Perkins knew of nothing else. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

³ Head of the allied armies of Austria and Prussia, which took the field in late July, in an attempt to protect the French monarchy. General Dumouriez moved against him, and inflicted a severe defeat, at Mons, on November 7.

⁴ The *coup* of August 10 had overturned the constitution and placed the King and the royal family in custody. The King was not put to death until the following January.

Accident—as we always call the Permission of God—French Disposition will by the mere Elastick Force of the Soul, feel its Resiliency, and revert back to Submission under Royal Authority after all—honouring in the Person of the now persecuted Dauphin,¹ those Parents which their Spirit of Rebellion contributed to destroy—’Twas so in England at least, when as Lord Clarendon says upon the Restoration of Charles the 2^d “one would have wondered where those People could all be gone who wished the Abolition of Kingly Power.”²

Well! Colonel Barry told me a stranger thing by half, when he said that Miss Seward of Litchfield, though She named Antarctick Zeeland³ in some of her Poems, knew not the meaning of her own Words: nor could tell you any better than her Maid could—how many Degrees it was from the Equator to the Pole.—Last Week A Boy escaped from Amiens on Acc^t of the Troubles, did tell us that two *Professors* there—(I know not what they profess’d tho’:) disputed concerning the meaning of the two Words now in every Mouth, Aristocracy and Democracy: and that one of them said ““there were in Old Days two Greek Philosophers one *Aristocrates*, and the other *Democrates* who held these Opinions, which were called from their Names.” ”

Risum teneatis Amici?⁴

Miss Seward should have been called to settle the Contest I think: She could have quoted Prior & said

Democritus Dear Droll revisit Earth &c.⁵

What Clouds of Ignorance are these!

We are going to Wales where Piozzi thinks of building a Cottage at Funnen Vaino;⁶ I take Sally Siddons with me, her Health is much mended.

The Estate in Oxfordshire⁷ is not mine at last, but subjected by

¹ Louis Charles.

² ‘His majesty said smilingly to some about him, “he doubted it had been his own fault he had been absent so long; for he saw nobody that did not protest, he had ever wished for his return”.’ *History of the Rebellion* (1840), ii. 964.

³ ‘And now antarctic Zeeland’s drear domain
Frowns, and o’erhangs th’ inhospitable domain.’

‘Elegy to Captain Cook’, *Poetical Works* (1810), ii. 38.

⁴ Horace *De Arte Poetica*, l. 5.

⁵ *Democritus and Heraclitus*, l. 1.

⁶ A piece of her paternal Welsh estate, in the parish of Dymorchion, which had been lost. Mr. Piozzi bought it back from one Thomas Russell, of St. Leonard Shoreditch, in February 1793, for £780. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 601. It formed part of the estate on which they afterwards settled and built Brynbellia.

⁷ Crowmarsh Farm. Cf. below p. 1003, n. 4.

my old Marriage Settlement to an Ann^y—of 400^l o' year it seems—poor Queeney will have to refund 700^l or more that they have cheated me of in *only this one* particular—for thinking it my own Estate, I took whatever it let for; & was for several Years contented with 272^l p^r ann—nor sh^d I ever have opened my Eyes on the Truth, had not Miss Thrale granted a Lease of the Premises to Lovegrove which seemed very odd, if it was my Land—I thought mere Insolence however, not Fraud,—had prompted so strange a Measure: but M^r Cator who doubtless suggested it—knew better.—[Thursday Sept^r 6. 1792 Streatham Park.

'Tis Cecilia Thrale's health, not Sally Siddons's which ought to fright me: Kitchen says She has Symptoms of a Consumption—I see nothing but a common Cold & the slightest Cough possible—We will however change the Air *tomorrow*¹ & begin our Journey to Wales—God send us safe back—must We go to Bristol? I'm ready to do any thing, go any Where—Sir Lucas Pepys a'nt in Town—& the Servants say nothing ails Cecy—& She sleeps well, nor coughs much God knows—very little indeed: but the Measles & Hooping Cough left the Lungs tender ten Years ago—& at this critical Time of Life they *may* imposthume. Oh *that* would be truly dreadful! Good Lord bless me from *that* Agony!

Saturday 20: Oct^r 1792 Streatham Park.] We are returned from Wales, where all the whole Time has been Agony. The Cough left her at Meriden—on the Road,—& She was *well* as we all saw & said:—& She ran up the Rocks on the Castle Hill with Sally Siddons, & rode out to see our new Place at *Brynbella*² & caught a dreadful Cold in the Rain, and the Cough was furious—*It was just before a particular Time*;—Obstruction follow'd, with Pain in the Hypogastric Region—Difficulty of Breathing—Inflammation of the Lungs, & Spitting of Blood.

We sent for Haygarth³ from Chester—he is a famous Physician—& he bled her copiously, so *She* recovered poor Soul, but *I* was nearly finished up with such dismal Suffering—however we brought her by easy Steps to the D^r he had already visited her twice at Denbigh—& to my great Joy he pronounced her *well*.⁴ We then

¹ 10 Sept^r. Mrs. Piozzi.

² The new house was building on a higher site than old Bachygraig. At first they had chosen the name 'Belvedere' for it (*Pennington Correspondence*, pp. 64–5), but settled finally on this combination of Welsh and Italian, meaning 'beautiful hill'.

³ Dr. John Haygarth, of Chester and Bath, famed for his treatment of fevers.

⁴ This was at Chester coming home. Mrs. Piozzi.

at *her* Request, & her Companion's—shaped our Course to Guys Cliffe; where M^r Greatheed introduced me to the great D^r Parr—he is going to write Johnson's Life it seems,¹ he has written his Epitaph²—but he will be above using his great Scymitar to cut off a *Pin's* head I suppose, & will let poor H: L: Piozzi & her Anecdotes alone sure. Meantime my chief Concern is for Cecilia, and my chief Comfort is to hear Sir Lucas Pepys say that no Harm has been done, only a temporary Evil easily cured &c.—Oh Lord! what anguish has that Girl cost me with her Lovers, her Caprices, and her Health! always on the Edge of a Precipice, yet has escaped by Miracle almost—the *Death* and the *Marriage*. The Greatheeds are very kind, Cecilia loves *them* or thinks She does—She loves no one else I believe; at least Sally Siddons & I do not much flatter ourselves of receiving any Marks of her Attachment—

Never mind—Qu'elle se porte bien!—ça suffit.

This Democratic Fever seems quite endemial, Savoy has caught it completely;—& the King of Sardinia³—seems likely to lose best Part of his Dominions for ought I see.⁴ Among Individuals the

¹ William Seward suggested, in Cadell's name, to Dr. Samuel Parr, the Greek scholar, in a letter of January 15, 1790, that he 'undertake an Edition of Dr. Johnson's Work, with his Life, and a Critique on his Writings'. Boswell, *Life*, iv. 469–70. This plan was never carried out, though Mrs. Piozzi offers here interesting evidence that Dr. Parr was considering it seriously, two and a half years later.

² He accepted the commission from Reynolds, and had composed the epitaph when he read, in Boswell's *Life* (which had come out in the spring of 1791): 'To compose his epitaph has excited the warmest competition of genius' (ii., 582, in the first edition). He took exception to the statement, and wrote Boswell a letter (now belonging to Mr. A. Edward Newton) on December 11, 1791, asking for further information about this 'rivalry', and stating that he was prepared to withdraw from any competition. Boswell evidently reassured him by altering the offending sentence to read: 'To compose his epitaph, could not but excite the warmest competition of genius'. *Life*, iv. 423. After further difficulties between Parr and the committee of the Club which had the monument under its care, the epitaph was duly engraved on Bacon's monument, which was raised in St. Paul's Cathedral, and first shown on February 23, 1796. In 1790, Mrs. Piozzi was asked for a contribution to the monument, and replied to Malone on February 4, 'assuring him that She has already subscribed two Guineas for this Purpose [through Cator] and has now sent three more to make up five'. Malone pasted her note into his copy of her *Anecdotes*, with the following ungracious comment: 'The Committee appointed to solicit Subscriptions for Dr Johnson's Monument, applied, among others, to M^{rs} Piozzi, who had gained 500*l* by this book, and 600*l* by publishing his Letters. The above was the answer sent to me by this worthless woman, together with the mighty sum of three Guineas'. Boswell, *Life*, iv. 467–8. For the complete story, see Dr. L. F. Powell's admirable Appendix I to vol. iv of Boswell's *Life*.

³ Victor Amadeus. Savoy, which was part of his dominions, was 'liberated' by the armed forces of the French in October.

⁴ I am glad we build in Wales, it will keep M^r Piozzi from going to Italy—or at least oblige him to return directly if he *does* go—Lord bless me! we were very near going abroad with Cecilia—& Dear Piozzi thinking what People would say if he took *Her* to Italy, propos'd Lisbon himself. What an Expence! What an Agony! What a risque has been saved by this

Contagion spreads surprisingly too—Oh how M^r Greatheed's Family is infected!¹ 'tis very frightful to think about.

Helena Maria Williams² is on the Point of sacrificing her Reputation to her Spirit of Politics. She went from England with M^r Stone³ a married Man who left his Wife here, but *She* would go to *France*: a foolish Thing some People thought, but I said there had been always an old Classical Connection between *Helen* and *Paris*.

D^r Parr says the Young Perkinses were sad mean Boys, I sent them as Students⁴ to him at their Mother's request who fancied they

Dear Girl's recovery!—the very Thoughts on't terrifie me. Kind Miss Weston offered to go with us to Lisbon & we would have sold the Horses, hanged the dogs, locked up the House & set out directly: had not Cecilia mended. She w^d have recover'd 'tis plain, for She *is* recovrd: but *I must* have died with the Vexations. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

¹ Mr. Chappelow told her, on May 30, 1796, that Greatheed was democratic candidate for Leicester, and that he was called 'Citizen Greatheed' by his constituents. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 562. He failed of election.

² The acclaim with which the Société des Amis de la Révolution, at Rouen, had received her *French Letters* when extracts were read to them by M. du Fossé, one of their members, was the immediate lure which drew her to France, in July 1791. Her letter of farewell to Mrs. Piozzi, dated July 25, states that her mother and sister are already 'safe and happy beneath Mons^r du Fossé's roof'. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 892. She stayed in Paris until September 1791, when she travelled to Normandy, to join her family at the Château du Fossé. Thence she wrote to Mrs. Piozzi, on September 5, expressing her full faith in the National Assembly, which 'had used their triumph with wisdom and moderation'. She next wrote from Orleans, on October 12, reporting that 'M. d'Orleans' (the Duke who had renounced his right to the crown) had furnished them with letters 'to all the considerable families', and also that 'La société des amis de la Constitution, at Rouen, sent me a very flattering letter of thanks for my french journal, and ordered three thousand copies of an answer I sent them, to be printed—these honors I find "play round the head but come not to the heart"'. In December, disgusted with the 'confined, illiberal, and disagreeable' society of Orleans, she and her sister went back to Paris, whence she wrote, on February 26, 1792, from the Quai des Quatre Nations, picturing a life divided between political discussions and attendance on lectures at the Lycée, and begging Mrs. Piozzi to write: 'I have now the privilege of sending letters free, and you my dear Madam, may send me a letter of any weight any length your kindness may dispose you to make it by putting it in a cover directed "A Monsieur Monsieur Le President de L'Assemblée Nationale à Paris"'—then, instead of directing my letter to me write on the back of it "M^r Piose Huissier"—and above the seal of the letter "Miss H M Williams"—if you will take this trouble your letters will come free, and nobody will suspect so good a royalist as you of any treasonable correspondence with Mons^r le president.' By June 13 she had returned to London, and wrote to Mrs. Piozzi from 15 Clifford Street, stating her intention of returning to Paris in August. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 570. She accepted an invitation to Streatham for July 25, when she brought Mr. Stone with her. *Ibid.*, *Pennington Correspondence*, p. 59. The Paris to which she returned was a very different Paris from that which she had left. For Helena's later adventures, see below, pp. 885, n. 3, 894, nn. 3 and 4, 922, n. 3.

³ John Hurford Stone, a coal merchant of London, who was Unitarian in religion and revolutionary in politics. He had presided at the reception of the deputation from Nantes, in 1790. In September 1792 he went to Paris, where he took a prominent part in Revolutionary politics. See below, p. 910, n. 3.

⁴ Parr, after being successively head master at Stanmore, Colchester Grammar School, and Norwich Grammar School, had retired to Hatton in 1785, and taken private pupils. According

would be Scholars: but they prov'd poor Creatures it seems—No Wonder!—

And so poor Mrs Siddons's Disorder that we have all been at such a stand about, turns upon close Examination to be neither more nor less than the P—— given by her Husband.¹ What a World it is!! but Swift said I remember

To those who look behind the Scene
Statira's but some Pocky Quean—!!!²

To a Friend who in some Complimentary Verses had placed Miss Trefusis³ amongst the Muses, She sent the following pretty Lines.

Had the Ancients presumptuo[u]sly offered to raise
A Name poor as mine to the Rank of the muses,
Then the frolicksome Fair ones instead of the Bays,
Had clapt a Fools' Cap on the head of Trefusis:
But should Hylas command them to give her a Place
Most humbly the head of the Table they'd proffer;
And Submission would smile on each beautiful Face,
Tho' the insolent Hussey should take the first Offer:

In duteous observance her Lead would they follow
Mistaking her elegant Friend for Apollo.

Miss Trefusis has written some other Verses too, mighty smart in praise of her two Friends Miss Weston and Miss Powell.⁴ Miss Weston's romantic Friendship is now likely to be rewarded for ought I understand with as romantick Love. She offered when I was in Agony about Cecilia to run with me to Lisbon or Naples or where-soever we should be driven for the Sake of her Health—and now

to a letter dated November 10, 1790, from her to Mr. Perkins (now in the possession of Major C. A. C. Perkins), Mrs. Piozzi recommended to him in November 1790, the two oldest Perkins boys, John and Henry. The eldest, John, contracted an unfortunate marriage after two years at Hatton, which alienated his family; but his father gave him money to qualify as a physician, and to set up a practice in London. He incurred debts, fled to France, and was imprisoned there for nine years, returning to England in 1810. On September 22, 1811, he wrote to Mrs. Piozzi, petitioning a renewal of her friendship. She inquired his history of his father, who replied on October 1, furnishing the details about him given above. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 556.

¹ Sally Siddons, writing to Miss Weston on September 29, from Denbigh, had reported that 'my belov'd Mother is at length cur'd of her complaint, and quite an alter'd woman'. But Mrs. Piozzi observed to the same lady, later in the year: 'Poor Siddons pities my very soul to see her: an indignant melancholy sits on her fine face, and care corrodes her very vitals, I do think . . . she is all resentment.' *Pennington Correspondence*, pp. 63, 74.

² 'The Lady's Dressing-room', ll. 133-4.

³ The Hon. Elizabeth Trefusis, who published *Poems and Tales* in 1808.

⁴ Anna Powell, one of three sisters. Sophia Weston's future husband, Mr. Pennington, had made Jane Powell's acquaintance in America. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 566.

here is a good natured Man¹ runs after her, to offer his fortune—only as it appears—because She has lost her own.²

So Merit is now & then rewarded—and a sweet Character now & then does appear.

Speaking of Weston & Powell—Trefusis says prettily

The first with flowing Language charms,
With easy Eloquence persuades,
Steals softly o'er the heart She warms
And mines that Tower her Friend invades.

This is all pretty enough & true enough of both I do believe—Anna Powell changed her Name & died in Childbed in America; Miss Weston is going to change her Name now, but She will have no Children I dare say.

Here is an odd Idea now that the Beast of the Revelations is this French Democracy—*Ludovicus* makes the Number 666³ exactly—and with his Defeat—(I mean that of Louis quatorze who was the Prince that aspired to Universal Monarchy,) we suppose the deadly Wound to be given:—which however the 13th Chapter of St John's Apocalypse expresly says *will be healed*; and all the World will wonder after the Beast. 'Tis now expected that the French go to Rome; and if they do destroy the great City that in St John's Time did most certainly reign over all the Kings of the Earth; why we know what is coming. Mean time the all-conquering Canaille carry every Thing before them, and plant their Tree of Liberty in

¹ William Pennington, an American loyalist, ruined by the War of Independence, who came to England some time before 1783, at which date he was already acquainted with Miss Weston. In 1785 he took the position of Master of Ceremonies at Clifton Hot Wells, which he held for twenty-eight years. *Pennington Correspondence*, pp. 57–8. They were married on December 27, 1792, at Bath. *Gent. Mag.* lxii. 1220.

² Miss Weston's brother misappropriated £1,000 belonging to their mother, in the summer of 1792, leaving the two women in narrow circumstances. *Pennington Correspondence*, pp. 53–4. Her expectation of financial ease with Mr. Pennington was disappointed, as Mrs. Piozzi revealed to Hester on December 24, 1795: 'Poor Mrs. Pennington is as good a Croaker as myself: how vexatious 'tis that Poverty should pursue one who has made so long & large a Step to avoid it!' Bowood Papers.

| | | | | |
|-----------------|---|---|---|-----|
| ³ L. | - | - | - | 50 |
| V. | - | - | - | 5 |
| D. | - | - | - | 500 |
| O. | - | - | - | 0 |
| V. | - | - | - | 5 |
| I. | - | - | - | 1 |
| C. | - | - | - | 100 |
| V. | - | - | - | 5 |
| S. | - | - | - | 0 |

666. Mrs. Piozzi.

Holland, threaten Spain, ruin Austria, destroy Brabant, & declare their Intention of coming to plunder Great Britain.¹ We have at this Moment² doubled the Guards at the Tower and the Bank for fear of Accidents; remembering our Unprovided State in the Year 1780. when Lord George Gordon's Insurrection fired the Town.

If our late Expedition to China³ should propagate the Gospel there, or find the ten Tribes—how would my Hypotheses be corroborated! 'tis possible.

Mean time Piozzi resolves to get his Arrears from Cator, & I wish a good husband for my Daughters—but so it was at the Time, & till the Instant that Noah entered into the Ark, & so it will be till our Saviour's second coming to judge the World we know.

20: Jan:] A Spot in the Sun⁴ large as Venus in her Transit, and easily discernible with a naked Eye, contributes to astonish Mankind; while the King of France's brutal Murder,⁵ & those Massacres which preceded & seem likely to follow it in so near a neighbouring nation, fill every Mind with a Horror rational enough but that seems little likely to finish early—We are even *here* greatly divided & agitated—apparently by the finger of God whose Pleasure it is we should be so: for nothing can be more prosperous, or better governed, or by better Ministers than our Country now is—nor ever was there such Cause of Unanimity, nor ever so little Cause of Disgust. But 'tis a “ “Time for Distress of Nations with Per-
“ “plexity, the Sea & the Waves roaring; Men's hearts failing
“ “them for fear, & for looking on those Things that come upon
“ “the Earth” ”.⁶ In effect Rotterdam was inundated by a High Tide last Week, and a Comet is observed every Night descending tow'rds the Sun from its Aphelion, which of Course increases in Redness of Aspect & Threatening Appearance daily.—Venice is just now under Water we are told, 'tis a very shocking piece of Intelligence indeed. Mean time How comical a Thing did I hear Yesterday!

¹ War was not actually declared against Great Britain and Holland until the following February 1.

² 6. Dec^r 1792. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ Lord Macartney's embassy, which sailed in September 1792 with the aim of securing permission for a permanent British minister in China, and incidentally of promoting British trade. It was the second embassy from any European court, the first being that of Peter the Great in 1720.

⁴ I shewed the Sun's Spot to Joe George a Labourer at Streatham Park, he saw it plainly; it was round & large as a Gentleman's Tortoiseshell Snuffbox is commonly—and y^s to the naked Eye. Vitalba saw it too. *Mrs. Piozzi*. It was first noticed on January 19, and described by a correspondent in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January (lxiii. 8).

⁵ On January 21.

⁶ Luke xxi. 25-6.

as if it was made on purpose (which it was not) to ridicule *me* and all such unlearned & ill-qualified Pokers into Prophecy.

An ordinary Man ask'd our Curate—(who is himself, no *Extra* ordinary Man) if he did not think we should have a War? and if there is War added the Fellow it will go hard with the *French*; for I was reading the Bible this Morn^g—Continued he;—& saw in the Prophet Isaiah these remarkable Words Mount Seir shall be laid low,¹ by which no doubt is meant this new Republic of *France*; *Mounseer shall be laid low*: I suppose Isaiah must have meant *that*.

This is the most comical Thing I almost ever did hear;—nothing could have acted as a more pointed Piece of Ridicule certainly—and few Things can shew more clearly that Ridicule is no test of Truth: for after all, the completion of ancient Prophecies can never be found ridiculous; though *they* may be not unjustly derided, who pretend to give the Exposition of such Matters without Study & Learning adequate to so great a Work. Sir Isaac Newton however said that the Longitude would perhaps be discovered one Day by an old Woman o' spinning, so prophetic Mysteries may possibly by the like Accident strike some less capable Reader with their true meaning, while wiser People miss it.

Here is a Sermon² now going about from hand to hand, preached in the Year 1701 at a Church in Cornhill predictive of Events

¹ Probably Ezek. xxxv. 7 is meant: 'Thus will I make Mount Seir most desolate.'

² Robert Fleming's *Discours on the Rise and Fall of Papacy* (1701), reprinted in London in 1792, and in Boston in 1794. On a later page she pasted in a newspaper excerpt from it, given here:

'For The St. JAMES's CHRONICLE.

PROPHECY respecting FRANCE.

Extract from a religious Discourse, preached by ROBERT FLEMING, Verb. Dei Minist. printed by Andrew Bell, Cornhill, 1701—now in the library of SIR GEORGE YOUNG, Bart.

From xvth chapter of the Revelations, 8th and 9th verses: on the pouring out of the fourth vial of the sun.

THERE is good ground to hope that about the beginning of another century, things again may alter for the better; for I cannot but believe, but that some new mortification of the supporters of Antichrist will then happen, and perhaps the French Monarchy may begin to be considerably humbled.

About that time, the present French King, LOUIS XIV. took the sun for his emblem, and for his motto *nec pluribus instar*. [Corrected to *impar* by Mrs. Piozzi.]

He may at length, or rather his successor, and the Monarchy itself, before the year 1794, be forced to acknowledge, that in respect to neighbouring Potentates, he is *singulis instar*; but as to the expiration of this vial, I fear it will not be till the end of the year 1794. Here he gives his reasons; page 74. I must tell you that I have nothing further to add, as to the time; but as to the manner, our text lays a foundation of some more distant thoughts; therefore in the last place we may justly suppose, that the French Monarchy, after it has scorched the nations around them, will itself consume in its own flame: its fire, and that which is the fuel that maintains it, wasting insensibly, till it be exhausted towards the end of the present century.' Mrs. Piozzi adds the comment: 'very curious!'

existing at this Moment, viz:—the Destruction of French Monarchy, & plagues upon France: which that Writer, (& he seems no good one neither,) deduces from the 16th Chapter of St John's Apocalypse. Louis 14th had just then taken the Sun¹ for his Emblem, and added an insolent Motto which apparently gave the Idea to Mr Fleming who I suspect for a Dissenting Teacher, that the Angel pours out his Vial upon *France*: if such be the true Reading, our present Combination seems like enough to make them *gnaw their Teeth for Pain*.² They have bred a Riot at Rome just now,³ where one of their vile Democratic Agents⁴ being killed, they threaten that old City with Fire & Sword—Will *my* Explanation come true? will their Anarchy end in a *Decemvirate*, to make out the *Ten horns* which hate the Whore, & hurt her, & eat her Flesh, & utterly burn her with Fire?⁵ it looks promising enough to be sure. Nous verrons. they do *eat her flesh* as it is, they live on her revenues by robbing the Church Lands.

The Sermon has waked another Notion in my Head—if by the *Sun* in the Revelations is meant France, by the *Moon*⁶ is probably meant the Turkish Empire, which has long borne the Crescent as its emblem—and thus alone perhaps will those Texts come true, that the *Sun* shall be *darkened*, & the *Moon* shall not give her *Light* &c. *Matt* 24th⁷ & again in the 8th Chapter of St John's Apocalypse 12th Verse: that when the fourth Angel sounded, the third Part of the *Sun* was smitten, & the third Part of the *Moon*, & the 3^d Part of the *Stars*, so that the *Day* shone not, for a third Part of it; & the Night likewise.

Now if such Commotions were *literally* to befall, and fully to this Extent; how would God's promise to Noah be fulfilled? that *while the Earth remaineth seed time and harvest and Cold and Heat, & Summer & Winter, & Day and Night shall not cease*.⁸ and how should our Blessed Saviour's Words be verified, *that as in the Days of Noe which was before the flood; they were eating & drinking, marrying and giving in Marriage until the Day that Noah enter'd into the Ark, & knew not until the Flood came & took them all away:—so shall the coming of the Son of Man be*.⁹ Now The Lord's return to judge the World must

¹ if the *Sun* does represent France it has a Spot in it now sure enough; the *real* Sun. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Cf. Rev. xii. 1: 'a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet.'

² Cf. Rev. xvi. 10: 'they gnawed their tongues for pain.' ³ 15: Feb: 1793. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁴ Hugon de Bassville, sent by the French republic as their emissary, and murdered by a Roman mob on January 13, 1793.

⁵ See Rev. xvii. 16.

⁶ Cf. n. 1, above.

⁷ Verse 29.

⁸ See 8: Chap: of Genesis 22: Verse. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁹ 24: *Matt*: 38 39 40 Verses besides that Two Women could not be grinding at a Mill for

one would think be expected even by y^e most stupid, & believed by the most incredulous, should such *very* unequivocal Signs as *these* precede it—and we are perpetually assured that his Appearance will be sudden & unexpected—like a Thief in the night;¹ I suppose because though each predicted Event will have arrived, yet we shall not be able to comprehend 'em on their Arrival—for so it was with the Jews on His 1st coming; the Scriptures were fulfilled,—yet they perceived it not.

20: Feb: 1793.] Another odd Combination: 'tis now confidently asserted that the Ottoman Porte² enters into a League offensive & defensive with France: if so, there are the *Beast* and the *false Prophet* Mahomet, joined together against the Worshippers of Christ, who is now publicly denied in the National Convention, where Atheism reigns triumphant.

A Word more; Is not the Eagle described 2^d Book of Esdras Chapters 11: & 12th the *Roman Eagle*? Is She not described as burning like Babylon in the Revelations of St John?³—& is not her Time approaching? it should seem so.

27: Feb: 1793.] Meantime here is a very forward Spring, the Blackbirds already begin to whistle, tho' faintly; the Hens all want to sit, the Primroses Polyanthus &c crowd the Hedges; & a Rose Tree or two are quite full of Leaves. In warmer Soils I doubt not the Almonds being out—but Streatham is a cold Clay Ground, & always backward compared to Fulham, Richmond, &c in the Neighbourhood of London or to the Crescent & Walk below the South parade at Bath.—

Lysons's Book⁴ is a very fine one but this War ruins the Sale of everything except Politics.

When Lord Chesterfield was abroad—somewhere—the witty Lord Chesterfield I mean; Louis 15th's Ambassador drank his Master's Health under the Emblem of the Sun, the Russian in Company took his Turn & drank his Mistress under that of the rising Moon: when it came to our Countryman's Choice of an Emblem for the King of Great Britain—Let it said he be Joshua no Corn w^d grow—Two Men c^d not be working in y^e Field for they would have no Light to work by—Marriages, Plantations, Buildings must stand still, & we are expressly told that they will go on to the last—we are told so by X^t himself. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See Luke xvii. 35, 36.

¹ 1 Thess. v. 2; 2 Pet. iii. 10; Rev. iii. 3; xvi. 15.

² Turkey had been one of the first nations to recognize the Republic, and France reciprocated by championing her against Russian aggression. This alliance did not survive long.

³ Chap. 18.

⁴ Daniel Lysons's *Enviroms of London*, the first volume of which appeared in 1792.

the Leader of a chosen Host; at whose Command the Sun & the Moon stood still.

19: March 1793. Streatham Park] A new & strange Event for *Thraliana*—The Miss *Thrales* have been to visit M^{rs} *Piozzi*. What an Honour!! what a Favour! what a Wonder! Tis impossible to guess the motive of their coming, any more than of their staying away—for *me* to guess it, at least. but last Saturday Even^g¹—came a Billet to my Master, saying the Ladies wished to speak with him next Morn^g he went; but found only the Eldest, who said they *all* meant to wait on me the next Day—Monday, at any hour I pleased. I named 12—but kind M^r Jones² at whose house we spent a fortnight just to shew Cecy a little of Life, as Bath was not convenient this year—M^r Jones invited them to Breakfast: so they came; spoke of no Business, but conversed about the French & the Fashions, as if we had been separated a Month only. Some Agitation of Spirits might however be discerned in Susanna; while Miss Thrale & myself who having ten Times more to feel, must have felt ten Times as much—talked with Tranquillity on popular Subjects (from mere practice of the World) without any apparent Emotion. This Morn^g I returned the Visit,³ & then came home after inviting them to Dinner on Easter Monday next; & to My Astonishment the Eldest rather eagerly caught at the Invitation.⁴

So like Brutus and his evil Genius⁵—*We shall meet again*. God only knows their Reasons for such Conduct, *I* only know that was

¹ March 16. Thus ended the six years' estrangement (see above, p. 685, n. 2).

² Her cousin (see above, p. 794). His town house was in Cavendish Square.

³ on my returning the Visit they seemed Colder, the eldest was *denied*; Susanna looked distrust a little when I kiss'd her, but no Emotion was discernible in Sophy. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁴ The Invitation was made at M^r Jones's on the Monday Morn^g—& repeated on Tuesday, we follow'd it up with a Note begging them to sleep here, which they in a formal Billet, declined—but *afterwards* accepted. *Mrs. Piozzi*. The begging note, sent on March 23, read: 'M^r and M^{rs} Piozzi hope that Miss Thrales are all perfectly well, and will be kind enough to come early on Monday sennight—1: April: bringing with them their Maid Servant and Night Caps, because of the Evening Air—for *Robbers are never owned to*.' Bowood Papers. Queeney's first reply agreed to come early, but refused the invitation for the night (a draft of her answer survives in the Bowood Papers). On March 30, however, she changed her mind: 'Miss Thrales have been told by Mr. Lysons that Mr. & Mrs. Piozzi expect a Party in the Evening Monday next which they did not know before—& as it will of Course prevent their returning to Town so early as they should otherwise have done—Miss Thrales will accept their obliging Offer of Staying all Night though they are ashamed of sending them such short Notice, lest it may be inconvenient—they occupy two Rooms & have no occasion for a Maid. They desire their Love to Cecilia.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 553. The tone of this correspondence represents clearly enough the degree of formality in their intercourse. The Easter Monday party included the Hamiltons, the Greatheeds, Miss Owen, Mr. Jones, and 'all the Siddons family'. *Pennington Correspondence*, p. 84.

⁵ Cf. *Julius Caesar*, iv. iii. 280-3.

my Constitution inclined to be Lethargic, this Behaviour would be of Service to it, for I have never slept now since a little last Fryday Night after a Ball: where to divert Cecilia we staid till four in the Morning. No matter! tis the finger of God, & we must watch its Motions. Piozzi and I had given up all Idea of ever seeing them again, except by chance. They seemed fond of Cecilia, that is Susanna did; & kissed her. the other two & myself behaved like mere Acquaintance. James Drummond met us at The Theatre twice, but was not troublesome; only that one trembles at the Face of a Man who has so *lately* insulted one.

Well! the King of France died pardoning & pitying all those who had tortured his Soul & Body, a great Pattern for us all. God give me Grace so to follow his bright Example as to obtain Remission of my own Offences.

King David's Charity was not so fervent—he bid his Son revenge the Wrongs he never vindicated personally,¹ but the Father of Solomon was a Jew—Louis Seize a Christian. I have been ill used enough, but if my Daughters chuse it, all shall be forgotten.

19 March 1793.] The Spring is very forward; I saw a Horse Chesnut in Leaf on Clapham Common, pretty and strange at so early a Period sure. Oh yes! & I have heard a Nightingale sing too though in a faint low Voice: this Weather pleases *them* I suppose, it pleases no one else; such soft, mild, yet continued Rain rots the very ground, & makes it dismal for sowing Barley, Plantations thrive however; our shrubbery will be beautiful this Year, the Trees grow at such a Rate, one almost sees them.

Thursday 4: April.] The Flash is over, my charming Master made his new found Friends a flaming Entertainment on Easter Monday—that he did.—*Dinner Concert Supper and Ball*. Miss Hamilton sung her best, so did Piozzi. Yaniewitsh² was 1st Violin—no Man can make *him* second. I danced a Pas de deux with Pisani—a first Rate Nobleman of Venice, & sent by that Republic Ambassador to the late King of France seven Years ago—the Rebels unroost'd him³ & he came hither to wait further Orders. *Our* Performance was much applauded—What a Mercy 'tis that I could

¹ 2 Kings ii. 5-6.

² Felix Yaniewicz (or, more properly, Janiewicz), the Polish violinist. Driven from France, he made his London début in February 1792. *Grove's Dictionary of Music*.

³ 'Eccellenza Pisani . . . at whose throat, and at those of his little girls, ten and eleven years old, they held knives and pikes for the space of four hours. . . .' *Pennington Correspondence*, p. 72.

so perform, after having been a married Woman just 30 years! my eldest Daughter in the Room—nine or ten Couple of young Folks finished the Evening with Country dances, The Thrales are all handsome thank God, and make a charming Appearance: It was a pretty Sight upon the whole, & nothing went amiss but the Weather—*Evermore raining*; the Spring is very dull, tho' so uncommonly forward.

Though many Things are dearer now than they used to be, some Things do get cheaper—I guess not why. My green Goose for this last Entertainment cost but 15s. I have paid a Guinea for one at this early Season in former Days. The Peacock stood me in no more,¹ I really was delighted to hear it, and last Spring Thames Salmon sold (not to me for I bought none, but it did sell) for twelve shillings the Pound weight; I write it carefully that no Mistake may be made.

Muslins too that My Mother has paid eighteen or twenty Shillings the yard for, may now be had for a Crown, and Tea which I remember that the Managers of Ranelagh in Sir Tho^s Robinson's reign gave Twenty four Shillings the Pound for; is sold common at *eight Shillings only*. while Butcher's Meat is at Sixpence the pound *one* Joynt with *another*—exactly *double* the Sum it stood at when I first married in 1763.

Wiser People find reasons—I aver the Facts.²

Well! I do think that all is compleatly healed up between my Daughters & myself—on *my* Side it certainly is:³ we see one another very often, and every Time, with better good Will than before. I scarce c^d have hoped such Comfort. The Spring is now—by Dint of sharp Easterly Winds & hard Frosts, rendered as backward as it was *once* the *contrary*: not an Advance as I see since the 1st of March; no Swallow, no Cuckoo, no Turkey sitting: no Lilac further out than it was upon St David's Day—General Paoli will lose his Head in these foreign Commotions I fancy—an old Goose! he would be meddling.⁴ [1: May 1793.

¹ This was only because Curiosities are more cultivated, There are more Peacocks killed for Table, & more Green Geese raised. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² This is stranger. Mother Quickly says to Falstaff that He owes her for *Shirts*; He complains how coarse they were, to avoid Payment. Nay She replies, as I am a true Woman they were Holland of eight Shillings an Ell.

I remember my own Father's Shirts in 1760 costing that *very Sum*—and Mr Piozzi gives *less* instead of *more* in 1793. *Mrs. Piozzi*. For Dame Quickly's remark, see *I Henry IV*, III. iii. 82–3.

³ It is worthy of note that, of the twenty letters from Queeney which her mother saved, seven date from this year, and five of those seven from the months of March and April. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 553.

⁴ See above, p. 765, n.5. After the death of Louis XVI he repudiated his allegiance to France,

14: May. Streatham Park.] Miss Thrale has been here to solicit our Mercy for Cator;¹ She has heard that Piozzi drives him by these Bills in Chancery, and he has frightened her wth the Notion that Gov^t is coming to fall upon us.—perhaps he himself has inform'd the Gov^t Sheldon says he is likely enough. Yet why should Gov^t seek what they well know we can hide if we please? Why just because we *cannot* hide it without Cator's & Crutcheley's Consent. & he will certainly refuse his Consent to whatever may benefit *me*.

In the Ladies' Return to my House & Friendship then,—was Interest more than Affection or Duty, 'tis plain,—but no Matter; they are come again, & I am happy to see them: and if we wait till some Action is discovered of which the Motive itself & every separate part was pure—I suppose we may wait till the Millennium.

My Girls are full as good as anybody else's Girls,—& why should they be better? am *I* better? or was poor dear M^r Thrale better than his Neighbours?—*worse* I think, if He cheated his Wife before he married her, & robb'd his Children afterwards—but I believe it *not yet*.

26: May] Miss Thrale's return was to intreat Mercy for Cator it seems—*nothing else!!* Well! one would have thought Davies did it on purpose, for nothing w^d he tell us when we went all together to Streatham Church this Morn^g—but what a bad thing *Defamation* was, & what a nefarious Thing a false Oath was.

My eldest Daughter sate fretting who knew that She had passed seven or ten Years in propagating disgraceful Lyes of her Mother, to whom She at last came back only from hopes of protecting by her Influence a perjurd Thief from Justice: so I sate laughing, & the rest Yawning—such a Church Time!!!! I wonder whether God Almighty will suffer Cator to escape thro' this Stratagem of frightening Miss Thrale so as to make her stop Piozzi's Enquiries into his Peculation. *I* will stand Neuter—the Rascal shall have all the Advantage he can make of them, for *me*: but all our Lawyers, some

expelled the Bonaparte family, and applied to England for a protectorate. This was effected in 1794. Paoli, however, was chagrined by the appointment of Sir Gilbert Elliot as viceroy, in 1795, and returned to England, where he lived until his death in 1807.

On May 12 Cator wrote to Mr. Ward, the Piozzis' attorney, saying that Miss Thrale had been to him 'with many Papers of Accts. written by Mr. Piozzi for Mr. Cators examination. . . . If Mr. Cator had made any charge of Proffit on Mr. Piozzi he certainly would be ready to leave such charge to the opinion of any two Gentlemen but Mr. Cator having made no Charge whatever cannot conceive any thing to leave to arbitration.' *Ry. Eng. MS. 602*. Apparently, Queeney's visit to her mother had antedated May 12, and Mr. Piozzi had then used her as his messenger of complaint to Cator.

from Desire of Gain, some from Desire of seeing Cator's head, (which has so often been too hard for *them*) in the Pillory;—excite my Innocent & unmeaning Master to drive forward—Nous verrons; I have long remained a mere Spectator—no Actor in human Life; & shall yet perhaps Live—tho' ill enough too—to see *this* farce out, & possibly speak the Epilogue.—

My eldest Daughter told me the other Morning that She had seen A Star, Mercury She thinks it was—Shining at Noon Day, some time ago—a Summer or two I think. Astronomers *did* account for the Phænomenon particularly well, but at the Moment of Recollection their Arguments had escaped her.

These are indeed Signs in the Sun, & in the Moon & in the *Stars*: not Emblematical alone, or figurative; but literal & true. I am convinced the World's End is approaching: What will be the Result of L^d Macartney's Embassy? I long sincerely to see the Jews come into the Church.¹

Fleming² says Rome is to burn & the Israelites to march in the Year 1848. his last Calculation was a neat one—so this may be; we must go to y^e Calvinists for Accomptants I find.—

There are certainly different Notions about Metaphysics—I mean *honestly* different; for the System-Makers who would regard? *they* have Fame to get, or a Book to sell, or are looking for any thing rather than the Truth. But my eldest Daughter always used to say—that her Idea of Eternity was *Time standing still* or I believe *Time being annihilated*,^{wh} I cannot for my Soul understand any Meaning in—yet this the *Nunc stans* of the Schoolmen expresses, while to my Mind—*Time standing still* is *hot Ice* & wondrous *black Snow*:³ A square Circle has as much Sense in it—to my Comprehensions—nay more, for the Circle may be squared, the Ice heated or the Snow dyed—but Time must be going on, when that's over, all's over:—

¹ Lysons (Daniel Lysons) says the Jews will go home *Jews*, not Xtians—and they will live in their own Country & be happy; Perhaps so. Scripture *does* say y^t there are to be *Old Men* in Jerusalem & little Children, & this c^d not be if y^e World's End were immediately to follow *on their Return home*. Mrs. Piozzi. This rumour, which evidently alludes to a Zionist hope of the Jewish congregation of Amsterdam (see below, p. 869), is difficult to corroborate. The Civil Emancipation of the Netherlands Jews (which took place in 1795, after the French conquest) was, however, justified in the General Assembly of August 22–30, 1796, partly on the grounds that the Amsterdam Jews treasured a Messianic hope of a revived Jewish state in Palestine. The Convocation alluded to below (p. 869), which Mrs. Piozzi evidently connects with this Zionist movement, has left no trace in Jewish history, but may have been fostered by converts of the contemporary pseudo-Messiah, Jacob Frank, the Polish Jew, whose sect was in favour of uniting with the Christians. I am indebted for this information to Professor Jacob R. Marcus.

² See above, p. 853.

³ *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1. 59.

there are neither people nor Things, nor Angels nor Demons nor nothing—they all dwell in Time, as they do in Space;—when Time & Space go—all goes,—& among the rest must go *God's enjoyment of Eternity*—for Eternity is only time prolonged & Sir Tho^s Browne is of my Mind, but Sir Kenelm Digby says *We* talk nonsense.¹

Lord Deerhurst has a particular Talent for making Latin Verses; I beg'd him to translate Voltaire's pretty ones given with English Imitations at the beginning of the 3^d Vol: of this Thraliana² here they are, & very neatly done I think

Auroram revocate invisa Crepuscula Vitæ
 Hora juventutis, si vis amare—redi;
 Collibus umbrosis, viridi cingente Coronâ
 Qui simul imperium Bacchus Amorq; tenent.
 Non reditura dies, et inexorabile Tempus
 Admonet invitos, hinc revocare pedes.
 Attamen Omnipotens, multos qui præbuit annos
 Det sapere, et Vitæ noscere vera Bona
 Cui non vota parent Ætati, sustinet ille
 Damna senectutis pessima sentit onus.
 Vita brevis, lusus juveniles cede juventæ,
 Propria consiliis, hora sit una—dûum
 Quid fugiturus Amor, fugiturque gaudia vitæ
 His Cælo pietas, servet amica malis
 Eheu! bis morimur; cessamus amare, placere
 Infanda hæc nihili cedimus esse refert.
 Flebam præteritos Annos, nugosque jocosque
 Erroresq; animus præteruisse dolet,
 Descendens Superis, sed non dulcedine Amoris,
 Candida Amicitia tendit Imago manum.
 Eximie novitatis amans formæque sequebar
 Pænitet hanc solam me potuisse sequi.

and the following Jeu D'Esprit written in French by M^r L'Abbé Lamoignon I think—& preserved somewhere in this Farrago³ a long Time ago—every Stanza (for there are three in the Original) ending with *Bon Soir la Compagnie* which Lord Deerhurst made Latin thus.

Quid prodest Annis mox Octaginta peractis
 Vivere! longa instat Nox Moriarque lubens:

¹ Digby, in his *Observations upon Religio Medici* (Browne's *Religio Medici* and Digby's *Observations* [Oxford, 1909], p. 6), takes exception to Sir Thomas's conception of eternity, which 'Me thinketh hee taketh . . . for an infinite extension of time, and a never ending revolution of continuall succession.' Actually, however, Browne says (*ibid.*, pp. 22-3): ' . . . in eternity there is no distinction of tenses . . . what to us is to come, to his Eternitie is present, his whole duration being one permanent point without succession, parts, flux, or division.' I surmise that Mrs. Piozzi had only Digby before her when she wrote this.

² See above, p. 324.

³ See above p. 348.

Nescio quo, cum Fata vocant, Vestigia Vertam,
 Monstret Iter Vitæ Dux—moriarque lubens,
 Tempus edax Formæ, gustus vitiosa Senectus
 Admonet—Ah Socii dico *Valete lubens*.

'Tis observable that blind People are always chearful; the Wonder grows less tho', when one recollects that all their Pleasures are dependent on Society; where they must not *pout*: for as the French say wisely—on ne se fait pas aimable en boudant. To be received with welcome Good humour is indispensable, & by long repressing Ill Temper—it wholly leaves them I suppose; for the Duc D'Arenberg,¹ Lord Deerhurst, & M^r Dowdeswell, are actually the most uniformly chearful Men I ever knew. Other Mortals can change their Company at Pleasure, and grow fastidious from the mere Consciousness that they *may* be so: Blind Men have no such Power, their Situation renders them wholly *dependent* and 'tis *that* alone produces Compliance—The Vine bends voluntarily, & clings about the Trees which support it; the Fawning Spaniel licks his protecting Master's hand,—while the sturdier Thorn is blighted, the Wolf hunted and the Democrites hated—what but new-found-out Power of *doing for themselves*, set up France into Independance & ferocity, which accompanies it naturally? and what will at length tame their fury—why just finding out that they *cannot* do for *themselves*. What sent my Daughters home to me—civilly—not Affectionately?—why finding their Interest necessary to save their Friend (so they think him,) M^r Cator from the Pillory. they thought themselves all-sufficient I suppose to pull down my Reputation & set up his; but finding their Mistake, have learned perhaps that no Fortune creates Independance upon Society, where Pliability and Protection, Reciprocation of Benefits & Pleasures,—can best assure Tenderness in this World; & shew that true Self Love & Social are the same—² of which Position the Chearfulness of Blind Men is a strong corroborating Evidence:—everyone loves *them*, because every one pities them, & they love every body because anybody is better than privation; & towards them nobody will fail to shew that Attention which to the seeing, they would certainly refuse.—

Mademoiselle Paradies³ at Vienna told me She was the happiest

¹ Whom they met in Brussels in 1786. See above, p. 679. His blindness was due to the accidental discharge of a gun by Sir William Gordon, c. 1776. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 618.

² Pope, *Essay on Man*, iii. 317; iv. 396.

³ Maria Theresia von Paradis, pianist and composer. Her father was secretary to Emperor Joseph. Pratt, *Encyclopedia of Music*. When she was in England, in 1785–6, she came under the patronage of Dr. Burney. *Gent. Mag.* lv. 176.

woman in the World—every body loved, & every body served her. She said:—& that in every Nation—I dare say they did:

17: July 1793] Here is the hottest Summer known for many Years in England, & the longest Series of Dry Weather I remember, except perhaps that Time we spent in Devonshire previous to the Kings Illness in 1788 which was likewise very hot & dry. 'Tis well we had such long heavy Rains last Winter & Spring, we should have been scorch'd to Death else; the Hay was happily got in however, but here is no After-pasture, no Water in the Pumps, and the Hens dye of Sunstrokes.

Lord Macartney's Embassy succeeds,¹ Now for the next Vial poured out upon the river Euphrates, to dry up the Boundaries and efface the Limits between Europe & Asia, and to let in *the Kings of the East*. See St John's *Apocalypse*.²

The Thermometer stood yesterday at 77 in a *Current* of Air, at 73 in a Room cool'd by every possible means, & at 100 in the Sun, tho' suspended to an Apple Tree not stuck against the Wall—so after all the Wet Weather in Spring, here are we in poor Doctor Carpanni of Milan's phrase,—with tanto della Lingua fuori della Bocca for Heat. never contented I think. the Hay has prospered admirably tho'—our Fruit is all blighted I guess not why. other People's succeeds better.

The young Ladies refused Invitation for the Anniversary of our Wedding Day—they went to Southampton,³ so the refusal was not uncivil only cold—no harm in that; we must as Baretti said, have *the Dice as they are*. The Fête was splendid, tho' they did not come; Mrs Crespigny & Lady Martin my new Acquaintance shone away at it; the Venetian Ambassador Pisani did his Countryman the Honour to dance, & all went well, & gayly—

3: August 1793.] This day however I received this odd anonymous Letter, so tis plain Piozzi has Enemies, though I cannot guess *who*. 'Tis observable however that none ever came before since I was at Exmouth, when I received two very kind ones, which we fancied came from Este and Boycott,⁴ but upon Enquiry it appeared not. Who could have written this scrawl I wonder? copied by a Baby, & I think directed by a foreigner. was it suggested by Miss Thrales to mortify *me*? or was it some Italian not asked to the

¹ I know not why y^s was asserted by me in July 1793.—but June 1794 has confirmed it. Mrs. Piozzi. Actually, the main diplomatic object of the mission (see above, p. 852) failed. Macartney did not return until September 1794.

² Rev. xvi. 12.

³ They left London shortly after July 11 (Bowood Papers) and were still there on October 20 (Ry. Eng. MS. 553).

⁴ See above, p. 661, n. ¶.

Dinner who had a Mind to spite my Husband—He shall not see it however, so *that* Arrow will miss its aim—at least I hope so.

Meantime Cecilia is courted underhand by Sammy Lysons It seems, & Susanna who has been courted by him too, knows the business—'Tis a dead secret from *me*, but kind M^{rs} Mackay told all.—I care not, they may play M^{rs} Ford & M^{rs} Page.¹

Here is a new Review called the British Critic, it mentions a new Book called Curiosities of Literature,² and selects a strange thing from it—viz—That the first Lines of the 1st Book of the Zodiack, written by Palingenius³ are an Acrostic of his Name⁴—& upon examination so they are sure enough. Now what Makes this more remarkable I read the two 1st Books of this fine Poem with Dr Johnson about the Year 1767 as I remember, & he told me the Authors Name was not Palingenius, but that Palingenius was an Anagram of the real Name; which however he either neglected telling me—or I have since forgotten—Marvellous! that he & I should construe the Lines together, yet never find out they were an Acrostick; I am sure Doctor Collier did not know it neither—no nor Valesius⁵—see his Valesiana.

10th Aug] So here is the tenth of August commemorated with a Vengeance—The unhappy Queen of France loses her Life this Day⁶ on the same Scaffold where was martyr'd her most innocent and blameless Husband the beginning of this Year, *No, No. No. No.* And will not the Lord be avenged of such a Nation as that? I think he will, and signally. May my Lord Howe be found worthy in some Measure to be an Instrument for the punishing these unheard of Crimes by blowing the French Fleet into the Air.

¹ Who connived at making a laughing-stock of Falstaff, when they discovered that he courted both of them, in the *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

² The review of Isaac D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature* (vol. ii), in the *British Critic*, i. 324 ff.

³ Pier Angelo Manzoli, whose poem, *Zodiacus Vitae*, was translated by Barnabe Googe, under the title *The Zodiack of Life*, in 1588.

⁴ M.A.R.C.E.L.L.U.S. P.A.L.I.N.G.E.N.I.U.S. S.T.E.L.L.A.T.U.S. I believe there was an old Poem by Aratus called *Phænomena* which St Paul quotes, & this more modern Writer meant to renew his Doctrine & so calls himself the Regenerator of old Aratus. Marcellus Palingenius—Palingenius means Regenerator. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Aratus was a Greek poet of the Alexandrian school. The invocation to Zeus, at the beginning of his *Phænomena*, was quoted by St. Paul (Acts xvii. 28): 'For in him we live, and move, and have our being, as certain also of your own poets have said . . .'

⁵ Charles Valois de la Mare. See *Valesiana* (1695), pp. 132-3.

⁶ She was not guillotined until October 16. Her removal, shortly before August 10, unattended and at midnight, from the Temple (where she had been confined for a year) to the Conciergerie, had probably started the rumour of her impending execution.

There was a Sibyl's Prophecy which ran thus; when Africk is recovered, Mundus will be destroyed—People thought it meant the World, & were afraid; but the Ages rolled on, & the Fear grew less—What was meant by *recovery* does not seem to have been ever explained; but the Romans understood it of their conquering the whole Country. In Justinian's Time his General, (Mundus by Name) & his Son, after making great Progress tow'rds its Subjugation, died in Dalmatia, & The People found the Prophecy completed, so thought no more of the matter.

I am however of Opinion that the Sibyl's Prediction was best understood at beginning, & that when Africa *does* actually *recover* her *Liberty*, & escape from the original Curse—*The World will come to an End*.—She is recovering now, is She not?¹—

2^d Sept^r 1793.] I had given my 1st Volume of Synonymes to the Rev: James Beavor to look over this Morn^g in Manuscript, half an hour before Breakfast:—with these words on the Scrap that accompanied it: If you find any gross & palpable Mistakes, mark them on this paper it will much oblige yours &c—H:L:P. he wrote on the same Scrap within the half hour

Reply

Where there's much to admire, and little to blame,
Should Reason find fault—She must forfeit her Name;
Then tell me no more his Example to follow
Who receiv'd Asses' Ears for correcting Apollo.

12. Sept.] Such Weather was never seen sure—like July—we never had so fine a season. M^r Piozzi came home from Brinbella in twenty six *hours* 216 Miles a very pretty Run. Brinbella will be beautiful

Meantime on the 17: Sept^r 1793—Here is M^{rs} Piozzi celebrating at Streatham Park (then a pitiful Place indeed) the Birthday of Hester Maria Thrale—born at Southwark this Day 29 Years—She well in health—& happy or ought to be—in Possession of a good Person, good Fortune & good Talents;

Myself happy in an apparently invincible Constitution, an excellent Husband, an ample Provision both for his Life & my own: with *this* Place the Admiration of one Half our Acquaintance—&

¹ I wish my husband w^d tell me the exact Particulars of what that Chemist said to him at Turin concerning the Destruction of Lyons and of Rome—he might tell safely *now*: I am sure his Reasons for not letting me converse with the Man was because he w^d have produced Reasons for our not residing in Italy w^{ch} Piozzi then intended to do. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See above, p. 614, n. 3, and below, p. 963.

Brinbella, our new & as yet unfinished Seat in Wales, the Admiration of t'other half. My powers of Body not *very much* decayed I think; my powers of Mind not *at all* impaired for ought that I perceive: four fine Daughters alive & eminent for Accomplishments and Beauty—What would I have?—*Life*—to thank God in; & do good to his less happy Creatures in this World;—in the other a long Eternity to sing his Praise.

I read my Drama¹ to M^{rs} Crespigny & Miss Martin to Day, & they liked it—they are good Judges—but it signifies nothing; for the Managers refuse every thing but Ballad Farces I understand, & turned the best Performers as well as the best Authors—to seek their Fortunes in other Branches of Literature—no more pickings from the Stage I am told. Harriet Lee can not get *her* Drama nor her Sister's forward,² & judges tell me that they have very great Merit both of them: I thought mighty well of what I saw certainly.³

23 Jan: 1794.⁴] My Synonymes are Sold—500 Pages of my own Hand writing⁵ for 500⁶ no reason to complain of such a Bargain they are Quarto Pages, containing rather less than *these* contain. M^r Murphy sold them for me⁶—that is he suggested the Price, & drew up the Agreement:—M^r Murphy is very good, & comes about us very kindly.

My poor Husband has been very ill;⁷ seriously, if not dangerously ill: Gout flying to his Neck, Breast, Sides & Back; it was certainly on the Lungs once. a smart Fit in the Extremities saved him, with sudorificks in aid, but he is weak & wan, & the thoughts of his breeding Gout so fast shocks me: it has beside all the rest made a Deposit in the Great Toe—I mean in the Joint, as if intending a

¹ *Floretta*, which Kemble had shelved in 1791. See above, p. 829.

² Harriet's play was probably *The Mysterious Marriage, or the Heirship of Rosalva*, which was published in 1798 but never acted. Sophia's was *Almeyda*, which was produced in 1796, with Mrs. Siddons in the chief role. It ran only for four nights.

³ Harriet had been with her in July. *Pennington Correspondence*, p. 95.

⁴ The lapse of over four months, without an entry, is the longest to date, except for the enforced intervals of travel. It is partly explained by her labour on the second volume of *British Synonymy*. But the lapse is symptomatic of her slackening interest in her diary. The sixth volume spans almost seventeen years, a longer period than that covered by the five preceding volumes.

⁵ Now forming *Ry. Eng. MSS.* 637–8.

⁶ To G. G. and J. Robinson. The amount agreed on between Murphy and the publishers was £300, as Murphy himself wrote to her on November 12, 1793. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 548. A receipt for £300, for the copyright of the *Synonymy*, dated April 10, 1794, is listed in the catalogue of the R. B. Adam Library (iii. 240).

⁷ He had had a painful attack in January 1793, which she does not mention (*Pennington Correspondence*, pp. 74, 78), and on December 5 was, as she wrote to Hester, just recovering from another (Bowood Papers).

Chalkstone. The Ladies enquired about him with much Civility—very like Friendship.

M^{rs} Siddons is come home,¹ handsome, celebrated, enriched, adored. Every body worships that admirable Creature except her own Family—To *them* She is no Heroine—tho' contented to make herself Valet de Chambre—Allusion to Rochefoucault.²

Here is the Anniversary of S^t Paul's Conversion³—the Wind blows a Hurricane, what will become of our Ships?

Boswell—

Who tells whate'er you think—whate'er you say,
And if he lies not,—must at least betray,⁴

has cleared a Thousand Guineas by his Book:⁵ the World is surely not in its Dotage alone, but its *Anecdote*.

We shall never beat the French says one, why truly replied I, 'tis like kicking at a Woollack—there is perpetual Resistance made, & a strange Elasticity; but emptying the Bag will give it Capacity of Impression—We have taken out Toulon,⁶ Pondicherry,⁷ S^t Domingo⁸ & Surat.

Pray Sir says a Gentleman to M^r Davies is there any mention of the School of Athens in the Bible? and did King David go to *School* there, to *learn* to Prophecy? and did he go at the same Time as S^t Paul went? they tell me S^t Paul's going thither is a *Fact*, and I have seen somewhat of a *Picture on 't*.

This was asked by a *Gentleman* (soidisant) to an Acquaintance of his & mine, & asked seriously for the Sake of Information.

Poor little Tommy felt a Pain,
She feared that it might come again,
Except they got Assistance:
Tho' rising only five Years Old,
He had a Tooth *as I am told*,
That pain'd him *at a Distance*.

This Stanza was written in serious Sadness on the Illness of his own little Boy by the present Marquis of Salisbury They are *printed*.

¹ From Ireland, where she had gone in October 1793. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 574.

² See above, p. 385.

³ January 25.

⁴ Pope, *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, ll. 297–8.

⁵ See above, p. 765, n. 4.

⁶ Invested by Admiral Hood on August 28, 1793.

⁷ Captured by British forces, under Colonel Braithwaite, on August 23, 1793.

⁸ The resistance of the negroes under Toussaint L'Ouverture was being gradually quelled. At this date various towns on the island had surrendered, but Port au Prince was holding out, against Commodore Ford.

The Women wear seven Handkerchiefs at a Time now one upon the Head one upon the Hat, one round the Throat one upon the Neck, one loosely thrown over the Shoulders & one in the Pocket.

Tis my Scourge to think better both of the World & of all the Individuals in it than they deserve: that House of Miss Rathbone's is now supposed to have been but a Cage of unclean Birds,¹ living in a sinful Celibât. Mercy on us! Colonel Barry is with Lord Moyra;² he had a good Escape of Miss Trefusis if all be true.³—

They say Mr James of Bath, has been guillotined in Bretagne.⁴ Neddy Onslow was certainly massacred at Paris. See how Vengeance does pursue the Guilty!!!

It is not Tambourine de Basse, but, Tambourine de Basque I believe—the Instrument was first used in that Town.

It is not Irish Stitch but *Iris* Stitch, in which we work Carpets & Chairs, the Rainbow-like Manner of working confirms this Idea.

Mr Piozzi has had the Gout dreadfully, on his Chest & Sides & often in his Head—he is recovering tho'—it was a very terrifying Fit; & has pulled him down dismally.

Si le nom de L'Amour belle Iris vous fait peur,
A celui d'Amitié je feindrai de descendre;
Mais je vous aimerai d'un Amitié si tendre,
Et si ressemblant a L'Amour,
Que peut êtres vous mesme un Jour
Vous pourriez bien vous y mēprendre.

Count Zenobio made proposals of Marriage to Cecilia last Month,⁵ & now he is ordered by Gov^t out of the Kingdom.

Mr Rogers⁶ has proposed to Cecilia, he seeks not her Fortune

¹ Jonson, *The Alchemist*, v. iii. 47.

² Lord Moira had left in the previous December, at the head of an expeditionary force to aid the royalists in Brittany. His mission accomplished nothing, and he returned before February 14, 1794. *Gent. Mag.* lxiv. 437. Colonel Barry's notice in the *D.N.B.* does not mention this military service.

³ Why was Miss Weston so averse to *any Marriage* I am wondering;—and why did Miss Trefusis call Colonel Barry *Hylas* of all names? and why did Miss Weston make such an *Ado* about little Sally Siddons's Wit & Beauty & Stuff? The Girl is just like every *other* Girl—but Miss Weston did use to like *every Girl* so. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁴ A false report. See below, p. 926, and n. 3.

⁵ A renewal of a proposal made first on September 9, 1793. Mrs. Piozzi wrote to Hester about it that night, telling her that Cecilia had been only three hours in the young man's company. Bowood Papers.

⁶ Samuel Rogers, the poet. Hughes printed this paragraph in *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, p. 53.

certainly; but he is too ugly to hope Acceptance: who but himself could fancy She would think of *him*? altho' Banker & Poet. She wants neither Money nor Verses I suppose, & like the Girl in the Comedy would rather have a Husband with white Teeth.

Count Zenobio has a black Heart, he has caused himself to be arrested to avoid being sent away: these rascally Democrates force us to make new Laws, & those rough ones,—by their Conduct; and then they lament that our Nation is losing its Freedom.

The Jews are sure enough going to be converted; they have called a Solemn Assembly at Amsterdam—where they were always least ill treated:—and mean to make serious Enquiry into the Evidences of Messiah's first coming.¹ Conversion *must* follow Enquiry, so I shall live to see the great Prophecy completed, and our Saviour's *second* coming will then be most surely at hand. What reason have I to be thankful!

A French Invasion is hourly expected & prepared for; the Carmagnols are even said to be upon the Sea²

There let them sink! & be the Seas on them!³

Say I; and so says every true Lover of his Country. there are Rascals among us tho', who to spite the Ministry would wish them Success in their Descent I dare say: altho' even such would desire to send them home again.—

18: Feb: 1794.] Here is an uncommon Spring indeed—Primroses in every Path about the Country, & Cowslips cried about every Street in the Town. Birds singing like May—Peaches Nectarines & Grapes set firmly in the hothouse, and my old Plumb Tree pushing out Blossoms already—we used to call it All Fools' Thorn, because twas used to be in full Bloom upon the 1st of April. but the Sycamore Trees bud, the Weeping Willows have the light incipient shade of tender Green coming upon *them* and that Species Which puts forth Green Goslings as the Children call them, are quite alive—now on the 18th Feb. Eleven—no—Thirteen Years ago 'twas just the same, People walked with Umbrellas down Bond Street to shade them from the Sun like Naples.—That was 1781, & Influenza follow'd

Count Zenobio caused himself to be detained in England by

¹ See above, p. 860, n. 1.

² This universal fear led Pitt, on March 6, to make a motion for the 'augmentation of the militia . . . against a menaced invasion by the French'. It was passed on March 28. *Annual Register*, XXXVI. i. 234; ii. 135.

³ *Richard III*, IV. iv. 464.

a fictitious Arrest, tis very dishonourable Conduct, & occasions the making of a new Act of Parliam^t¹

These Democrates force us upon firm, if not rough Measures, & then complain of that as Tyranny—scandalously unfair their whole Behaviour is.—

Pisani offerd him 10000^l when He tho^t the Distress real, but will not see him now or speak wth him. very honourable Conduct *his* at least.

I have mentioned the *Black Dog* as of Greek Original in this Analect Book somewhere; but one may find it nearer home it seems: Cardinal Crescenza at Verona died mad, he had for many Years fancied himself pursued by a *Black Dog* & complained during his last Hours that nobody would keep that Beast off his Bed. The Story is quoted in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*,² where I dare say Doctor Johnson read it.

That Book has been exceedingly pillaged.

There is a Passage in Blainville's *Travels*³ relating to an Inscription somewhere in Italy, I have forgotten the Place; which has these Words.—Moro per Amor d'un *Cento, cinque, cinquanta, e Zero*—an Enigma. I'm *afraid* I understand it exceedingly well. How beastly is the meaning!!

The Mysterious Mother is said by L^d Orford, (then Horace Walpole) in his Preface, to be taken from Tillotson, who received a Confession of such Crimes, & bid the Woman *almost* Despair. It is not so; the Story is in Hall's *Cases of Conscience*,⁴ out of which the Bishop related it to Friends delighting more in Anecdote than Truth, & *they* told it as having happened to *him*.⁵

¹ Probably the act passed on May 23, which empowered the King's government to hold without bail, until February 1, 1795, people who, at the time of enactment, were in prison on reasonable charges. *Gent. Mag.* lxiv. 572.

² 'Cardinal Crescenza died so likewise desperate at Verona, still he thought a black dog followed him to his death-bed, no man could drive the dog away.' Pt. 3, Sec. 4, Memb. 2, Subsec. 4. The black dog is, however, a common folk superstition. See Chambers's *Book of Days*, ii. 433. Cf. above, p. 785.

³ H. de Blainville, *Travels through Holland . . . and . . . Italy*. Translated from the French (1743).

⁴ Joseph Hall, *Resolutions and Decisions of Divers Practical Cases of Conscience* (1649), 4th Addition to Decade IV: 'Whether an incestuous marriage, contracted in simplicity of heart . . . ought to be made known and prosecuted to a dissolution.'

⁵ The Story is to be found in the old Spanish Romance of Montalban—whence it was taken I believe into the Queen of Navarre's Tales. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See the *Heptameron*, No. 30. It is also to be found in Bandello's *Novelle* (Pt. 2, No. 35) and in Luther's *Colloquia Mensalia* (under the heading 'Auricular Confession'). It has all the earmarks of popular folk-tale.

The Marvilliana¹ mentions an Epitaph in some Town of France² which can be explained no other Way.

Cy git le Pere, cy git la Mere,
Cy git la Sœur avec le Frere;
Cy git la Femme et le Mary,
Et il n'y a que trois Corps icy.

He however who should bid any fellow Creature *despair* of Gods Mercy, is guilty of a Crime less disgusting than that of the Wretch alluded to—but scarce less sinful. how dares any human Being limit Omnipotent Power? or how could he *but* by such Advice, contrive to increase the Guilt of a Woman so flagitiously, so nefariously wicked.—Let her at least dye without accumulating more Horrors on her Head! Let her not blaspheme God's holy Spirit, and commit Suicide to crown all her Vice with seizing the Rod of Punishment from the hand of the most High, & reject his Son's possible Mediation.—

At Rome where ungoverned Appetite is coarser & hotter than here, some Fellow stopt Pope Lambertini's³ Carriage one Day with frantic Violence; & holding a Dagger in his hand, swore he would murder himself instantly unless the Prelate gave him Absolution for some Incestuous Commerce—I forget now what it was—but something very horrible; and he held the Fruits on't in his other Hand—a Girl. The Prelate finding Reproof ineffectual: prayed fervently to Heaven for Direction how to act—absolved the Man, & separated the Daughter from him by sending her safe into Sardinia as I remember, while he kept his Penitent to hard work upon the Roads near Rome—*under his own Eye*. This was wisely & piously done; the Fellow's Phrenzy was occasioned (as he told the Pope) by being refused Absolution from every Priest he had told his hideous Tale to—but he ended his Life an honest Man, & who shall dare say his Soul was not saved? Lambertini made him his Gardner.

21: March 1794.] The same Horse Chesnut mentioned page 22. of this Vol:⁴ was out in Leaf the same Day it was last Year: the Spring is prodigiously forward & very beautiful;—but such strange Events mark every Moment, that altho' there seems to be Tranquillity enough among the Seasons—no thinking Person can

¹ Of Vigneul-Marville (the pseudonym of Bonaventure d'Argonne), published first in 1701 as *Mélange d'histoire et de la littérature*, and republished in 1725 as *Marvilliana*.

² Millin (*Antiquités Nationales*, iii. 6) says that it appears, with variations, at Alincourt, Écouis, and elsewhere in France.

³ Pope Benedict XIV.

⁴ See above, p. 857.

refrain from looking after those things which are coming upon the Earth, as our Saviour says. The approaching entrance of those ever-astonishing Israelites into our Christian Church, must produce or at least precede some *great Change*: and when People cry Peace, Peace, as they probably will be apt enough to do when that consolatory Circumstance shall be view'd nearer than now—I verily do believe that the King of Glory will come in.

*Mean time an odd thing happened last Week in London.*¹ A Lady was walking over London Bridge between 8 & 9 o'Clock and found herself suddenly accosted by a Boy under seeming Agitation of Spirits, who pulling her Gown beg'd her to look at the Moon, which he was inclined from its alarming Appearance to believe was *not* the Moon. The Lady looked up, & saw it *rock about* (as She expresses it) very strangely; & when that Rocking ceased, She saw the Appearance of an Army—Horse & Foot pass over the Orb. The Lady & the Boy saw, or *thought* they saw this fearful Sight repeated three Times, while they stood together and viewed it. The Newspaper records this Event & the World laughs; calling the Woman a Lunatic, the Lad a pickpocket—but I am inclined to be less hasty. We must however get better corroborating Evidence—& even then few would credit the Tale—for whatever they saw, it could not have been the *Moon*, there was no *Moon* to see on Monday the 3^d of Feb. She was eclipsed on the 14th as all the Astronomers know, in a manner so particular that it was visible to the four Quarters of the World *at once*: an Event not observed before for 1800 Years. Yet 'tis thus that we gather from what one hears & sees, how *Signs* in the Sun, & in the Moon, & in the Stars literally, as well as figuratively *have already* appear'd; how false Christs & false Prophets *have already* been busied in seductions even of the Elect: & how the fall of AntiChrist is apparently at hand.—They have a Tradition at Rome that when any Pope has sate as long in St Peter's Chair as St Peter himself did, the Papacy will end; & Jesus Christ will reign over his Saints in Person. Braschi² bids fairest for it of any Sovereign who was ever yet inaugurated, he has already wore the Tiara 19 Years, & is a very healthy Man—They told me laughingly yet half in earnest when I went to see St Paul's fuori delle Mura, as they shewed me the Portraits round it of all the deceased Popes, that there was *room for no more*—so that all must end with the present Bishop³—odd enough! I do now verily think

¹ I mean that it was *advertised* last Week, but the Event happen'd on Monday the 3^d of Feb.—when there *was no Moon*. Mrs. Piozzi.

² Pope Pius VI.

³ He is the 296th Pope. Mrs. Piozzi.

that it will. Mean Time the Romanists Notion of female Sterility for seven Years preceding the Conflagration—to prevent the horrible Idea I suppose of Infants, young Infants perishing by those Flames which are sent to consume a guilty World, seems to have no Foundation at all in Scripture; and I guess not what they ground it on:¹ Our Saviour says “ “Wo unto them that are with Child, and to them who give Suck in those Days” ”² He says likewise “ “that as Men were eating & drinking, marrying and giving in Marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the Ark, & knew not that the Flood came & took them all away,—so shall the coming of the Son of Man be.” ”³

Now they would not marry sure, nor give in Marriage, if the Women Had all been barren for seven Years back; besides that in his Compassionate Mercy he laments the fate of those Mothers who are condemned to see their Babes destroy'd; & feels (as Son to a Woman) for the Distresses of our helpless Sex.

No, No, Christ came to fulfill & ratify Gods *first* promise to Mortals after the restoration of this Earth when the Deluge was removed—& that promise assures us, that “ “Seedtime & Harvest, & Cold & Heat, & Summer & Winter, & Day & Night, shall never more cease so long as the Earth endureth.” ”⁴ Were there no Children to be born for seven Years together—the first of these *would* cease: and People would think little of Seedtime or Harvest when they saw that Posterity was at an End.—

The Empress of Russia declares War against the Porte⁵ in the midst of all this, what Effect will that have? Should Constantinople blaze, many would say *that* was the Seat of AntiChrist; & such an Event would alarm the Roman Catholics excessively, *they* might begin then to be of our Minds a little perhaps, & believe the concluding Scene nearer than they can as yet prevail upon themselves to imagine. 'Tis, & has been hitherto a mere Protestant Idea, & chiefly among the low-Church-Men.

Mr Hamilton told me a comical thing the other Day: some of his ignorant Parishioners in Norfolk asked him if Adam & Eve were

¹ I have found Out on what they ground it, 'tis upon a Saying of Christ recorded in one of the Pseudo-Gospels. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² Matt. xxiv. 19; Mark xiii. 17.

³ Luke xvii. 27, 30.

⁴ Gen. viii. 22.

⁵ Catherine made the Sultan's proclaimed neutrality an excuse. *Annual Register*, xxxvi. ii.

Black a Moors? They were at least sent out to *Work* in the *Plantations*—should have been the Reply.

Qui colet (says Martial)—facit ille Deum:¹

Not Singleton that carves the lifeless Clod,

But Gage that worships—makes the Stone a God.

says Mr Chappelow of a Roman Catholic Neighbour in Norfolk, one Gage; when Singleton the famous Artist² had made a beautiful Statue of St John the Divine.

The Vine & the Goat is my favourite Epigram in all the Anthologia,³ so far as I can understand them in Translation. *Rode Caper Vitem.*

Robespierre being Son to Damien the Assassin⁴ is a curious Fact, *that* Name was expunged by order of Gov^t & this Fellow consolidating his two Christian Appellations Peter & Rob^t produces the happy Mixture indicative of a Regicide equally Sanguinary but more successful than his Father.

29: March 1794.] Here is a heavenly Spring sure.—I never saw so beautiful a Season: just Rain enough, just Heat enough,—Very fine indeed.

Can the Stories told by Suetonius be all true? I scarce believe it possible. Otho's weeping about Poppæa, and half refusing her to Nero⁵ is incredible.—with half that Provocation Nero would have murdered half Mankind. Abate Ravasi used to tell just such Tales of the Popes; much Evil was done to be sure—but one would hope it could not have been *quite* so bad: tho' I⁶ might have heard similar Stories in Italy all Day, had I not hated lewd Conversation as I do, Old Cardinal de York⁷ kept a Catamite publicly at Rome while I was there, tho' a Man of the *best Character* possible, for Piety

¹ A misquotation of Martial *Epigrams*, VIII. xxiv. 5-6:

'Qui fingit sacros auro vel marmore vultus

Non facit ille deos: qui rogat ille facit.'

² Does she mean Henry Singleton (1766-1839), the painter of historical subjects? His biographical notices do not designate him as a sculptor.

³ See the *Greek Anthology*, IX. lxxv (translated by W. R. Paton): 'Though thou eatest me to the root, billy-goat, I will yet bear fruit enough to provide a libation for thee when thou art sacrificed.'

⁴ A mere legend. Robespierre was son to one Maximilien Barthélemy François de Robespierre, an advocate of Arras. Damiens, the would-be assassin of Louis XV, died in the year before Robespierre was born.

⁵ *Life of Otho*, chap. 3.

⁶ Hughes prints the rest of this paragraph, and the one below about Mrs. Cosway, in *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, pp. 56-7.

⁷ Henry Benedict Maria Clement, Cardinal York, the second son of James Stuart, the Old Pretender.

& Charity:—with which as a Person said to me—*that Vice has nothing to do*. They consider'd it as mere Matter of Taste.¹

A private Letter from Nantes says that the victorious Republicans in the Vendée took 400 Women—chiefly Ladies—and 400 Priests last Week; when tying them together in *Pairs*, a Lady & a Clergyman—*Stark Naked*—they threw them into the Loire.

When M^{rs} Cosway² ran madding all over Europe after a Castrato, leaving her husband & new-born Baby at home here; She was praying at the foot of every Altar & fasting most rigorously all the time—a hypocritical Hussey! say the People—*Not at all*. Her Faith is not influenced by her Actions I suppose; She was well perswaded of heavenly Truths, altho' a Prey to almost infernal Passions:—or Appetites strangely depraved.—Her taking the Veil³ at Genoa after all, corroborates my opinion of her **Piety**. had I been Abbess tho', & known her Character, She should not have set her foot in *my* Convent—The Nuns' Morality w^d be endangered by such a Companion—

3^d April 1794.] If the Jews *do* call this Convocation the people will **not** mind; for their Conversion will I fancy be either silent & gradual, so as not to alarm the Christian World: or else some other great Event, the burning of Rome by the French, the taking Paris by the Combined Armies, or the sacking of Constantinople by the Russians, happening at the same time; will take up men's Attention & detain it from that which alone ought to occupy their Thoughts, as a Circumstance certainly & immediately preceding the End of all. how else could that End come suddenly & unprovided for??

The Swallows came very early this Year; I saw a large Flight yesterday pass my Window here, while the Maid was dressing my Head; & I made her notice how *tired* they seemed—as if fatigued with a long Journey—I do think they are Birds of Passage, yet whither do they go? every discovering Party who make such

¹ M^{rs} Greathed & I call those Fellows Finger-twirlers;—meaning a decent word for Sodomites: old Sir Horace Mann & M^r James the Painter had such an odd way of twirling their Fingers in Discourse;—& I see Suetonius tells the same thing of one of the Roman Emperors “*nec sine molli quadam digitorum gesticulatione*.” Vid C. Suet. Tranq: Tib: Nero Cæsar. Mrs. Piozzi. See *Life of Tiberius*, chap. 68.

² Maria Hadfield, a painter of miniatures, who married Richard Cosway, the miniaturist. According to Lewis Bettany (*Edward Ferningham and his Friends*, p. 183, n.), she became enamored of Marchesi, the Italian tenor, when her husband was painting him. He says also that she made a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Loretto, ‘in fulfillment of a vow to do so if blessed with a living child’. The journey referred to in the text may have been the fulfilment of that vow.

³ She went en Pension—She did *not* take the Veil. Mrs. Piozzi. Bettany says (*ibid.*) that she went into a convent in Lyons.

Matters an Object of their Attention, fail to find 'em wherever they may rove, and at whatever Season;¹ whilst every Language we are acquainted with has in it the well-known Proverb One Swallow does not make a Summer. *They never quit Ceylon tho'.*

This Hock is very *old* says a penurious Master of the House, very *old indeed*; filling out his Friend a small Quantity at the bottom of the Glass—I have had it myself 30 Years in my Cellar—'Tis very *little* of its *Age* then, replies the Guest humourously.

This Story is told of Lord Mount Edgecombe who is called penurious by those that are acquainted with his ways: I know him not, but was diverted with the archness of a Paragraph in the Newspapers—when some Madman starved himself to death by keeping the forty Days of Lent in strict Abstinence from all kinds of Food to imitate our blessed Saviour; and whilst some People attributed his Conduct to Piety, some to Folly, some to a peculiarly constructed Stomach, that enabled him to bear wonderful exertions of this strange Power—we suddenly read an Article professing to account for the Man's behaviour by a much easier Method—he was only qualifying himself (says the Wag) for my Lord Mount Edgecombe's *Service*; he had offered for Valet there, & was refused.

The Ladies wear their Sashes or Zones very high now in Imitation of the old Greek Models—Plenty of Women now, and no *Waste* says Lord Deerhurst.

Mrs Siddons is going to act Lady Macbeth on the new Theatre Drury Lane² next Easter Monday;³ She is big with Child,⁴ & I fear will for that reason scarce be well received: for People have a notion She is covetous, and this unnecessary Exertion to gain Money will

¹ & if you mark a Swallow one Year, the same Bird will return next Spring, as if they did not leave the Kingdom. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

² Old Drury Lane was demolished in 1791, and, in the interim, the company used the new opera house in the Haymarket. The new Drury Lane was on Russell Street, and was built with twice the seating capacity of Garrick's theatre. Fitzgerald, *New History of the English Stage*, ii. 339-40.

³ April 21, the opening night of the new theatre. On April 30 Mrs. Siddons wrote to Mrs. Piozzi: 'Tomorrow I play Catherine and have all my Lady Macbeth's finery to make up in other forms.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 574.

⁴ Cecilia Siddons was born in the following August. She was named for Cecilia Thrale, and Mrs. Piozzi was godmother. Her mother wrote to Mrs. Piozzi on August 27: 'Such a lumping baby was niether brought forth, or can be now sustained without humbling and bringing Low its Mother. I had a very safe, tho a long, and *Laborious* time, and I bless God that I have brought you as perfect and healthful a Baby as ever the Sun shone on. How I long for you to see the little dear fat lump. Pray dont be jealous but I really think she looks sometimes very like our dear Mr. Piozzi—her Eyes and her hair are as black as his. . . .' *Ibid.*

confirm it. And yet says Lord Deerhurst, She thinks I suppose to carry *all before her*. Lord Deerhurst is very comical.

Who¹ would dream of poor Dr Johnson's Verses in Praise of my eldest Daughter when She was ten years old—done to divert Barette by anglicizing his Song at the End of the Baby Dialogues²—coming out now set to Musick for the Misses to sing.

Long may live my lovely Hetty
Always young and always pretty &c—

The Gentleman's Magazine has a great Character for Literary Exactness: the Compilers do not deserve it. I see Cox's Verses on the Domus Ultima of the Duke of Richmonds Family attributed to some Mr Clarke;³ whilst I know they were written by *Peter Coxe*,⁴ not William nor George; but a Merchant who in the Year 1781 lived somewhere in Bishopsgate Street & had a Cluster of the finest Children I yet ever saw. Some time past the same Magazine printed a Copy of Verses which I *knew* to be written by one Clarke an Attorney—under a Name totally different.

The Truth is, those last mentioned Verses came out just after Carter's *Ode to Wisdom* many years ago—& were written in Contempt of Learned Ladies with much Sprightliness & Vigour, & unless *that* is told of them, the Verses lose best half of their Merit.

Both these Jeux D'Esprit are somewhere in *Thraliana*.⁵ Doctor Johnson told me about Clarke's.

My Synonymes are published,⁶ I hope they will have good Luck.

¹ Hughes printed this paragraph in his *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, pp. 54–5. When Mrs. Piozzi published Johnson's translation of Barette's verses in her *Anecdotes* (p. 194), she did not identify the 'lovely Hetty' mentioned, and G. B. Hill (*ibid.*, n. 1) supposed that they were addressed to her, as did Abraham Hayward, her biographer (i. 36). Lord Lansdowne thinks that her omission of Queeney's name may have been intentional. *Johnson and Queeney*, p. xiii.

² *Easy Phraseology for the use of young Ladies*. . . . See above, p. 210.

³ in the Gentleman's Magazine for March 1794. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See vol. lxiv, p. 199. The correspondent denies an assertion which he has seen in Anderson's *Bee* (ix. 30) that they were written by 'the unfortunate G. Barrington', and states, on the authority of the poet Hayley, that they were by the Rev. William Clarke, chancellor of Chichester Church.

⁴ he repeated them to me his own Self at Brighthelmstone many years ago—by many years I mean about a dozen. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁵ See above, p. 518, for the first. The verses 'in Contempt of Learned Ladies' do not appear in *Thraliana*.

⁶ Under the title, *British Synonymy, or an Attempt to Regulate the Choice of Words in Familiar Conversation*. The date of this entry must be later than April 3, the last date entered (see above, p. 875). The *London Chronicle* advertised the book as 'next week to be published' in its issues of April 1–3 and April 3–5, which would indicate that the actual publication date could not be earlier than Monday, April 8. The assignment of copyright (see above, p. 866, n. 6) is

In the Stablekeeper's Phrase—we will warrant them *quick & easy Goers; free from Blemish—I won't undertake.*

Tis strange how many People believe in Animal Magnetism, I have done my best to *down* such Fraud & Folly.—

Mr^r Boswell & Miss Seward are good Antagonists for each other—made on purpose one would think: I wonder which will have the last word about poor dear old Johnson's Sprig of Myrtle.²—Boswell's Cause is best certainly, but his Opponent out-writes him—Miss Seward has ten times his Powers. The Epigram that went about this Winter is very pretty.

Fye Bozzy! Hector and talk big!
Away th' unworthy Quarrel;
Here, take your Master's Myrtle-Sprig,
But spare a Lady's Laurel.

It is good Sport to hear Lysons repeat that droll Dialogue between Bozz & Pozz,³ said to be written by Mr Chalmers; he repeats it with such an odd Seriousness, yet very quick somehow—I never knew anything have a more comical Effect.

There is an Idea current that Robertspierre the French Demagogue is a concealed Aristocrate now: and that when he has destroyed all the Kings Enemies, he will play General Monk's⁴ Part, and set up the right heir.

I was reading the seventh Chapter of St John's Apocalypse, & it struck me that the **Seal of the living God** held in the Angel's hand who ascends out of the East—see the second Verse—is no other than the **Cross of Christ** with which one hundred and forty four Thousand Jews are to be baptized or seal'd in their **Fore-heads**,—before the destroying Angels have Permission to begin

dated April 10. Mrs. Piozzi may have received an advance copy on this date—or the entry may be incorrectly dated.

¹ Hughes printed the following, as far as 'ten times his Powers', in *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, p. 56.

² Cf. above, p. 163. Boswell's quarrel with her had been prolonged by the publication, for which he believed her to be responsible, of extracts from letters which had passed between her and William Hayley, depreciating the *Lives of the Poets* (*Gent. Mag.* lxiii. 197–9). Her resentment against him had been aroused by his rejection of her version of the 'Sprig of Myrtle' story, in his *Corrections and Additions to the . . . Life of Johnson* (1793), and she was thereby prompted to attack him in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October 1793 (lxiii. 875), championing her own veracity, without, however, offering any proof of it. Boswell countered with a broadside in which he accused her of a sustained malevolent prejudice against her distinguished fellow-townsmen (*ibid.*, pp. 1009–11). Cf. also Boswell, *Life*, i. 92, n. 2; iv. 331, and n. 2.

³ *Bozzy and Pozzy, or, the British Biographers*, by Peter Pindar (John Wolcot).

⁴ Cromwell's general, who later helped to restore Charles II.

the Desolations appointed: for he who holds the Seal says to them, “Hurt not the Earth, neither the Sea, nor the Trees, till we have sealed the Servants of God *in their Foreheads*” ”:—& *twelve*¹ Thousand of every Tribe are to be sealed. now if only a hundred & forty four Thousand Jews are to be converted, the people will immediately cry *Stuff!* I thought what your great Expectations of the Jews Conversion would come to—here are no Jews converted but a few Individuals of no Consequence—in this Manner disregarding so great Completion of an Event prophesied of, for all these Years: that so their Destruction may come upon them *unawares*, like a Thief in the night; altho’ every preceding Sign has been fully accomplished.

But who are the *Witnesses* mentioned in the Revelations? The eleventh Chapter; who have power to prophesy 1260 Days? these who are the two Olive Trees, the two Candlesticks; from whose mouth proceeds Fire to consume those who would hurt them? against whom the Beast makes war, and at length overcomes & kills them? who are these *Witnesses* whose dead Bodies when once killed, lie in the Street of a great City—*spiritually* called Sodom & Egypt. where the people shall see their dead Bodies lying three Days & a half, & shall not suffer them to be put in a Grave? Who are these *Witnesses* who after three Days & a half shall rise again, after their Enemies have rejoiced and made merry at their Overthrow—& shall be carried to Heaven?² Who are they?—let us listen to the Learned. Some of which say they are John Huss & Jerom of Prague—Impossible; we see they are not. some say they are Luther & Calvin, Ridiculous! We know they are not.—Some lately have said they were Charles the first of England, & Louis the sixteenth of France, We have Proof that they are not.

I say³—but I say it nowhere except in Thraliana—that they are the Old, & the New Testament: the two *Olive Trees* for they offer Peace to Mankind; the two *Candlesticks* certainly, for they convey *Illumination*: out of whose Mouths those are most surely *condemned*

¹ I have some Notion that 3 Years previous to the calling of y^e Jews we shall have a prodigious Quantity of Rain. when Elijah makes his Typical Sacrifice in opposition to the Prophets of Baal, he pours Torrents of Water over the Sacrifice intended to be consumed by Fire; & says to His Attendants do it the *first* Time & they did it the *first* time—do it the *2^d* Time, & they did it the second Time, do it the *3^d* Time & they did it the *3^d* Time. He had just *repaired* the Altar of the Lord he says by piling up *twelve* Stones, according to the Number of y^e 12 Tribes of Israel;—See the Chap: of y^e Book of Kings. *Mrs. Piozzii*. See 1 Kings xviii. 3.

² Vid: Ap: Chap: XI: Verses 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. & 12. *Mrs. Piozzii*.

³ I am not particular in y^e Thought. Old Brightman says it; & from him *now* many more begin to say so too. *Mrs. Piozzii*. See Thomas Brightman’s *Apocalypsis Apocalypseos* (1609).

who attempt to injure them. against whom the Church of Rome has *secretly* made War by prohibiting their use; the People of France have made *open War*, tying the Bible to an Asses's Tail,¹ dragging it along the Street, and burning it in an open Square:—rejoycing and making merry at the Disgrace brought upon these *Witnesses* who censured their impious Proceedings.

Their Resuscitation in three Years & a half I positively expect;² when the Jews shall acknowledge them, & Christians tremble at the Judgments to follow their rising up again: for then the *great Earthquake* shall shake *all* the Thrones & *all* the Governments of *this World*, & a better may soon be hoped for. add to these Circumstances another, viz: that our Lord says how before the World comes to an End this Gospel must be preached for a *Witness* to all Nations—*& then shall the End come*. These were the same Things shown in Vision to Zechariah see 4: Chap: 11: 12: 13: & 14th Verses; which that Prophet could not comprehend—& called the two *anointed ones* which stand by the Lord of the whole Earth—for he says “ “what be these two Olive Branches, emptying out of themselves Oyl into the Gold?” ” Why these no doubt were the *anointed Word of God*, the Old and new Testament; out of which proceeds the Oyl *emptying itself willingly* into Vessells of *pure Gold*: i.e. Minds fitted & capable to receive the heavnly Instruction.

The second Chapter of Zechariah prophesies of the present Times completely—6th Verse: “ “Ho! Ho! come forth” ” &c the calling of the Jews from Poland & Russia, whence I now expect to see them come soon in Flocks. “ “For behold (continues the holy Seer). He who toucheth you, toucheth the Apple of his Eye; when I shall shake my hand upon them, & they shall be a *Spoyl to their own Servants*.” ”

Who art thou Oh great *Mountain*? (says he again in the fourth Chapter;) before Zerrubbabel thou shalt become a Plain—This agrees with the Prediction in the 51st of Jeremiah 25: Verse. “ “Behold I am against thee Oh destroying *Mountain* saith the Lord—that destroyeth the Whole Earth, & I will stretch mine hand upon thee, & roll thee down from the Rocks, and will make thee a burnt *Mountain*.”³ Nowaltho' these Texts agree literally with Babylon, I have an Idea that they agree typically and figuratively with

¹ There were worse & greater Profanations than these done at Paris—but I knew not of them then—when y^s Stuff was written. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² If so it is, we shall have terrible Inundations before that Time: 'tis now particularly dry Weather—So it was in Elijah's day, & many People have thought that a great Man *would* arise in the Year 1795. *Nous verrons. Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ 18: Chap. 1st Book of Kings I have some Idea that prodigiously heavy Rains will precede the Conflagration. Elijah in his Contest with the Prophets of Baal challenges them to a Tryal,

what is now called the *Mountain* par Eminence, or French Convention consisting at one Time of 666 people—the exact Number of the Beast *Ludovicus*¹ & the Number of his Name *whose deadly wound was healed*: see Rev. the 13: and see besides the 12th Verse of that same Chapter expressly saying, that the second Beast by which many now understand the French Republic, exercises all the power of the first Beast, & has power to give Life *to the Image of the Beast* by which I understand France in its present form the Image of that Monarchy which had the Wound with a Sword & did live.

S^t John says likewise in his Apocalypse that when the fourth Angel sounded, the third Part of the *Sun* was smitten,²—Is not this France? and when he says “ “I looked & behold a *Mountain* burning with Fire was cast into the Sea, & the third Part of the Sea became Blood.” ”³ Is not this their now Present Gov^t? called by the French *la Montagne sainte et invincible*? do not they themselves term it a *Volcano* casting out Fire upon its Enemies? and has not the *Star*⁴ fallen? and is not that *Star Wormwood* to them, & to us, and to all Nations in an Aggregate? as the *Sea* is regularly called in Scripture? I think so.

And altho’ the 13th Chap: of Isaiah be *literally* fulfilled in the

& says the God y^t answers by Fire let him be God—Paganism agrees—& they each take a Bullock & lay on their appropriate Altar: but Elijah puts a Trench round *his* Altar & fills it with Water—he says Do it the 2^d Time & do it the 3^d Time, till the Trench was filled & the Holocaust swum almost—Then came the Fire from Heaven at his Call—devoured the Bullock wet as it was, & licked up y^e Water y^t was in the Trench. Observe y^t the Prophet had repaired the Altar with 12 Stones according to Y^e Number of y^e Twelve tribes of Israel, The Jews will be first called—& *then*.—The Earth was dry we must recollect Elias had shut up all Rain. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

¹ Comenius told Louis 14th y^t he was the Man.

| | | | | |
|----|---|---|---|-------|
| L. | - | - | - | 50 |
| V. | - | - | - | 5 |
| D. | - | - | - | 500 |
| O. | - | - | - | 0 |
| V. | - | - | - | 5 |
| I. | - | - | - | 1 |
| C. | - | - | - | 100 |
| V. | - | - | - | 5 |
| S. | - | - | - | 0 |
| | | | | <hr/> |
| | | | | 666 |

This is all explained of *Rome* & it is *true* of Rome—true of both!!! Herein is Wisdom to *know* these Things—but nobody ever *can know* them uninspired. we are permitted to guess. Lateiros Romiith Ludovicus all answer to the 666—so it seems does Mahomet!! *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² Rev. viii. 12.

³ Ibid. viii. 8.

⁴ When the King of France was guillotined. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See Rev. viii. 11.

Destruction of Babylon by Cyrus or Darius the Mede¹—is there not a Reference to future Destruction, & *Spiritual* Babylon to *present* Confusion and the End of all things when the Lord says “‘Lift ye up a Banner upon the high Mountain? exalt the Voice unto them, shake the Hand, that they may go into the Gates of the Nobles.’”² It appears so—let us wait the Event in Silence.

A Bone stuck in my Throat Thursday 17: of April 1794 put an end to all the Moralizing. I was very near lost indeed. All Friends behaved very well.³

Lord Howe—the Admiral is supposed to be tardy, yet true. we will drink his Health says some one however; I was ready to pledge you replies Lord Deerhurst,—but *not in Port*.⁴

23: April 1794.] All the Fires put out, the Apple Bloom nearly shed; some Horse Chesnuts in Flow'r, *Turkeys* going to hatch, I never saw such a Spring. Cuckoos Nightingales &c in full Song. Very like the Season in 1781.

1st May.] The Oaks all out, the Beeches in Leaf, the Planes bursting every day—and our pretty Common's Golden Furze all set on fire for the sake of vexing & spiting Macnamara the Duke of Bedford's Steward, because he perswaded that poor innocent Old Goose my Lady Pitches, to enclose a Bit of Ground which really & of just Right belonged to the poor of the Parish; who instead of going to Law like wise Fellows for the reasonable purpose of maintaining their Privileges, begin firing the Trees before *our House* by way of Retaliation, & will at length not only spoyl *our Place* who never offended them; but incur Punishment to themselves for having done the Parish a hasty and illicit Justice. So senseless are *Le Peuple*, & so unfitted to be *souverain*; for here, altho' they certainly have Right on their Side, instead of using that Right coolly and constantly which would end in the Confusion of their Oppressors; will they make it every Man's Interest, & almost his Duty to arm the Hand of Authority against them.

Tis really marvellous to think how little Wit people have; a Lady of whom I enquired the Character of a public bathing Place, mean-

¹ *Cyrus* as denoting y^e Man call'd by his proper *Name* 200 Years before his Birth: *Darius* as expressing his *Dignity* Dara means Sovereign in Persic: he was Darius. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² Isa. xiii. 2.

³ Miss Farren, the actress, was with her during the three-hour ordeal, and 'seemed half killed by the fright'. *Pennington Correspondence*, p. 110.

⁴ The King had most Wit, & most Confidence—at his Levee some days after y^s, he congratulated his Friends that Lord Howe was at length in Sight of y^e French. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

ing to ask if it was in fashion this Year, whether Polite Company frequented it,—&c. said gravely the Place would be well enough She thought, if the *Smallbeer* was better.

M^{rs} Lewis asked a Berkshire Friend how She liked London?—it would be *very pretty*, I think replied the Lady, but that wherever one goes in it, 'tis through *Swallow Street*.

When M^{rs} Cator¹ used to give an Acct^t of her Travels through Italy I remember, She in a Spirit of the same sort began telling one always how Italy was a fine Country indeed, except for one Thing: The People had no Bedside Carpets there; so says She I laid up a Piece of Paper which I carried with me from Turin to Naples, and set my foot on it every Night when I stept into Bed—& it *served me all the Time*. This Tale & no other did She invariably relate, when we beg'd her to tell how She diverted herself upon the Continent.

20: May 1794] Here are sad Times really; M^r Pitt says there are 18000 Men now armed for the Destruction of King and Parl^t & prepared forcibly to establish a Convention *a la Mode de Paris*. The Leaders of y^s Infernal Plot divide themselves at their Club-Room into Mountain & Valley as the French did when beginning their Revolution, but 24 of these are secured, and we hope some Punishment bestowed on them may tame their frantic followers.

People now not only leave London in the Summer Time, but its Environs; I see my Neighbours at Putney or Fulham or Croydon all migrating for *finer air* towards July: how ridiculous!! & if they do *not* go, 'tis a sort of Disgrace in these Days of despicable Delicacy.

It is very surprizing that a Revolution such as the late one in France should produce Imitation in lieu of Antipathy—very strange indeed! for no one is benefited by it: yet so are the Scriptures fulfilled without Man's Concurrence somehow, without his Observance, and in Defiance to that *immediate Interest* which for the last Century has been the acknowledged Idol of Humankind.

The *Witnesses*² mentioned in Revelations, if they are indeed the Old & New Testament as I suppose, see Page 53—of this Book:³

¹ She was, Mrs. Piozzi says elsewhere, a daughter of Peter Collinson, the naturalist, and 'inherited her Father's Taste & Skill'. Newton Commonplace Book.

² If objection to y^s Doctrine lies in the Idea of how is France—y^e Spiritual Egypt? I reply that we have more proof that France is typical Ægypt, than we have Proof that Rome is mystic Babylon. The early Kings Chilperic & Childebert had all a Scarabæus on their Tombs, to denote them Parisians, from Par Isis. Mrs. Piozzi.

³ See above, p. 879.

have sure enough preached their 1260 years, and are now lying unburied in the Streets of France where Collot D'Herbois left them after tying the Bible to an Ass's Tail at Lyons, & dressing the Beast up in Priests Vestments while some one gave him Water out of the Sacramental Cup: then burnt Bible, & Ass, & Mass Books & Church Plate, all together in the great Square in that City some Months ago.¹ 'Twas about the Year 530 that Justinian instituted his Code, and appointed the Mode of swearing by the Evangelists, and it was at the same time that Dates of *Anno Domini* begun, till then the Romans used the *Æra* of Dioclesian. One cannot help thinking the Coincidence more than accidental, when we reflect that from the first Time of using the Christian *Æra* to the Moment of its rejection by France, and the Introduction of a new Kalendar—run exactly 1260 Years; but if you add 530 to them 1794 will be found—that marvellous Year which sees both all swearing by the Gospels, & all dating by *Anno Domini* annihilated in France.²

Poland is following fast into Rebellion, & there are Insurrections at Rome, Turin, Naples, & even the Venetian State: *Plots* rather; for hitherto God has been pleased to prevent open Treason by previous Discovery. The Conspiracies meantime are all of one Complexion, carried on in the same Manner with the same Instruments of Terror, & Weapons of Offence; the same Cant Phrases, and every thing the same as in France. so exactly does the Imitator in every Nation copy his grand Exemplar.³

I never saw so profane a Thing as the Character of Count D'Aranda in one of our Newspapers: Who could write it??—

7: July 1794 Streatham Park.] The weeping Willow near the new Salting house fell down without a Wind & in excessive hot weather—a very shocking Event somehow it seems to me, & like exceeding bad Luck—We set the Tree just 30 Years ago, when A foolish Fellow one Shadrach Singleton perswaded M^r Thrale to buy a few *Aquackicks* as I remember he called them, meaning aquatic Plants I suppose.—

Lord Howe's Victory⁴ is a very fine Thing, & I sincerely rejoice

¹ And if we are to live under y^e Reign of Antichrist—Why Gods Will be done. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

² After the Papacy is destroyed there will certainly come a great Confusion. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

³ and when L^d Howe did destroy the French Fleet — what happen'd in Consequence of so signal a Victory? — why just a Bonfire I think — nothing else. *Mrs. Piozzi.* Earl Howe won a decisive naval victory on June 1, sinking two enemy ships, and capturing six. According to the *Gentleman's Magazine* (lxiv. 532), the event was celebrated by 'three successive nights illuminating the metropolis'.

⁴ See above, n. 3.

in it; but we must do still more, or we must sink in the Contest—Oh that Lord Howe may ruin their Mediterranean Fleet! Italy can be saved no other Way I think.

Mr Piozzi has no Apprehensions for Italy, *he* fancies Roberspierre—Traytor to all Sides—keeps secret Correspondence with the Emperor.

Denbigh 20 Aug: 1794.] Here have we been these three Weeks, but I have not been well enough till today to open Thraliana—& now Roberspierre is murdered,¹ & *his* Faction destroyed in Paris—& what of that? the People & their Principles are still the same—I only see God's immediate Judgment on these few Regicides, but for the Purification of a parisian Mob, this seems to do nothing. Frenchmen now so apparently delight in Murder, that Murder of *any* Man, or *any* Woman, upon *any* Pretext, is welcome to them: their Brutality was exercised on this Wretch's Body as willingly as on those of Berthier or Toulon.²

The Rod of Authority like the Rod of Aaron when laid down becomes A Serpent, and he who held it in his hand before—then flies from its presence: While these mad Neighbours of ours were restrained by just tho' rough Rule, their Character of ferocity could not shew itself; as a Man furious when in Drink, would have been furious while Sober, had not those Regards which Liquor washes away,—withheld him: Character is often enlarged, not chang'd by Illness; a Temper that by Diseases of the Nervous kind becomes cowardly & suspicious, was inclined to Jealousy & Fear before.—

Tis ridiculous to suppose the French weary of worrying each other and all Mankind—This is their *Saturnalia*, a Barring out of Kings; were the Romans or the Boys ever tired?

Ave Roberspierre! morituri te salutant—the Aristocrates should have said, as the dying Slaves did by Nero. 153 Persons guillotined the very day after *him* show plainly that his Successors love the Sport as well as he did however; Is Tom Paine among the Number I wonder; Helen Williams is doubtless safe enough under the Protection of Barrere³—how long will *that* be good?

¹ On July 28, in the coup of 10 *Thermidor*. With him were executed St. Just, Couthon, Vivier (president of the Jacobins), Dumas (president of the Revolutionary Society), and more than sixty other members of his party.

² François Adrien Toulan, the Revolutionist who attempted to effect the escape of Marie Antoinette and her children, and was executed for it.

³ Bertrand Barère de Vieuzac, who was at this time a member of the Committee of Public Safety, and high in power. Mrs. Piozzi had the report on July 1, 1794, from Mrs. Pennington,

We have all been reading the Mysteries of Udolpho;¹ 'tis very horrible indeed says one, very like *Macbeth* says another: Yes truly replied H:L:P. as like as Pepper-Mint Water is to good Brandy.

The Weather lasts wonderfully hot & dry; a glorious and an early Harvest every where but strange deficiency of Rain I think, Mr Pennant says that Holywell itself has failed a third.—he shewed me the new-discovered Animal's picture—Proof that 'tis *not* new: a Cossus merely—not a Colossus as one would have fancied by the Description of it in Bell's Oracle—but the people are gaping for Wonders of every kind, and expect Marvels in the Natural World to keep Pace with the strange Events observed in the *Civil & Political* World. *Some odd* Things will I trust casually be talked of here & there for a long Time, as *Signs & Wonders* are to most people the sure & only Tests of approaching End; nor will they be content with those exhibited in Affairs of Life. *Elementary* Commotions & Changes are watched for, as if necessary to the Belief that our last Act is begun; while if such things did happen, no Women would at our Saviour's coming be found grinding At the Mill,² for there would be no Corn; and how should the Men be caught working in the fields, which Earthquake & Famine must depopulate; & deprivation of Sunshine render wholly barren & fruitless.

Building, Planting, & marrying³ would scarce be going on were such Sight in View as the Moon's being literally turn'd into Blood, and the Days to be darken'd by Loss of the Solar Beams: nay the Planting *could* not go forward certainly, for nothing would *grow*. I laugh at such senseless expectations.

I have not had one Day's health here at Denbigh, yet know not

who had learned it from Hannah More and her sister. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 566. Helena Williams was now actually in Switzerland. See below, p. 894, n. 4. It is hard to follow her personal history during the preceding months, because of the absence of letters and the conflicting testimony of her friends. Apparently, she and her mother and unmarried sister were arrested under the general order of October 7, 1793, placing all British and Hanoverian subjects 'in a state of arrest in houses of security'. Mrs. Piozzi informed Mrs. Pennington (*Pennington Correspondence*, p. 104) that she was 'not in prison, only under arrest, with a Grenadier at the door of her apartment, relieved every six hours . . .' No letter from Helena written during these months survives, and in all likelihood she was not allowed to write. In her *Letters from France* (iii. 112), she reveals that she and her family owed their release to Jean Debry, a humane deputy to the Convention, who 'signed a certificate in our favour which had considerable weight with the municipality, by whom we were set at liberty. Jean Debry incurred suspicion, and even danger to himself, by pleading for English women in those days of terror.' This release came, probably, in early July, 1794, and Helena left her family in Paris to join Mr. Stone in Switzerland. See also below, p. 894, n. 5.

¹ By Mrs. Ann Radcliffe.

² St Matt: 24: St Luke 17. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ St Luke 17: & St Matt. 24. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

why. the Air & Weather are very fine. Cecilia keeps healthy yet abhors the Place; & when Mr Piozzi rides to Brynbella, She goes the other Way; professing with more Sincerity than Politeness her Hatred of Wales, and of our House in particular. Cecilia does not indeed trouble herself to disguise her Sentiments, She has, and She shews She has, an ineffable Contempt for us both; but why do I say of *us*? She despises every body, *I* know, except her own Sisters¹ & her Father's Family.

Cecilia is however a very charitable Girl, and loves the poor: which will produce her many Blessings I humbly hope, and certainly will cover a Multitude of Faults—for the rest, one can only say with Andromache—

*Youth and Prosperity have made her vain.*²

I have been diverting myself with writing a Parody or Imitation or what you please to call it upon Master Newberry's famed *Chapter of Kings*³—written at first with a laudable Intent to teach little Children our English History, but lately taken out from the Babies Books; set, and sung by Gentlemen at Convivial Meetings, Catch Clubs, Archery Dinners and the like; The Duke of Clarence is particularly fond of it⁴—let it in future give Place to as magnificent a Performance

Denbigh 1st September 1794]

The Chapter of King-killers.

1:

When France mad for Freedom her King control'd,
At first She was aw'd by Fayette the Bold;
Then came the Assemblée Nationale
And then She was govern'd—by nothing at all.
For after their Pother
Of this that and t'other,
They all lose their Heads in their Turn.

¹ I suppose 'twas they taught her to hate us so, She was *only* indifferent to us till She knew them—but 'twas an easy Lesson to any of the Family. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² Ambrose Philips, *The Distressed Mother*, III. i. 171.

³ The Newberys' books for children being virtually read out of existence, I have not been able to identify this reference. Many such rhymed 'successions' exist, but the only one I have discovered which can be said positively to date from the eighteenth century (since it ends with 'His grandson George now Britain's sceptre sways, /Whom God preserve and bless with length of days') is said to be written by 'a Roman Catholic gentleman named Chaloner'. *Notes and Queries*, 1st ser. iii. 168; vi. 83.

⁴ The Duke of Clarence had made Mr. Woodman sing it after a Bow-meeting dinner, following an archery contest, at which she and Mr. Piozzi were invited guests. *Mainwaring Pionziana*, iii. 49-50.

2.

Egalité first above all the rest
 Who like an ill Bird did bewray his Nest;
 And Louvet¹ the Wolf as his Name implied,
 Who twelve hours respite t'his King denied.
 But after all Pother
 With this that & t'other
 They both lost their heads in their Turn.

3.

The Monster Marat did to them succeed,
 But him Charlotte Còrdet² soon forc'd to bleed:
 And Brissot³ the brilliant—our Scotman's Friend,
 Was found well deserving a Traytor's End.
 Whilst barring all Pother
 This that and the other,
 They all lose their Heads in their Turn.

4.

For then the Conventionists bore the Sway,
 Then a Jacobin Club which was worse than they;
 Next a cruel Committee of Safety came
 And the bloody Tribunal of dreadful Name.
 But after all Pother
 With this that & T'other,
 They all lose their Heads in their turn

5.

Now Hebert⁴ who hunted his King to Death,
 Resigns at the Scaffold his guilty Breath;
 And the Wretches who joyn'd to accuse the Queen
 Have all bow'd their Necks at the Guillotine.
 For with all their Pother
 Of this, that and t'other
 They all lose their Heads in their turn.

6.

Camille Desmoulines⁵ did his God deride,
 But Punishment soon overtook his Pride;
 And their Hero Custine⁶ would have run away
 To escape from the Block on the destin'd Day.

¹ Jean Baptiste Louvet de Couvray, a leading Girondist, who did not, however, lose his head until 1797.

² Charlotte Corday, who assassinated Marat in 1793.

³ Jean Pierre Brissot de Warville, Girondist leader, who was executed in October 1793 by the Montagnards.

⁴ Executed for conspiring against the Mountain party, on March 22, 1794.

⁵ Executed with Danton and Chabot, mentioned below, in Robespierre's *coup* of April 5, 1794.

⁶ The revolutionary general accused of aspiring to a dictatorship, and executed on August 28, 1793.

But 'Spite of all Pother
With this that & t'other,
They all lose their Heads in their Turn.

7.

Next Buzot the brutal and Barbaroux,
And the fam'd Mayor of Paris proud Petion too;
When hunted by Bloodhounds at length were found,
Half mangled and massacred under Ground.¹

For after all Pother
This, that, and the other,
They all lose their Heads in their Turn.

8.

Chabôt and Chaumette² were both doom'd to die,
And Danton who dar'd even Heav'n defy;
Nor to Simon himself could they Death refuse,
Who taught his young Prince to make wooden Shoes.

While barring all Pother,
Of this that and t'other
They all lose their Heads in their Turn.

9.

Thus let Atheists' and Anarchists' Blood be shed,
And never a King-killer dye in his Bed;
Till Tallien and Cambon and curst Barrere³
Be sent for Companions to Robertspierre.—

And may all the Rogues
In the Regicide Chapter
Like these lose their Heads in their Turn.

One always loves the Character of Pope Lambertini—& with all his piety and all his Learning he was so very comical & odd—*Profane* we should say—but Benedict the 14th was a true Believer and a rigid Moralist—

His Vicar was stupid once, & crost the pope's Orders provokingly enough—Giesù adorabile! says He seizing a Crucifix which stood by him—*tu hai un Vicario stolido abbastanza—ma il mio è un vero Coglione.*⁴

The Memoires des Cours d'Italie is a good Collection of Anecdote, but I could have helped the Writer to as many more, & better:

¹ A confused version of their story. The three Girondist leaders, who fled after the proscription of May 31, 1793, found refuge for a time in an underground shelter, near Bordeaux, belonging to Mme Bouquey. They were forced to abandon this asylum, however, and Petion and Buzot were later found dead in a wheat field, their bodies mangled by wild beasts. Barbaroux was captured, and guillotined at Bordeaux on June 25, 1794.

² A fellow conspirator with Hebert. He was executed on April 13, 1794.

³ All three outlived the Revolution, and the Napoleonic wars as well.

⁴ Dear Jesus—*thou* hast but a blockhead for *thy* Vicar sure enough;—but *mine* is a complete Ideot. Mrs. Piozzi.

he seems an ingenious & insidious Democate—they are all studious to relate Truths if not Lyes too—to the prejudice of Priests Princes &c—and God knows there are sufficient for copious Narration. I could tell *them* that there are many infamous Houses in London;—Brothels, Gaming Places, Clubs of Infidels, Coteries for unnatural Vices &c. but would it be right for that reason to set London on Fire? or even to go suddenly & pull down all the Buildings where the Wretches assemble? *very wrong* I think. God & the Laws alone have Privilege to punish Sinners, & he who snatches the Rod from Supreme Power to chastise his Neighbours, is one degree worse than *they*. A Fryar came to Ganganelli once, & confess'd that he had poisoned four of his Companions in the same Convent; the Pope was expressing his Horror: Eh Santo Padre! says the Fellow, *è poco Perdita per la Christianità*, uno era Adultero, uno fu Ladro deciso; il Terzo si disse Sodomita, ed il quarto Incredulo—Bestia! (replied the Pontiff,) fosti tu loro Giudice?¹

Denbigh exhibits excellent Partridge, and very good Peaches; the Butchers Meat is cheap here still—*very* cheap: eighteen Pence for a fine Quarter of Lamb did we pay this Morn^g—and pretty Fowls enough sixteen pence the Couple, Tea and Sugar mean Time are desperately dear, and Malt Liquor astonishes one by its high Price. Beef of a small Kind & young, at 4^d & sometimes five Pence p^{b} lb. but Veal keeps low, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^d or 3^d.

Denbigh improves tho' we have no Manufactories; I see more Coaches and hear more Rattle of Post Chaising every Year we come down, & the wretched Street grows less wretched, daily: how rich & happy would this Island be were Europe in Peace once more,—but that Time returns not; Will it *ever* return?? the Death of Count Mercy D'Argenteau² gives us *one Chance* for it.

Denbigh has a finer View of the Mountains than we shall enjoy at Brynbella the other Side of the Vale: our Prospect from those Windows somehow is more gay than grand—but if you climb a Hill behind,—they call a Hill a *Bryn* here in Wales; The Snowdonia rises with vast Dignity in the Offskip, while a blue Expanse of Ocean leads the Eye on our right hand to immeasurable Distance. I have seen few finer Sketches in my Life than that from our *Bryn*

¹ Why Holy Father 'twas a small Loss to Xtianity sure. one was an Adulterer, one a confirmed Thief, the 3^d profess'd himself to be a Sodomite & the last was an Unbeliever.—Why thou Rascal! says the Pope—wert thou sent here to judge them? Hah! *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² The Austrian diplomat who had been Marie Antoinette's chief supporter at the Emperor's court. He died in London on August 25, 1794, a few days after his arrival on important diplomatic business. *Gent. Mag.* lxiv. 773.

where a Summerhouse is going to be erected. Castle, Cathedral, Country Seats & Sea form a complete Assemblage—yet shall I be tempted to regret the Sight of those Heathy Hills opposite little Denbigh Town, over which the light Clouds fly so transient, so elegant—crossing a Gloomy Background with their fleecy Bodies, & loose thin Trains of a mild Morning: our old Ruin here too is highly picturesque and tis very striking to walk out among the crumbling Towers, & Arcades still standing, 'spite of Time & change:—affording Shelter in their Angles to temporary Huts built by the poor for Habitations disputed by Ravens only, or Owls; who being disturbed by the climbing Boys, hoot in the Evening Twilight very loud—and add a solemn Sadness to the Scenery—whilst self-sown Ash growing or rather sticking in the Clefts of the Rock, rise suddenly when least expected, and seem to measure Height against the tall Shadows of the half-fallen Fabrick—I shall be loth to leave Denbigh—'tis such an admirable *Thinking-Place*, tho' I have not been well here: Cecy vexes me by her unprovoked Insolence to the few People round us, & her apparent Study to disoblige M^r Piozzi, till She makes me *so* nervous, & my Head *so* dizzy, I can not sit down to Study any more than *She* can; and surely that Child's Inclination for Increase of Knowledge grows daily less & less. She lov'd Drawing once but now even *that* is left off. I hate *idle* Misses like Salmacis¹ they never come to *good* et

Sæpe suas illi fama est dixisse *Sorores*
 Salmaci, vel jaculum, vel pictas sume pharetras;
 Et tua cum duris venatibus otia miscet:
 Nec jaculum sumit, nec pictas illa Pharetras,
 Nec sua cum duris venatibus otia miscet.
 Sed modo fonte suo formosos perluit artus,
 Sæpe Citoriaci deducit pectine Crines—&c—².

Well! the other three are *busy Misses*; dancing & frolicking with the Princes at Weymouth & Brighthelmstone: I like that no better; & tis so tedious to like nothing—better write out a pretty Epigram made by a Friend upon the Circumstance of asking every one at Table for a Toast; when it so happened that the Name of each Lady began with a *B*—Miss Barker, Miss Bateman Lady Belle &c.

How curious 'tis young Cupid should decree
 That all our Favourites begin with B;
 Who shall explain this Paradox of Ours?
 The *Bee* comes always to the sweetest Flow'rs.

I wonder when I shall see Colonel Barry again, he is a good Aristocrate now of Course that he has been out with my Lord Moyra

¹ The nymph of the enervating fountain.

² Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iv. 305–11.

fighting the French.¹ That Colonel Barry is just like a rainy Day—coming too often he wears one's Spirits quite down; but never coming at all, much Information—and *fructification* of the Mind is lost:—great *Refreshment* too may be found in his Conversation, when Life & its off-repeated Tales grow arid, harsh, & stale.

I long to see Colonel Barry. M^{rs} Pennington seems happier than I hoped,² Miss Seward says not a Word—that is because of Boswell's Nonsense³ probably, Kitty Beavor marries Dr Gillies;⁴ I *think* he was an Enemy of mine, but am not sure; Yet he certainly was a Member of Helen Williams's Démocrate Society—a Presbyterian too if I remember rightly, he will teach his Wife to hate me I trust, & that will be a Loss, for I really loved Kitty dearly. She was playing at Cards one Night at Streatham Park & taking up Tricks fast Mr Davies called out—Why you go on *swimmingly*;—“What an Expression of Praise to a Lady” ” cried Dr Perney; Why Well enough replied She—for a *Beavor*.

Doctor Johnson who was never wrong hardly, was seldom more right than when he warned people against giving their Children Pet Names,⁵ or Soubriquets as the French call them. A M^{rs} Moore in this Town received a Letter from her Brother in Cumberland last Week at the Close of which he says I must conclude directly dear Sister, because Fadge Fag, & Farley make such a Noise in my Ears there is no going on. The Woman, who had been long removed from him & his Society ten Years at least, concluded they were three favourite Spaniels and wrote him word She wished he would hang his nasty Curs, Fadge Fag and Farley; and mind what She said to him.—but what was her Shock when He told her in return they were his Darling Children by a Lady of large Fortune to whom She knew he had been married some Time.

¹ See above, p. 868. Colonel Barry may have accompanied Lord Moira on his second, and more successful, expedition, in June 1794, to relieve the Duke of York.

² After her marriage (see above, p. 851, n. 1) misfortune had dogged her. Mr. Pennington was taken ill with gout and rheumatism on their wedding journey, and had never fully recovered, and consequently she herself suffered from deep depression of spirit. In June 1794 she and her mother sustained injuries in a serious accident while driving. To crown their misfortunes, her husband's income from his post as Master of Ceremonies at Clifton diminished to almost nothing in the summer of 1794, because of the sparse attendance at resorts. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 566.

³ See above, p. 878, and n. 2.

⁴ Dr. John Gillies, Historiographer Royal. They were married at Ealing, on September 25. *Gent. Mag.* lxiv. 862.

⁵ Cf. the story in her *Anecdotes* (pp. 312–13) of Dr. Johnson's disgust at a father of their acquaintance who nicknamed his fat and clumsy daughter 'Trundle': 'Nobody ever thought of this fellow nor of his daughter, could he but have been quiet himself, and forborne to call the eyes of the world on his dowdy and her deformity.'

This M^{rs} Moore is a very rational chearful Woman, and much the Joy of our Denbigh Friends; her Husband is the Apothecary Surgeon & Accoucheur in most Repute among us; A very gentle-spirited, studious Man; eminent in his Profession, and exceedingly Intelligent. *She* resembles the Portrait Whitehead draws of Cousin Jenny in his Poem called *Variety*¹ very much, & would like a Drive to London *Bodkin*² just as *She* goes. The Best authenticated Story of an Apparition (except L^d Littleton's) was told me by her two Years ago, but I disregarded it *then*, not knowing what Credit might be due to her Authority. I am now convinced that *She* is neither mad nor drunk, nor despicable in Understanding, nor desirous to impose on others for ought I can see; is not considered as a Lyar at all by her Neighbours, nor particularly fond of a Wonder—and *She does say* That being a'Bed with her Husband M^r Moore, A Figure appear'd to stand in a praying Attitude at the Bed's Feet exactly resembling her Father, who was then Ill in Cumberland—but *She* knew it not:—on observing it steadily, it seemed to move, so *She* wak'd her Companion and asked him if *he* saw it, To which he replied in the Negative, & the Vision disappeared. I have twenty Times made her repeat the Tale in telling which I never found her vary, & *She* persists in saying *She* was wide awake all the Time, in perfect Health herself, tho' big with Child;—and not a whit affected with Fear—unless you mean Apprehension of losing a valuable Parent for whom *She* had a tender Regard—& who it seems was dying *then*, but they had not appriz'd her of the Danger.³—[Denbigh 20: Sept^r 1794.

Pope's little Ode⁴ written at 12 or 13 years old beginning

Happy the Man whose Wish & Care
a few paternal Acres bound—

¹ William Whitehead, 'Variety, a Tale for Married People'.

² A colloquial expression, meaning 'to ride tightly wedged'. Cousin Jenny, however, rode 'on the stool before'.

³ This was an innocent Woman & why sh^d her Rest be disturbed? y^t Murder is punished by strange means I'm inclined to believe In many Instances, but all y^s while Cambon & Carnot see no Apparitions, Tallien sleeps sound enough; does Conscience pursue only *English* Murderers? I never heard y^t the Duc D'Orleans or St Juste suffered remorse, or unquiet Spirits to disturb *them*; no, not a Moment.—Italians never think about Spectres—when my foolish Maid used to be frighted at nothing in Italy, They said it was because she was a Heretic. *Mrs. Piozzzi*. Cambon summed up the charges against the King after the *coup* of August 10, 1792, and Tallien was the chief instigator of the September massacres of that year. The Duc d'Orleans (Philippe Egalité) had been guillotined on the preceding November 6, charged with aspiring to crown himself king, and St. Just had died with Robespierre (see above, p. 885, n. 1).

⁴ 'Ode on Solitude.'

is imitated apparently from Stanzas of the younger Racine beginning

Charmè de mon loisir et de ma Solitude¹

which he professes to have written upon an Apothegm of Zeno on hearing a Verse of Sophocles to this Import—"The free Man who enters a Kings Palace, comes out on't a Slave." " Zeno replied, "if he entered it really a free Man, he would not come out a Slave." "²

Godeau the French Wit too, whose Letter to Mademoiselle de Rambouillet is so admired, was but a Plagiarist in his famous Compliment after all. Godeau was a Man of very low Stature, and called in the Coterie which frequented L'Hotel de Rambouillet—familiarly *Le Nain de Julie*.³ so when he was made Bishop he says to her; Au reste n'oublier jamais Le Nain de Julie, qui voudroit bien etre un Geant pour vous servir. It was pretty enough certainly, when advanced to so high a Station that He should recollect the old playful Jokes & Phrases of the Society he had lived so much in, but the Opposition of Dwarf & Gyant was not new: a Spaniard well known to Fame by Name of Duke de Ossuna, had said the same to *his* Mistress in 1630.

Quisiere aunque soy *Chico*
Ser, enjerville *Gigante*.

& this was *Verse*, too.

I have heard from Helen Williams again,⁴ tis just two Years since She wrote last,⁵ & beg'd an Ans^r but I was then fretting about Cecilia Thrall's Health & thought little of any other Concern but that. I had however discretion enough not to correspond with a

¹ Louis Racine's 'Ode I'. *Œuvres complètes* (1808), ii. 5-8. It was written in 1720, twenty years after Pope's poem.

² Racine's note gives Plutarch's 'How a Young Man should Study Poetry' as the authority for Zeno's remark.

³ i.e. Julie Savelli, the mother of Mme de Rambouillet.

⁴ Writing on August 18, from Lugano, Switzerland, where she had been for several weeks, having left Paris before Robespierre's execution. She does not mention Mr. Stone, but says: 'as there are three english gentlemen of our party I have the pleasure of talking of you to persons to whom your talents are known.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 570. This is the last letter from her which Mrs. Piozzi preserved. On October 4 Daniel Lysons wrote that Helena and Stone were married, Stone having 'avai'd himself of the summary laws of France to divorce himself from his quondam Wife'. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 576.

⁵ Her memory deceives her here. Helena had written on September 9, 1792, the day after the terrible massacres, again on December 12 of that year (telling of a near-fatal illness of several months, and of being hurt by Mrs. Piozzi's last letter, which rebuked her democratical principles), and again on July 29, 1793 (a guarded letter, to assure her that she has survived 'conspiracies, insurrections, and revolutions' and sits 'listening to the dismal sound of the tocsin "where more is meant than meets the ear", with its terrible accompaniment the alarm gun'). *Ry. Eng. MS.* 570.

profess'd Jacobine resident at Paris, tho' She requested a Letter very sweetly indeed, & with much appearance of true Regard for me: my refusal to answer such a Request from such a Writer put me in mind of the brutal Housekeeper in *Clarissa*; who to some Question asked with Intent to detect Fraud & Falsehood—replies “ “Indeed Miss one knoes not what Cumpiny you may have kipt sin you lefted home, and with Regard to that Tomlinson I says nothing, because thare may bee harme a brewin toward Master by *won Tomlinson*; soe I will have nothin on him.” ”¹

This was exactly the reason why I did not write to her then, but now She is escaped from Paris poor Soul! I think I may congratulate her on her having had Power & Will to leave the Wretches:—but I fear *Reputation* has been left behind somehow—I *fear* so; tho' perhaps no real harm has been done. one could not write *then*, because there was no way of conveying a Letter but thro' some French Man² She directed me to in London—& *he* as the Old Housekeeper says of *won Tomlinson*, might for ought I knew be sent from these Devils to *brew harm toward our Master*;—but now one may send a Letter by the Post, I think I will send a Letter.³

Helena Williams is a very fine Genius.

Doctor Myddelton gave me this Translation of a persian Epigram⁴ upon an Infant—very pretty indeed

On Parent Knees a naked newborn Child
Weeping thou satst, whilst all around thee smil'd;
Live so, that sinking in thy last long Sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, whilst all around thee Weep.

This Charade upon a Muffin too is admirable in its kind

The Man who most adores A Lady's Charms
Contented sees my first within her Arms.
My *Second* Locomotion does supply
To those who neither stand nor walk nor fly:
My Third a Rival to the fairest *Toast*,
Is still when most admir'd destroy'd the most.

These two Epigrams on Burke likewise are excellent.

Hastings loquitur.

It hurts not me that Grey⁵ as Burke's assessor
Proclaim'd me Tyrant Robber and Oppressor,

¹ A loose paraphrase of Mrs. Hodges's letter in *Clarissa Harlowe*, vol. vi, Letter 37.

² William Lusach, Esq., at 20 Suffolk St., Cavendish Square. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 570.

³ Mr Piozzi would not consent to my writing—he says 'tis very wrong—and he is commonly very right. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁴ By Sir William Jones. See his *Asiatic Miscellany* (1786), vol. ii.

⁵ Charles Grey, later 2nd Earl Grey, who shared in the prosecution of Warren Hastings.

Tho' for abuse alone meant;
 For when he call'd himself the bosom Friend
 The Friend of Philip Francis¹—I contend
 He made me full Atonement.

This next is better: I fancy Woodman was Authour.

Oft have we wonder'd that on Irish Ground
 No poys'nous Reptile yet was ever found;
 But Nature soon or late completes her Work,
 She sav'd her Venom to create a Burke.

Ekin's² Stanzas to his Wife likewise are much admired, Pity the Rhimes are so faulty when the Sentiment is so pleasing: these Stanzas are among the Things one wishes *quite* well written, they come within such a little way of being Capital

Exhausted by her painful Throes,
 Let Nature take her due Repose:
 Sweet—dearest Anna! be thy Sleep,
 Whilst I my joyful Vigils keep:
 And be thy Joy sincere as mine
 For sure my Pains have equall'd thine.

Sleep on; and waking thou shalt see
 All that delights thy Soul in me;
 Friend, Husband; and Oh! Name most dear,
 The Father of thy new-born Care;
 As thou on her thine Eyes shalt cast,
 Thank Heav'n for all thy dangers past.

Heav'n for no trivial Cause ordains
 That Joy like this succeeds thy pains;
 But by this sacred Pledge demands
 A Parent's Duty at thy hands;
 While those thy Infant Charge shalt rear,
 My Love shall lighten ev'ry Care.

Since first before the hallow'd Shrine
 I call'd my dearest Anna mine,
 Ne'er did my Soul such Rapture prove,
 Ne'er glow'd my Heart with equal Love;
 Some Charm must in this Infant Lie
 Which binds us thus by closer Tye.

My partial Eyes with Pleasure trace
 Thy features in it's smiling Face,
 And if kind Heav'n in Mercy hears,
 The fondness of a Father's Prayers,
 In her may I those Manners see,
 Those Virtues I adore in Thee.—

¹ The supposed author of the Junius letters. See above, p. 142, n. 1.

² The Rev. Jeffery Ekins, dean of Carlisle. His wife was Ann Baker, of Colston, Wiltshire.

I made a pretty Charade once improvise—not knowing what to fix on for a Subject, the Carpet caught my Eyes & I said

My first is a Fish¹
That forms a good Dish,
My second the same when devour'd;²
And when Dinner shall be,
The Discourse sur *Tapis*,
Some Sauce o'er my Third may be pour'd.³

Away with such Nonsense, such egregious Folly! we have ran a near Risque of losing our King by Treason: The Plot is now before Council—a Scheme to kill George the Third by an Air Gun, or some say an Arrow—some say a Poysoned Dart⁴—Lord God! how dreadful is this! The King-killers are here among us they say: not *here* at Denbigh, but dispersed through London Sed

Integer vitæ scelerisq; purus
Non timet strictum Gladium neque arcum
Nec venenatis gravidam sagittis
Fusce pharetram⁵

I am very sorry my Girls will be at Brighton⁶ so, there is a catching Sore Throat there I find,

last of Oct^r 1794. Denbigh.] We have strange Weather here, Thunder, Lightning Hail & heat over Night—Snow upon all the Mountains early next Morn^g. The People are alarmed too, & agitated with these Reports of Treason Rebellion Impiety all around so—our Regiment of Militia—the Denbighshire Corps—have it in Charge to guard the French Prisoners at Porchester, and write us word hither that those Sparks make it their Business to curse the Holy Trinity every Night before they sleep—& cut the Neck of our King's Head on every Coyn they can get, to shew their Desire of his Decapitation: such things with a putrid Fever to boot,

¹ Carp. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

² et. or eat. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

³ Carpet. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

⁴ Lord Chesterfield was with the King when the Bolt—if such we are to call it—pass'd thro the Coach—and stoop'd suddenly to let it go by him. What do you *duck* my Lord? exclaimed his Majesty with a Smile—*duck* Sir! replied Chesterfield, it was Time I think—why it very narrowly miss'd us. Well Well said the King more seriously, if we are to dye, Let's dye like Men & Gentlemen—& not *duck*. *Mrs. Piozzi.* One Upton, an apprentice to a watchmaker, accused three others of planning to kill the King by means of a poisoned dart blown through a tube concealed in a walking-stick. They were arrested on September 27, but the evidence was too slight to warrant bringing them to trial. Belsham, *Memoirs of the Reign of George III*, v. 241-2.

⁵ Horace, *Odes*, I. xxii—an inaccurate version of the opening lines.

⁶ *Mrs. Piozzi's* letters show that Hester had divided her time between Tunbridge Wells, Eastbourne, and Devonshire, and that Susan and Sophia had been for some time at Weymouth. Bowood Papers.

make it a Dangerous Office to have Care of them—both their Principles & their Putrescence are contagious. Add to all this, that the parts of Tom Payne's Book¹ most easy to comprehend, have been all translated into Welch, and are supposed to do no small Mischief among the low People hereabouts, I shall get Hannah More's Antidotes,² and make Mr Mostyn translate them: *John Mostyn the Curate*.³

Mr Woodman sent me these Epigrams in return for my Chapter of Regicides—

Hastings loquitur

It hurts not me, that Grey'as Burke's Assessor
Proclaim'd me Tyrant Robber & Oppressor,
Tho' for Abuse alone meant;
For when he call'd himself the Bosom Friend
The Friend of Philip Francis—I contend
He made me full Atonement.

Oft have we wonder'd that on Irish Ground,
No poysnous Reptile ever yet was found;
But Nature soon or late compleats her Work,
She sav'd her Venom to create one Burke.—

I had forgotten, they were transcribed before.

In the warmth of my Passion for Old Denbigh Castle, and in the warmth of my Regard for Hester Maria Thrale I wrote the following Verses—they contain original Thinking at least, and true, not fanciful Description. They were sent to her last Week, and here is no Ans^r yet; I am very sorry: for all the World agrees that Sussex is unhealthy, & the Girls Letters received ten Days ago said Susan had a Cold,—but I shall fright myself to Death, tis better write out the Lines at once—Here then they are.

Locality! enchanting Pow'r!
To Cambria's Castles true;
This Tribute of a vacant hour
Is thy undoubted Due.
Objects which most oppose Delight
Take pleasing Tints from thee;
And strangely satisfy our Sight
From mere Locality.

¹ Probably his *Rights of Man* (1791-2). Mr. W. L. Davies, librarian of the National Library of Wales, can find no record of any Welsh translation of Paine's works.

² *Village Politics* (1793). It was a counterblast to the *Rights of Man*. Mrs. Piozzi accomplished this project in 1801, when she wrote that she had paid 'near twelve guineas out of my own pocket-money for its translation and dispersion'. Hayward, ii. 254. No record of it is known to the National Library of Wales.

³ not Mostyn of Segroid—Mostyn of Denbigh. Mrs. Piozzi.

High Turrets struggling thro' the Ruin,
Their haughty Heads to heave;
Where Nature smiles at Art's undoing,
Their Charms from thee receive.

For whilst adown th'encumber'd Plains
Tumbling, they curse the Soil;
Sublime the native Rock remains,
And mocks Man's mimic Toil.

Now, where soft Minstrels wont to sing
Notes—tun'd to Love and Joy,
The Night Bird flaps her heavy Wing,
And scares the climbing Boy.

If Sweets we find in Scenes like these
To thee those Sweets belong,
What else can give Decay to please,
Or charm our Sense of Wrong?

When thoughtless Beauty throws her Smile
As Mirth and May inspire,
Round what was once the vaulted Aisle,
Or Consecrated Choir.

Where pendant Ivy ill supplies
With perishable Gloom,
Those Rays that rich in varying Dyes
Gleam'd o'er some Martyrs Tomb.

Yet hence thro' ruptur'd Clefts, the Clown
His rustic Fair one shows,
How far beyond the distant Town
Old Ocean faintly glows:

While view'd thro' Horizontal Air
The parting Sun Beams play:
For Light that loves to linger there
Retards the Death of Day.

If then Locality can best
Such pensive Joys impart,
And wake the Thought that oft has prest
Unconscious on the Heart:

She, while this Verse perhaps is read,
Maria's Mind inclines;
And prompts a Wish these paths to tread,
With her who trac'd the Lines.

Then—not in vain my Harp I strung
Enchanting Pow'r! to thee;
When round the roofless Hall was sung
Thy Praise Locality.

This Measure Doctor Johnson in his Criticism on Dryden, says is the most soft and pleasing of all our Lyrick Measures;¹ & he quotes Parnell's Poem upon Time²—in most however, the Rhymes return too quickly from the shortness of the Lines—but I am very careful not to use the same Word to end with, it so tires the Ear—Mr Pope makes Wit the concluding Syllable ten Times in sixty Lines, where he is teaching Criticism too; Swift is infinitely neater, and more attentive. I have just had a Letter from Birdey, as we now call my eldest Daughter; all is well at Brighthelmstone, and She seems delighted with her Verses: yet prefers some I wrote lately in Answer to the Seditious Ballad called “ “Plant, Plant the Tree” ”. it is really a scandalous Performance, just good enough to deserve the Reply, which shall be written out after the Original, which Sophy sent me a few Weeks ago from Sussex.

See, See, they come, the Myriads come
 From Gallia to invade us,
 Prepare the Pike, beat beat the Drum
 They come my Friends to aid us
 Plant, Plant the Tree
 The glorious Tree
 Midst Bloodshed Death & Slaughter
 Each Patriots Breast its Soil shall be
 And the Tyrants Blood its Water.

The useless Crown which long adorn'd
 The heads of Royal Ninnies,
 To better Ends Shall now be turn'd
 Coyn'd into useful Guineas.

Then plant the Tree, the glorious Tree
 Midst Battle Blood and Slaughter,
 Each patriot Breast its Soil shall be
 And Tyrant's Blood its Water.

The Palace which in Ages past
 For Sov'reigns was appointed;
 The Sovereign People claim at last,
 And scorn the Lords Anointed.

Then plant the Tree fair Freedom's Tree,
 Mid Blood & Wounds & Slaughter,
 Each Patriot Breast its Soil shall be
 And Royal Blood its Water.

¹ ‘ . . . quatrains of lines alternately consisting of eight and six syllables make the most soft and pleasing of our lyrick measures, as

“Relentless Time, destroying power,
 Which stone and brass obey,
 Who giv'st to every flying hour
 To work some new decay.”

² ‘An Imitation of some French Verses,’ ll. 1-4. — *Lives of the Poets*, i. 467.

On all your holy Mummeries
Our Boys contemptuous trample;
That Church that seems to prop the Skies
Shall turn to Reason's Temple.

Then plant Oh Plant the glorious Tree
Midst Battle Blood & Slaughter,
Each patriot Breast its Soil shall be
And the Tyrant's Blood its Water.

Our 'Squires shall then Ça Ira Sing
Nor more be tender hearted,
Your Bells no more to Church shall ring
To thundering Guns converted.

Plant plant the Tree the glorious Tree
Midst Bloodshed Wounds & Slaughter;
Each Patriot Breast its Soil shall be,
And the Royal Blood its Water.

The Stocks like Mist upon the Hills
Shall vanish out of Sight Sir;
And Abraham Newlands¹ fam'd Bank Bills
Be turn'd to Paper Kites Sir:

Then plant Oh plant fair Freedoms Tree,
Midst Bloodshed Death & Slaughter
Each Patriots Breast its Soil shall be
And the Tyrants Blood its Water

The Commons too that say forsooth
They represent the Nation,
Shall scamper East West North & South
To 'scape our Indignation.

Then plant the Tree the glorious Tree
Midst Death & Wounds & Slaughter
Each Patriot Breast its Soil shall be
And Tyrant's Blood its Water.

To this much-admired Poyson I administer the following Antidote

See, See the mad Marauders come!
Let loose to rob and Plunder;
They hope to find our Senate dumb,
Our Statesmen lost in Wonder.

But let them shun this hostile Shore
Or back again we'll bang 'em,
And of their Tree of Liberty
A Gallows make to hang 'em.

¹ Cashier of the Bank of England, whose signature on all bank notes caused them to be known for many years as 'Abraham Newlands'.

Nor *Crown* nor *half a Crown* they'll get;
 We'll never be such Ninnies,
 To feed the fasting Mounshers fat
 With our bright English Guineas—

Then let them shun our hostile Shore
 Or back again we'll bang 'em;
 And of their Tree of Liberty
 A Gallows make to hang 'em.

No British Palace e'er was built
 By poor Men's Blood or Tears Sir;
 Like proud Versailles pollute with Guilt,
 Which found a Lot severe Sir:

Then let them shun our happy Shore,
 Or back again we'll bang 'em;
 And of their Tree of Liberty
 A Gallows make to hang 'em.

We'll fight till Death for Church and King,
 and firmly fix'd will see 'em:
 The merry Bells around shall ring,
 and grace a Grand Te Deum.

When Frenchmen fly our happy Shore,
 Or back again we bang 'em;
 And of their Tree of Liberty
 A Gallows make to hang 'em.

Then fear at least Cælestial Fires
 For Sacrilege intended;
 That Church which but to Heav'n aspires.
 Will be by Heav'n defended.

Then let Mounseer not venture here,
 For back again we'll bang him,
 Or of his Tree of Liberty,
 A Gallows make to hang him.

Those who to plot with France combine
 Old England shall disown them;
 Our Brunswick sinks their Jacobine
 As Howe has lately shown them.

Then let them shun the dang'rous Shore
 Or back again we'll bang them,
 And of their Tree of Liberty
 A Gallows make to hang them.

I should really be glad that these Verses found Admirers too; they are certainly as witty as the wicked ones, much more pointed I think—but *facit Indignatio* &c.¹ Meantime Cecilia Thrale who loves

¹ 'Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum.' Juvenal, *Satires*, i. 79.

a frolick¹ dressed herself up here one night & run about Denbigh Street with another pretty Wench her Friend, Disguised like Gypsies, & forcing themselves into the Houses of my peaceful Neighbours, confounded them not a little—I could not imagine what She was about when in the Morning She requested of me some Verses to put under Gypsy Figures, but concluding 'twas meant for the Accompaniment of Drawings to give away, I wrote her the following Stanzas while my Hair was dressing—and off She scamper'd as soon as it was Dark repeating them from house to House

Weary from distant Norwood see
 The wandering Gypsies roam,
 To seek in Hedge or hollow Tree
 A temporary Home:
 Whilst with good Fortune still we greet
 Each Traveller that passes;
 A Lot severe our Fortunes meet,
 Friendless! abandon'd Lasses!
 The soft Emotion then obey
 With which your hearts deplor'd us;
 We'll not regret the lengthen'd way
 If Shelter you afford us.²—

¹ In September she had cajoled Mr. Piozzi's steward into sending out cards for a ball at the Crown Inn, '& we never heard a Word till the Day before— & then looked like Fools . . . who were expected to entertain the Company, tho' we never asked them. . . .' Bowood Papers.

² I had not *then* present to my Mind how Peter Pindar once wrote some Verses for a Lady to speak at the *Masquerade* in a Gypsy Character but *now* I am writing y^s Note 18: of July 1795 thus I find them in an old old Newspaper—Streatham Park, 18: July 1795.

Masquerade Verses

A wandering Gypsy Sir, am I;
 From Norwood where we oft complain,
 With many a Tear and many a Sigh
 Of blustering Winds & rushing Rain.
 No Rooms so fine nor gay Attire
 Amidst our humble Sheds appear;
 Nor beds of Down nor blazing Fire
 At Night our shiv'ring Limbs to chear.
 Alas! No Friends come near our Cot,
 The Redbreasts only find the way,
 Who give their all—A Simple Note,
 At peep of Morn or parting day.
 But Fortunes here I come to tell,
 Then yield me gentle Sir—your hand;
 Amidst these Lines what Thousands dwell!
 And bless me! what a heap of Land!
 This surely Sir must pleasing be,
 To hold such Wealth in ev'ry Line,
 Then pray now try if you can see
 A little Treasure lodged in mine.—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

Denbigh.¹ 17 Nov^r 1794.] I have had an Anonymous Letter sent after me here, to plague me; apparently in the same Hand-writing of that I received at Streatham Park July 1793 after a fine Fête we gave; & mentioned in this Vol: the bottom of Page 31 and beginning of Page 32.² Will the Blockheads never have done?

6: Dec^r 1794] Cecilia Thrall & Dr Thackeray³ having rode to Brinbella this Morning, brought home a Rose which blew in the open Air, had much Scent & very elegant Colour: a strange thing sure in so Northern a Latitude & so late a Season.

Doctor Thackeray⁴ is a pretty young Man of elegant Manners and an excellent Heart; he loves my Cecy—poor fellow! “ “ed Io poveretto me voglio innamorar” ” should be *his* Song. What chance has mere Merit with our Cecy I wonder! or what Chance with her Guardians & her Friends? Settlements, Settlements, Equipage Equipage, Pin money &c. are the Things we must look for in a Lover of hers.

Poor dear Doctor! he might be an agreeable Son to *me* perhaps, attentive & kind—I *rather think* he would be so: but God forbid that I should ever use my Influence (if I had any) to perswade a Child or even Friend to marry a Person because *I* liked Him or her.—that would be wicked as foolish, and foolish as wicked:—for the probabilities always are, that the Man or Woman would not be worth liking. Cecilia is in Chancery thank God, and *can* marry none but a proper Match till She is one & twenty: She will then please herself, and like her Sisters perhaps, find it safest & best to connect herself with nobody but *them*.

The Times are sadly out of Joynt indeed, the War ruinous, & Peace a peril that I hope we shall be spared; for as things now stand We have a Right to keep Frenchmen from our Island by Alien Bills &c. Soon however as Hostilities cease, they will come up like the

¹ Their stay in Wales was prolonged by Mr. Piozzi's 'annual fit of Gout', which caught him there (*Pennington Correspondence*, pp. 118–19), and by the high cost of living in London (see below, p. 909).

² See above, p. 863.

³ Dr. William Makepeace Thackeray, grandson to Archdeacon Thomas Thackeray, and son to Mr. Thomas Thackeray of Cambridge, a surgeon. He was named after his uncle, his father's youngest brother, who became the grandfather of the novelist.

⁴ Dr Thackeray comes here to Denbigh for the Benefit of Marine united with Mountain Air he says—he has some inward Complaint.—he is a Man of mean Birth, but lofty Sentiment and Manners exceedingly attractive. a genteel Widow in the Town here is much in love with him as it appears, & 'tis Cecilia's Sport to make *her* miserable, without I believe the slightest Intentions to make *him* happy. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

Frogs of Egypt & we shall have them in our Ovens & in our Kneading Troughs so that for one State Tryal now, we shall have forty Then: oh! let us rather play Quarter Staff with a Competitor who has the *Itch*, than go to shake *hands* with him.

This is reckon'd a pretty Sonnet on revisiting Oxford—it was given me by Mr Mostyn,¹ but I do not believe that he wrote it.

I Never hear the Sound of thy glad Bells
Oxford! and Chimes harmonious, but I say,
(Sighing to think how Time has worn away)
Some Spirit speaks in the sweet Tone that swells,
Heard after Years of Absence; from the Vale
Where Cherwell winds: Most true it speaks the Tale
Of Days departed, and its Voice recalls
Hours of Delight, & Hope in the Gay Tide
Of Life, and many Friends now scatter'd wide
By many Fates. Peace be within thy Walls!
I scarce have Heart to visit thee; but yet
Denied the Joys sought in the Shades—denied
Each better Hope since my sweet Emma died,
What I have ow'd to thee my heart can ne'er forget.

Denbigh 2: Jan: 1795.] My² Synonymes have been review'd at last—the Critics are all civil for ought I see, & nearly just, except when they say that Johnson left some Fragments of A Work upon Synonymy—of which God knows I never heard till now one Syllable, nor had he and I in all the Time we lived together, any Conversation upon the Subject.

So here is a new Year, And we begin it at Denbigh; the last was a dismal Year indeed, I am glad 'tis over; so many Calamitous Events, so many violent Deaths, so many Innocents slaughter'd by the Executioner—such a Number of Lives lost by Plague in America & the West Indies—were certainly never crouded till now into so short a Space of Time. They were asking me for some Improviso Verses—I gave them these written,—no; but *composed*—if they deserve the Name of Composition, between eleven and twelve o'Clock last Wednesday Night 31st Dec^r 1794.

After tonight then, We no more
Must date our Letters Ninety four,
For Time at length has shut his Door,

¹ Mr John Mostyn Curate of Denbigh, there are so many Families all of one Name one must specify *here* who one means by their Place of Abode—'tis the same in Scotland. *Mrs. Piozzzi*.

² Hayward (i. 337–8) quotes the following paragraph.

Against this old Year—Ninety four.
 So deep in Guilt, so stained with Gore
 Is seventeen hundred Ninety four,
 That tho' our Laureat may deplore
 In Odes pathetic—Ninety four:
 Those who peruse Historic Lore
 Will skip the page at Ninety four.
 Had our brave Ancestors of Yore
 Dream'd of Deeds done in ninety four—
 Their Sons destroy'd, and drain'd their Store,
 How had they curs'd this Ninety four!
 For not afflicted France has bore
 Alone the Ills of Ninety four;
 But furthest India's utmost Shore
 Shrinks from the Touch of Ninety four.
 Oh may the Storms which round us roar
 And fright expiring Ninety four:
 With the rough Warnings that they pour
 On our bare Heads this Ninety four,
 Teach us to give our Follies o'er
 And banish Vice with Ninety four.

Never in all the half Century I have spent looking on this mortal Life, never were there so many Adultery Causes brought forward in the Ecclesiastical Courts as this Year 1794. one follows another so rapidly—'tis shocking; nor do the enormous Damages awarded, seem in any wise to lessen their Number. Cases of Seduction too, strange Tales of Ladies taking in young Heirs or wishing to take them in; and Clergymen accused of stealing away Misses, & carrying them from their Father's house—Girls of good Character—and taking them to Brothels—I never knew such Doings in my Life; tis time to have done with 1794 indeed.

The Weather is very blue & bright, very clear & beautiful—a hard Frost, & Snow upon the Mountains—that is the Mountains furthest from the Sea: those under the Influence of Marine Vapours are all of the natural Colour—no Whiteness will rest upon *them* a Phænomenon I cannot comprehend, because the Girls write word that there is four foot Snow on the Sussex Coast—which might be thaw'd as well as *ours* methinks, if Ocean Breezes possess'd *indeed*, the Qualities we here attribute to them.

Our Philosopher Mr Lloyd of Wygfawr¹ observed a strange Appearance in the Planet Mercury one Morn^g—lately at four

¹ John Lloyd, of Wygfair (or Wickwor) and of Hafodunos, Wales. He published several monographs, from 1771 to 1796, on natural phenomena (Eldon Hole in Derbyshire, an earthquake felt at Hafodunos, &c.).

o'Clock—I could not understand what it was. *Venus* in her greatest Elongation from the Sun was the Star Miss Thrale saw shining at Noon-day he says—See Page 26: of this Vol.¹ M^r Lloyd observed it too from some Place where he was at the Time—Hampshire if I remember right. he shewed me Saturn & Sirius in his fine Telescope this Morn^g² at one o'Clock, we had been supping and dining & making merry New Year at pretty Wygfair—pronounce Wickwor, & I was much entertained indeed; exceedingly gratified with the Sight of a flaming Fixt Star, and beautiful Planet so different in Appearance—so like a Patent Lamp & Reflector in the Streets of London but tho' the Stars amaze & delight one's Mind with Wonder, the true Pleasure is derived from *what before one lies in daily Life*³ as Milton calls it: and what Event or Chain of Events can be more consoling to *my* Powers of Reflection? than that, or those by which the Possessors of Wygfair and Bachygraig are thus once more brought into Contact. The Grandmother of M^r Lloyd & my own Grandmother Lucy Salusbury, were professed Friends; lived very much together, and had scarce a Thought uncommunicated on either Side—at the Close of the *last* Century:—they were People educated far above their Neighbours, & delighted in Astronomical Studies, from having heard their Fathers converse with D^r Halley. The Currents of Life however drove their Descendants a thousand devious Ways; threw this M^r Lloyd as it appears by his Conversation into a variety of busy Scenes, and acquainted him with numberless Literati, and the great London Circles of Communicated Intelligence—Yet tho' I have had my Share of driving about the World as well as he; tho' I have shone among the Shiners, & plodded among the Traders, tho' the Roar of a Fox Chase has roused my Spirits to even a Wildness of Delight; and the Music of an Opera has melted me into Tears of Rapture—never did I hear of this Gentleman, at any Place, much less see him, till in our own Country we meet it seems, I the *Wit* forsooth, and he The *Philosopher* of our little Circle—at Close of *another* Century. May we see it out together in Friendship & good Neighbourhood! He is a Man extremely agreeable, Gentlemanlike in Carriage, polished in Talk, and has a Mind so amply, so completely stored—I consider his Acquaintance as a Treasure. We lamented together the Death of *Sir William Jones the Orientalist*,⁴ *Selim Jones* as they called him,—an irreparable

¹ See above, p. 860.

² 11: Jan: 1795. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ *Paradise Lost*, viii. 193.

⁴ See Vol: 2^d of *Thraliana* an Ode for St Cecilia's day written by *Jones* when He was but 13 Years old. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See above, pp. 237–40. Jones died on April 27, 1794, at Calcutta.

loss to the literary World: likewise the Death of poor Josiah Wedgwood,¹ who having

By Clay & Dirt obtained his Pelf,
Is now return'd to Clay himself.²

& lies buried at his own *Etruria*³ in Staffordshire,—whence perhaps in Shape of

Some tall Pitcher or broad Pan
He'll soon stand in the Shop again.

I have kept my Birthday 27th of Jan: here at Denbigh, M^r Lloyd of Wickwor was one of the Guests, Dr. Thackeray & M^r Mostyn the two other *Gentlemen*; M^{rs} Heaton & Miss Ashbourne our *Ladies*. a good Dinner and a Harp was all the festivity we could have in *Doors*, but the merry Maids & Men had a Ball at the Crown Inn. I had not celebrated a Birthday in Wales since that I pass'd at Llewenny Hall with my Uncle Sir Rob^t Cotton in the Year 1748.⁴ how merciful that so much Power of Mind & Body is still preserved to me! *tho' my Health is no longer what it has been.*

Meantime the Weather is quite astonishing—a Frost so piercingly keen has raged for this last Week or ten Days, that on the 26th the Ice was three or four Inches thick, wth a Wind that cut one thro' as one walked—or rather tried to walk in our Fields here, which they call the Park: Yet on the 27th my Birthday, so rapid a Thaw came on early in the Morn^g—that all Signs of Winter disappeared—a bright Sun illuminated our beautiful Mountains, & the Room was disagreeably hot with fourteen People in it, tho' there was scarce any Fire kept up: At *three* the next Morn^g I heard our Maids come

¹ On January 3, 1795. *Gent. Mag.* lxx. 84.

² Cf. above, p. 130.

³ he called the Place by that Name, because the Porcelane there, best Imitated the old Etruscan Vases:—& so wedded was he to his darling Manufacture, y^t he prefer'd it to Life or Limb.

Example.

At Naples M^r Wedgwood strained his Ankle by a Fall & the Surgeons said he must lye bye 7 weeks.

Seven Weeks! exclaimed y^e Artist, why I *must* wth out fail be in *England* y^s day 5 Weeks. You *cannot* Sir & You will not, was the Reply. Why Good God! if I had broken my Leg & you had cut it off, I might have been released sooner than so.

To be sure; 3 Weeks Confinement w^d suffice after an Amputation—happily perform'd—Here is my Leg cried out Josiah Wedgwood—off with it directly & let me go home; upon a Wooden one & look after my Manufacture—The Neapolitan Surgeon said to his Mate: The Man being an Englishman & a *Heretic*—We have no need to be Scrupulous: Let us take his Money & perform y^e Cure if we can. It *was* performed, and he hopp'd home to Staffordshire upon his Wooden Leg w^{ch} served him *Eleven* Years. *Mrs. Piozzzi*. The amputation of his leg, necessitated by a bad knee resulting from small-pox in childhood, actually was performed at Liverpool, on May 28, 1768, by Mr. Bent of Newcastle, in consultation with Wedgwood's friend, Dr. Erasmus Darwin. Meteyard, *Life of Josiah Wedgwood* (1865), i. 220; ii. 38–40.

⁴ Really spent in London. See above, p. 284 and n. 1.

home from the Dancing thro' Torrents of heavy Rain, and a mild warm Atmosphere,—Yet at 9: o'Clock the *same* Morn^g when Mr Piozzi waked me & Said the Hills, and Streets, & house Tops were all covered with Snow, I thought his Head was turned; but the Fact remained as he described it, and that very Afternoon the Water in the Dog's Bason under the Card Table between our Windows of a little Drawing Room which we always sit in; froze to a thick Cake of Ice, though an excellent Fire had been preserved the whole Day. Such rapid & sudden & extraordinary Changes contribute to unsettle my health sadly—& no wonder! they are very frightful & alarming: so is the Distress upon the poorer Sort in ev'ry Town & County—I hear the Brewhouses are stopt in London; a violent, & so far as I know a *new* Event, manifesting heavy pressure upon the publick. Handbills too of an inflammatory Nature posted on our Church Doors at Streatham¹ in Surrey—*demanding*, not *requesting* Relief for the lower Orders—terrifie one whilst they shew and indeed openly confess, that France in her Conduct—shall serve as Example to Britain—so here are Famine & Insurrection threatening us *within*, whilst Invasion is avowedly the Design of our Neighbour the French—*without*: They have overrun Holland, & driven out the Stadtholder²—as they themselves tell us—chiefly to obtain a nearer Port whence to descend upon the English Coast—strengthen'd by the Dutch Navy. He has been received here very kindly however, even by that Rank in Society which their Agitators are trying with all their Art & Power to excite against its Superiors; and probably owes that kind Reception to a Report that all the Refugies and particularly the prince & Court, have brought vast Sums of Money with them, which will be spent among us. Whoever lives at or near our Metropolis had need of vast Sums I am sure, Beef and Mutton are at 9^d the Pound I hear, and Bread at 9^d the Quartern Loaf. Bon vivants are forced to give a Shilling o' Pound for Veal, & Lamb cannot be obtained. How dreadful!! Mr Piozzi wisely resolved to winter here at Denbigh when first informed of these Circumstances: our Common Butcher's Meat is still at 3^d $\frac{1}{2}$ thank God but Bread rises even in this place because the people buy up Corn and send it to Liverpool. The poor are famishing tho'; &

¹ A letter from Daniel Lysons, written on February 7, told her that the occasion for these handbills had been the failure of the parish gentry to take up the previously requested subscription for the relief of the poor. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 576.

² William V, Prince of Orange, fled before the victorious Pichegru in January, and found asylum in England, landing at Harwich with his son on January 21. He joined his wife and daughter-in-law, who had preceded him, at Yarmouth, and finally settled at Colchester. *Gent. Mag.* lxx. 77.

the Gentle ffolks Farmers &c have made a Contribution of Sixty Pounds for their Relief, in which was included *our* Two Guineas: besides one Guinea that I have already given away in Sixpences from the Window; and my kindhearted Master purchased two Sheep Yesterday to boyl for them, with one Hundred Noggins for them to eat out of. A Piece of Meat with its Broth nicely thickened by Pease &c is to be every one's Portion, with a thick Slice of Bread in the other hand: and tomorrow at 11 o'Clock the Hour of Distribution.¹ The low People here in North Wales are eminently gentle, grateful & kind; & there is no Call for Fear to cooperate with Love in ones Disposition to relieve them. Whereas at Streatham we were warned by Letter, that if we did not Subscribe five Guineas; the Security of our House was endanger'd: Horrible beginning of a New Year—most horrible indeed! [1: Feb: 1795.

Helena Maria Williams has totally lost her Character—as a *Woman*, She lives with Mr Stone tho' he has a Wife alive²—Mr Chappelow says comically that She is *petrefied*: we once as he observes thought her *nemini secunda*.

I wonder what becomes of t'other Mr Stone?³ but they suffer all Traitors to go loose, and then wonder that there is Treachery abroad. Indeed I believe no Jury Men will condemn them, such a Spirit of Democracy is gone forth: People say openly now that 'tis no Treason to cry *George's head in a Basket*—so I suppose 'tis no Blasphemy to say that they are *God Almighty's Nephews*, as this fine Mr Brothers⁴ makes no Scruple of doing; and the Ministry only think he is mad, but Lysons, with more good Sense writes me word that he is a fitter Inhabitant for Newgate than Bedlam.

Every Thing is worse, and every body is wickeder than I thought them to be—So it turns out at least on numberless Occasions—I never took John Philip Kemble for a Saint, but I had not an Idea that the Man would insult a poor Girl under his Protection: Miss

¹ We bought a Quarter of Beef after this, and cutting it in Pound or two Pound Pieces, gave it among the poor: it cost 2d½ the Pound. *Mrs. Piozzi*. ² See above, p. 894, n. 4.

³ William Stone, brother to John Hurford Stone, then in the French foreign office, who had been implicated with his brother, and the Rev. William Jackson, in a plot to kill the King, and precipitate a French invasion. The plot was discovered in March 1794, and Jackson was arrested in Dublin on April 24 of that year. He was tried and convicted on April 23, 1795, but defeated his sentence by taking poison and dying in the dock, on April 30. Stone was not tried until January 1796, and was acquitted on January 29. *Gent. Mag.* lxiv. 473; lkv. 443; lxvi. 161–2.

⁴ Mr Brothers is Author of a new Pamphlet broaching blasphemous Opinions. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Richard Brothers, a naval officer, who was later committed to a lunatic asylum, wrote *A Revealed Knowledge of the Prophecies and Times . . . Wrote under the direction of the Lord God and published by his sacred Command . . . with . . . The Restoration of the Hebrews to Jerusalem by the Year of 1798, under their revealed Prince and Prophet* (1794).

De Camp¹ tho'—a little Songstress of Drury Lane Theatre, threatens to sue him for an *Attempt* to violate her Free Will—in the Green Room!! what madness as well [as] Wickedness may this be called!—I hear the Audience resent it, and receive him coolly in Consequence. He deserves a Horse Whip.²

8: Feb: 1795. Denbigh N. Wales.] Here is Cecilia's Birthday, and we keep it at Denbigh; 18 Years ago I little thought where we should be *now*; still less could I have hoped to be so well & young-looking as I am even *this Moment*—tho' much altered in these last Months.

Kemble is forced to make open Apology in the daily Papers⁴ for a fruitless Attempt at committing a Rape—and to publicly advertise himself as the most infamous of modern

EXHIBITION³ of LIVE and MOVABLE STONES, a surprising Prodigy of Nature.—The wonderful Stones here mentioned, by an invisible agent, receive both life and motion, are seen by the spectators to walk, turn, and move in every direction. The Proprietor of these extraordinary Stones, and sole Possessor of the secret that produces this phenomena, so surprising and singular. The price of these Stones is ten Guineas each. The experiments may be repeated at pleasure, without any loss of power or virtue in the said Stones.—The Curious, that may desire to see the phenomena here mentioned, are to pay Half-a-Guinea for their Exhibition. The Philosopher, and Author of this Discovery, informs the Curious in Experimental Philosophy, that he intends giving a Course of Lectures on Animal Magnetism, in which he will open some new and important discoveries. The Terms, 6 Guineas for each Course of Lectures per Month, three times a Week in the said Course. If any Society of Ladies or Gentlemen wish to follow a separate Course, on their giving notice, the Terms will be the same. There will be likewise a Course on Experimental Philosophy, in which will be performed the most curious Experiments, many of these entirely new. Terms, 6 Guineas, to be paid on subscribing. If called on by Families, Prices 6 and 10 Guineas. The Professor is to be met with every day, at his House, No. 100, St. Martin's-lane, from 2 o'clock in the afternoon till five.

Scoundrels: I thought at least the Wench had been taking him in, but No, *here is the Excuse*. I could not have believed a Man capable of such brutal Folly: They say Miss De Camp is a very virtuous decent-manner'd Girl,—placed by dead Friends under this Rascal's Protection—& he commits an *actionable* Insult upon her Person; *in almost a public Place*. Mercy on us!!!

So here⁵ as Master Katter-

¹ Maria Teresa De Camp, a Viennese dancer and actress, who later (in 1807) married Philip Kemble's brother, Charles.

² I believe John Philip Kemble was the Person who injured Mrs Broadheads Reputation: he told some Tale of her w^{ch} true or false was very wrong in him to tell; & y^e World then insisted on other Stories, till She was coldly looked on every where but at *home*. Mrs. Pierzzi.

³ A newspaper clipping, pasted to the page.

⁴ The following newspaper clipping is pasted in the margin:

I, JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, do adopt this method of publicly apologizing to Miss DECAMP, for the very improper and unjustifiable Behaviour I was lately guilty of towards her; which I do further declare her Conduct and Character had in no instance authorised, but on the contrary, I do know and believe both to be Irreproachable. January 27, 1795. ⁵ This refers to the Kemble incident and the advertisement in the centre.

felto¹ said when he show'd a Black Cat—about 15 Years ago,—are Wonders, Wonders, Wonders. Yet I have no Pleasure in laughing at such Things—not I. The People who find or make a Jest out of Blasphemy, Treason, Rape & Adultery; are merrier than I: for 'tis a horrible Thing to hear what Lysons' Letters tell that since the publication of M^r Halhed's² Pamphlet, numberless People even of Rank & Character run in Flocks to increase the Presumption, or feed the Phrenzy of this extraordinary Man Richard Brothers.—

1st March 1795.] And here is worse News still, Earl Fitzwilliams's Administration in Ireland was popular & pleasing; the People were grown loyal & happy, & now the King as if inspired with a Sudden Resolution to ruin himself & us, recalls³ the only Vice Roy that has ever pleased the Irish since my Time, repeals the Decrees which contented them so comfortably—confounds his Ministers, who will probably go out of Office; strengthens declining Opposition, & provokes our own Island of Ireland to accept Freedom & Fraternity from the French,⁴ who desire no better than to bestow it on them as they have done upon Holland.

Add to all this a Mortality in London which the Physicians call Influenza—but which differs essentially from the Disorder so term'd in 1782, because then, tho' every body was ill, nobody died; & now, all those who catch it are almost sure of losing Life, while the Majority (God be praised) have not taken it at all. Meanwhile Warren attends sixty Patients in a Day we're told; and three hundred Hackney Coachmen have perished—Old people sink under the Complaint immediately, and Bloomsbury Parish buried 132 Corpses in St George's Church one Week.⁵

Denbigh 2: March 1795.] If The extreme Cold caused these Disasters however,—which is strange—Warmth will remove them. here is a beautiful Spring breaking out⁶ after this sharp Winter,

¹ Gustavus Katterfelto, a German conjuror and empiric, who used the cats in his hocus-pocus.

² Nathaniel Brassey Halhed, M.P., who wrote, in support of Brothers' claims, *Testimony of the Authenticity of the Prophecies of Richard Brothers, and of his Mission to recall the Jews* (1795). His espousal of the madman's cause is probably explained by the fact that Brothers had written him a letter (which he prints as a preface), revealing to him his own special appointment by God to spread Brothers's gospel.

³ Because the Earl had expressed an undiplomatic sympathy for the cause of Catholic emancipation.

⁴ Hoche actually landed an expedition in Bantry Bay, in the winter of 1797, but was not successful. ⁵ One Upholsterer s^d he made forty Coffins in one day. *Mrs. Piozzii*.

⁶ The Larks are singing sweetly, & there are fine Primroses out in the Woods of Wýgfair. No Nightingales will live in Wales, & I believe the hard frost has killed most of the Blackbirds

which lasted with great Violence indeed from Xmas Eve to three or four Days ago: just a Quarter of a Year, no more. but the immense Floods consequent upon so rapid a Thaw, having inundated all the low and marshy Counties of Huntingdon, Cambridge, Lincoln, & large Tracts of Norfolk too: will perhaps from the stagnant Water Send up next Summer an unwholesome Exhalation enough; & produce A species of yellow Fever which overrun Philadelphia & our West India Islands this last Year from no other Cause: besides that we *must necessarily* have short Harvests, when all the great Corn Countries are destroy'd so; and increase the uproar which has been gathering a long Time about Scarcity of Provisions in the Metropolis occasioned by the War. Well! if Sword Pestilence and Famine are sent forth to punish the misdeeds which daily provoke Displeasure from the highest—who can wonder?? *It is all foretold*. Even these false Christs and false Prophets seducing many with their Signs and Wonders—did not our Saviour warn us of their coming?¹ and did not St John see the *unclean Spirits go forth? Spirits of Devils, working Miracles*, which go forth unto the *Kings of the Earth*, to gather them to the Battle &c—² They come out after L^d Macartney's Embassy—that was the drying up the River *Euphrates*³ closing up the Limits in short, or Boundaries, that so the way of the *Kings of the East* also may be prepared.

Is not the Queen of Spain⁴ too instigated by an evil Spirit? and does She not *now*—with the Guillotine nearly before her Eyes, plunge into Adultery? as if on purpose to embroil *that* State, who enraged against her Lover the Duke of Alcudia, whom She has set up for Minister; refuse to obey him, and thus give up their Country, and doubly-injured Monarch a prey to Invading French??⁵ and will any body tell me that these are *Common Events?* and *Common Combinations?* will anybody persist in thinking that Things

& Thrushes—they were very plenty last Autumn. I observed 'em very numerous: tho 'tis a famous Country for Kites.—No, No, the Birds are all alive & merry:—the chearful Blackbird & loud Throble answer each other all Day long. The *next* Frost *did* kill them though. Mrs. Piozzi.

¹ Matthew 24: Verses 24, 25, 26. Mrs. Piozzi.

² St John's Apocalypse 16: Chap: Verses 13, 14. Mrs. Piozzi.

³ Mr Grey says the drying up of Euphrates is a *Figure*; there are Men—& *wise* Men who think it will be *literally* dried up as the Red Sea was for the Jews to march through on their Feet. How? How says Mr Whalley can you make the Prophets Language *figurative* as to drying up Euphrates? it will be *literal*—& so I think too: Lucullus found it no difficulty & whenever it happens People will find a cause & say twas no Miracle. Mrs. Piozzi. The Rev. Robert Gray published *A Key to the Old Testament and Apocrypha* in 1790.

⁴ Maria Luisa of Parma, consort of Charles IV of Spain.

⁵ If Spain is lost—our Trade to Malaga and Barcelona will be ruined—every day produces some Misfortune as far as I can find, & every Night seems pregnant with a new one. Mrs. Piozzi.

Poor Fanny Burney's Tragedy called *Edwy and Elgiva* is hooted off the Stage I find¹—Madame d'Arblaye She is now;²—how it must gall her Pride!! and that *worthy* Gentleman her Brother's Pride, when reading the Play in the Green Room before exhibition—the Actors dropt silently off, one by one and left him *all alone* as he was when he stole the Books out of the Bodleian Library³ I suppose—or as he was when my Lord Fife said He determined on admitting into *his* Magazine, a Libel against *me* (written by Baretti)⁴ that no other Magazine would insert. See how as Shakespear says—

Even-handed Justice
Returns th' ingredients of a poyson'd Chalice
To our own Lips.⁵

Much has been doubted, & nothing yet decided concerning the new-found MSS. said to be Shakespears:⁶—Mr Lloyd of Wŷgfair thinks them genuine, Lysons thinks not.—It would be easy to ascertain their Authenticity if Men had a *mind* to ascertain it—& if they have *no* Mind, why 'tis all *Fudge*.

Cumberland keeps possession of the Dramatic Field; *his* Comedy⁷ is a favourite I find, and the part he has assigned to John Philip Kemble in it, makes him regain the good Will of the Town, &

¹ It was played but once, on March 21, 1795, at Drury Lane. Mrs. Siddons, who took the leading woman's role, wrote to Mrs. Piozzi on March 25, giving a somewhat kinder picture of the play's failure: 'Oh there never was so wretched a thing as Mrs. D'arblaye's Tragedy . . . she was at the representation in spite of all I could say of the ill effects so much agitation as she must necessarily feel woud have upon an invalide for she has been extremely ill it seems since her lying in . . . I was grieved that a woman of so much merit must be so much mortified. The Audience were quite angelic and only laughed where it was *impossible* to avoid it . . . Her brother negotiated the whole business, I never saw herself, but she went to my brothers the next day and nobly said, she had been deciev'd by her friends that she saw it was a very bad hing, and withdrew it immediately—that was done like a woman of an exalted Spirit. . . .' *3y. Eng. MS.* 574. Mme d'Arblay herself thought that its failure was largely due to the wretched acting of the cast, with the exception of Mrs. Siddons and Kemble. See her *Diary*, i. 249–51.

² She had married General Alexandre Gabriel Piochard d'Arblay on July 28, 1793, according to the Protestant rites, and according to the Roman Catholic rites on July 30. *Ibid.*, v. 205–6, and nn. He was a French *émigré*, who had lost all his property in the Revolution. Dr. Burney withheld his approval, and all but withheld his consent to the match, because of the General's lack of fortune or prospects. *Ibid.*, pp. 203–8.

³ See above, p. 360, n. 3. The scene was Cambridge, not Oxford.

⁴ His 'Strictures', published in the *European Magazine*. See above, p. 719 & n. 1. Charles Burney was editor of the *London Magazine* for a while, but never of the *European*. In a marginal note (Hayward, ii. 70–1) Mrs. Piozzi quotes Lord Fife as naming Fanny Burney to the editor. This is equally unfounded.

⁵ *Macbeth*, i. vii. 10.

⁶ The Ireland forgeries.

⁷ *The Wheel of Fortune*, in which Kemble played Penruddock.

like his Friends in Milton gives him once more to take with
Ravishment

The thronging Audience.¹

Mr Yorke of D'Affrenalli² has been introduced to me as a Wit & a Flasher: it was supposed that we were to admire one another's Abilities,—but I fancy the Project failed on both Sides;—I *dis*liked him, and Dislike is commonly reciprocal: he is clever though, but rough & coarse, and has too little polish. one or two things he said were comical enough however, & told what I did not know before. —They had joked this Gentleman it seems when in the Militia about his odd Fears of an Overturn in Carriages, or of a Fall from his Horse—little to be expected indeed in a Character so *hard* as Mr Yorke's—but says he, I told them “ “Look ye Comrades, when I possess two *Features* of the two bravest Men that Britain ever produced—’tis enough for such a Fellow as I: now John Duke of Marlborough³ was always afraid in a Coach, of which fact we have good Evidence; and John Duke of Argyll was so miserable a Rider, that his Review Horse was always obliged to be tired down by the Groom, before his Grace could get Courage to mount him on Field Days.—” ”

I never heard these two Facts before.

A new Affliction frights our People *now*: the Prince of Wales refuses to marry his Cousin when She does come: unless we pay his Debts—cruel Alternative! they amount to eight hundred Thousand Pounds Stirling⁴ it seems, The King will not—the Nation cannot pay them—Nay the King cannot, without greatly distressing himself & his Family—some of these Debts too are of a Nature so disgraceful, that he dares not show the *Articles*, the *Items* I am told: Some think them of a Political Kind, others say he has paid 10 or 20 Thousand for quiet Possession of Lady Jersey⁵—a Woman who has no less than Six Grand Children—What Times! what Manners are these? besides the immense Expence of buying Mr^s Fitzherbert's Consent to his Marriage—another Old Grimalkin of fifty⁶ Years standing at least.

¹ *Paradise Lost*, ii. 554–5.

² Peirce-Wynne Yorke, Esq., of Dyffryn Aled, Denbighshire. Burke, *Landed Gentry*.

³ The great Duke.

⁴ They amounted to £630,000. But the Prince demanded also an increase of his income from £60,000 to £125,000 a year, £71,000 for various expenses incurred by his marriage, and a jointure of £50,000 a year for his wife. Parliament voted all of these, with the proviso that £25,000 of the income should be applied yearly to the payment of his debts.

⁵ Frances Twysden, daughter of the Bishop of Raphoe, married to the Earl of Jersey since 1770, and in 1795 forty-two years old. The Prince appointed her as chief lady-in-waiting to his new wife.

⁶ Actually thirty-nine.

Richardson makes Lovelace say the Old Tabbies; & young Grimalkins—that is exactly wrong—the young Tabbies when Grey become *Gris malkins* the whole Etymology is French, but Richardson was no Derivatist.

M^{rs} Fitzherbert was presented at Court—pretty M^{rs} Weld a Widow¹—when I was there With Child of Susan Thrale who is now 25 Years old how much *can* She be short of 50?

The Old Jesuits' Creed seems forgotten amongst us now we are all got so fond of the Romanists—I'll write it out tho', from an old curious Book long ago out of Print, in w^{ch} I once remember to have seen it

| | |
|-------------------------|--|
| Pro fide teneo sana | Quæ docet Anglicana, |
| Afirmat quæ Romana | Videntur mihi vana |
| Supremus quando Rex est | Tum Plebs est fortunata |
| Erraticus tum Grex est | Cum Caput fiat Papa. |
| Altare cum ornatur | Communio fit inanis, |
| Populus tum beatur, | Cum mensa vino panis. |
| Asini nomen meruit | Hunc morem qui non capit, |
| Missam qui deseruit, | Catholicus est, et sapit. ² |

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| I hold for Faith | What England's Church allows, |
| What Rome's Church saith, | My Conscience disavows; |
| Where th' King is head | The Flock can take no Shame, |
| The Flock's misled, | Who hold the Pope Supream; |
| Where the Altar's drest, | The Worship's scarce Divine |
| The People's blest | Whose Table's bread & Wine: |
| He is an Ass | Who their Communion flies, |
| Who shuns the Mass | Is Catholick and wise. |

Denbigh Easter Tuesday³ 1795.] Well! **Cecilia Thrale** has given her Word to the Family of Llewessog that She will marry Young Mostyn, and no one else; and we are going to London—to Streatham Park at least, in order to ask the Chancellor's Consent—will he give it? or shall we want it? does Cecilia *mean* what She says?

Nous Verrons; The other Ladies will not give their Approbation I'm sure: to *Me* the Match is agreeable enough—but I think *la Chere Mere*⁴ too hasty & greedy; M^r Mostyn is a very honourable

¹ She married Edward Weld in 1775, when she was nineteen, and was widowed by him in the same year. Susan Thrale was born five years before.

² That the Jesuits have not forgotten these Tricks yet—at least in the Year 1786—see the Abate Bossi's *Jeu D'Esprit* about the Primus of Austria Vol: 4: of *Thraliana* as I remember. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See above, p. 675.

³ i.e. April 7.

⁴ M^{rs} Wynne. *Mrs. Piozzi*. John Mostyn's mother had taken as a second husband Major Edward Watkin Wynne, of Llewesog Lodge, Llwyn, Denbighshire. *Pennington Correspondence*, p. 131.

& a very handsome Youth: his Fortune not high, but his Character excellent—I only wish him older, & with a more authoritative Manner: He is too much under Cecilias Feet, & She has too much Disposition to keep him there—One would think as M^r Chappelow says, all my Misses were born in *Flinshire*: the other hard hearted little Creatures, altho' I have written to each of them separate Acc^{ts} of this intended Marriage of their Sister—never answer me one Syllable good or bad Susanna just said in one Letter “ “I shall ask Cæcilia myself whether She means to bring this M^r Mostyn to Town with her or not.” ” A Strange Manner of treating both him and me: Mostyn is as respectable in point of Family & Situation here in his own Country as Mortal can be: and 2000^l o' Year Estate is at least sufficient to prove Him not a Fortune hunter:—Why then so *insolent* fair Ladies? why so very *purse-proud*? I think only because they were born at Harrow-Corner in the Boro' of Southwark.—Well! the Democrates *do* drive all before them, here has been a Riot at poor little Denbigh, not among the Townspeople God knows, who were frightened out of their Lives, but a sudden Descent of ill-disposed and worse-instructed Mountaineers—Servants to Farmers ten or twelve Miles round, whose sudden Irruption the last Market Day, was intended to fright the Justices, & render their Meeting for Dispatch of Business abortive—and so it did. They held the Horses of our astonished Magistrates,¹ & crowding round them armed with large Clubs or Bludgeons, threatened Destruction to all who refused signing some ridiculous Paper, purporting that they should be taxed no longer. Compliance & Money pacified them for that Moment, & we have sent for Soldiers into the Town; but every Day brings anonymous Letters to the Shopkeepers &c threatening the Gentlemen & Clergy, and declaring their Resolution to call in the French—how dreadful! Meantime the poor of this Town are terrified, not delighted with such mad Proceedings; They love their old Neighbours and Protectors, and wringing their Hands cried out all the Time they saw M^r Lloyd & the two M^r Cloughs confined:—Alas! Alas! our dear Masters! Alas! Alas! the 'Squire of Eriviatte, meaning M^r Butler Clough who is next to adored here.²

¹ Writing to Hester on April 3, she told the story more circumstantially. On April 1 Mr. Lloyd of Wickwor was surrounded by a mob of three hundred men, in the streets of Denbigh. His sister, Mrs. Butler Clough, seeing his predicament, sent a servant for her husband, and his brother, Mr. Thomas Clough, who came, but came unarmed, and were immediately surrounded and threatened in turn. According to this account, the mob's chief grievance was the pressing of seamen and soldiers. Bowood Papers.

² Cecy is a strange Girl to be sure—very comical and very Audacious. A bawling Man of y^e Town here, Squire Jones as they call him, has shut himself tight up in his house & bawls no more. Every one was wondering till by Cecilias Manner I guess'd it was a Trick of

We set out for home *tomorrow* however—so we still call old Streatham Park, tho' Brinbella rises in her Charms every hour—God send us a good Journey, Mostyn follows his merry Mistress in a Week—He has a pretty Chace of *her*, who even Coquets with Dr Thackeray whom I am pretty confident She refused¹ just before this new Man asked her, and now to plague *him*, She flirts with t'other—Strange Proceedings! Strange Practice! strange Principles!—Heaven send us all the better for it this Time three Months as old Croaker says²—meantime

Adieu dear pretty Denbigh! Adieu!

17: April 1795. Streatham Park.] I am in better humour with Thraliana than I used to be—tis good looking back on past Times if 'twere only as a Register of the Weather—See Page 20 of *this* Farrago 6: Vol.³ The Spring in February A:D: 1793 was I perceive exactly as forward as it is this Year 1795 in *April*. The Blackbirds scarce begin a faint starved Note *now*; the primroses and Polyanthuses are the only Flowers *out*:—the Rose Trees & Almonds just as described in this very Vol: page 20—with the Date 27. *Feb*⁴—Yet I heard Thunder today & saw Hail—whilst every Laurestinus, almost every *Laurel*—but the *Daphne* is killed by our late Frost so as to look actually burnt up. the Gorse or Furze Bushes on the Common quite destroyed by Snows & severities of a most rigorous Winter, Arbutus, Phyllerea⁵ every thing ruined, and two large Trees a Standard Plum & Mulberry felled to the Earth: so y^t my poor Shrubbery appears quite demolished and we are only to pacify our Grief with that dismallest of all Consolations, y^t every body's Place is equally ill off, & the rich Nursery Men near London become all Bankrupts.⁶ Parsley is two Shillings an Ounce, Beef 9^d o' Pound Wheat at an exorbitant Price—Sorrow in all Faces, and Sedition in many Hearts. The Princess pleases People however, if *any* thing

hers; She wrote him an Anonymous Letter I now find, threatening him for his busy Behaviour during y^e Riot with a *Nightly Visit*: & the silly old Fool has sate up Three Nights in Consequence, & caught a severe Hoarseness; I asked her why She served the Man so? Is it not (says She) a public Benefit to make such a Blockhead hoarse? *Mrs. Piozzi*.

¹ Dr Thackeray was a *sick* Man who spit up Blood & calcareous Earth,—he *could* not marry Cecilia, or I trust any one else—otherwise his Character,—high, & proud & lofty manner'd tho polite & pleasing—would have been a fitter Mind by far for her to unite with: He would not have been used as She uses poor dear Mostyn No, not he—by the Queen. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² In Goldsmith's *Good-Natured Man*, i. 1. Cf. above, p. 771. ³ See above, p. 855.

⁴ See Page 36 of this Volume, and look how the Spring was last year 23^d April 1794.—one would really think it was a Dream if one had not written it down oneself. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See above, p. 882.

⁵ Phyllaurea?

⁶ Old Malcolm swears he lost 1000^l in Laurestinus only. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

will *do*, *She* will do: 'twas a good measure to bring her over; She is pretty, & that will delight the many, She is chearful & entertaining it seems, and that will charm the King; She is pious too I am told, & very attentive to the Exteriors of Religion—*That* likewise is a good Thing—tho' one is not oneself quite Young enough to think well of any Woman's Principles who could solemnly accept our Heir Apparent's Hand at the Altar if he ever did—as is still asserted—marry Mr^s Fitzherbert according to the Rites of the Romish Church: whoever weds a Man plighted thus seriously to another Woman, most certainly in the Sight of God is committing Adultery;¹ & had I been Archbishop—I would not have joined their Hands for all this World could give. Will the Almighty bless such polluted Nuptials with Children? and will he bless those Children?² *I think not.*³

Lady Jersey's favour they say will wane away fast mean time, and all the Town will be happy to see her kicked out.

My Misses have been to see us, I asked Cecy what I was to say to them about Mostyn—Nothing, replied She—unless they name him first—They never *did* name the Man to me, nor I to them, tho' we sate and walked for Hours with the two Eldest, of which Susanna spoke freely to Cæcilia—only considering *me* as quite out of the Question I believe. She seems to think they do not disapprove the *Match per se*—but treat the Idea of consulting a Mother as too ridiculous to be talked about. The Boy comes himself tomorrow, and the Ladies are to give their decided Opinions upon his Figure &c. It would not surprize me if they *hooted* him to his Face; It would not surprize me if one of them fell in Love with his Person:—nothing will *surprize* me, that happens in this Business; unless the two young ones should keep the honest Attachment they appear to have made, & marry the Moment he comes of Age, and live decently as I would wish them to do.

Our Bedchamber here at Streatham Park is 31 of my Steps *wide*, and 28½ *long*,—including the Bow—I will have that at Brynbella measured against it. 26—26—*Brynbella*

¹ Of what should a Man be *ashamed* says Solomon; Why of committing Adultery before his Father & Mother. I think so—quoth I when young & flippan—but who chuses *them* for Witnesses? Marry our Prince of Wales did sure enough choose his Father & Mother & the Bishops & the Lords & the Commons all to witness his Adultery when he married his cousin, tho' wedded to Mr^s Fitzherbert. *Mrs. Piozzzi*. See Ecclesiasticus xli. 17.

² The only child of the marriage, the Princess Charlotte Augusta, born on the following January 7, died in childbirth, on November 5, 1817.

³ Susan Thrale told Cecy that *She* had invitations to the Carleton House Parties; I am exceedingly sorry for it. *Mrs. Piozzzi*. Susan had the unenviable distinction of having attracted the Prince of Wales's attention at Brighton. Cf. below, p. 973, n. 3.

20: April 1795.] This is a strange & a dreadful Season; the long Days are come, & seem longer than usual at the same Time of Year, because here is no Foliage *at all*: not a Blossom even on a Pear, or Cherry Tree, no Appearance but such as the first Week in February exhibited last Year—The Ewes run from their Lambs, all Nature seems inverted; yet M^r Erskine says it is but ten o'Clock in the Morn^g—with our World yet, & M^r Chappelow says that it is *from* Eternity & *to* Eternity—so the Infidels increase in Confidence & Vice triumphs of Course

Religion blushing veils her sacred Fires,
And unawares Morality expires.¹

Kemble's Attempt on Miss De Camp ends in a mere Laugh, no Sin but *one* seems punished by the World's Disapprobation—*that* Crime is still discountenanced, no Gentleman will speak to Doctor William Wynne; and there is *some* Idea,—a *faint* one,—about the Point of Honour amongst Women too; Helena Williams's Friends are all ashamed of *her*. When Stone's *real* Wife followed her Husband to Basle in Switzerland, whither He had fled with his newer Connexion, fair Helen,²—leaving the first poor Soul behind; in hope She would be Guillotined by the Terrorists:—*his* Conscience smote him, and he would at least have behaved *civilly*, but the second Lady stormed and cried, and obliged him to drive M^{rs} Stone from his Door, at which She intreated for Bread.

Oh Tempora! Oh Mores!³—

The Queen is said to be happier in this new Daughter from Brunswick than She ever was, or hoped to be with any Child of her own:—Male or Female; I think that likely enough.

There is a D^r Dealtry⁴ who sends me Complimentary Verses; he is Son as I understand to the Physician who attended me in the Smallpox more than 40 Years ago, & He renewed (as he called it) his Acquaintance with me last year at M^{rs} Parker's. He is gone to Ireland where some good Preferment was given him—These are his Lines upon my Synonyme Page 26.

Amicable, Amical—Friendly.

Their Difference fair Critic! you point to our View,
Synonymous each is—believe me—with you;

¹ Pope, *Dunciad*, Bk. 4, ll. 649–50.

² See above, p. 894 and n. 3.

³ I have a Notion however that Helen will lick herself clean after all. *Mrs. Piozzi*. This is the last mention of Helena Williams. She lived out her days in exile, faithfully attached to Mr. Stone, and was buried beside him in Père-Lachaise when she died in 1827.

⁴ Dr. Robert Dealtry, of Wicklow, Ireland.

The Second so novel you cannot endure
 Such reason to give for it too,—to be sure:
 Into *Johnson* you've looked, but there see not a Trace,
 To obtain any thing we must seek the right Place,
 Its fullest Effect—truest Import to find,
 Pray shut up his Volumes, & read Your own Mind.

Since these were received, the same Man has sent me Six Latin Lines which he wishes me to translate for him: They are meant as an Address to one of the Popes, and produce a panegyric read forwards, a Satire when reversed.

"Laus tua non tua fraus virtus non copia rerum
 "Scandere te fecit hoc Decus eximium
 "Pauperibus tua das nunquam stat janua clausa
 "Fundere res quæris nec tua multiplicas
 "Conditio tua sit stabilis non tempore parvo
 "Divere te faciat hic Deus Omnipotens."

Mr Mostyn has been looked at *by the Ladies* and *apparently* approved.—Cecy says however that Sophia lectured her privately, and called her a Fool for *committing Matrimony* with a Man between whom & herself there seem'd to be so little Kindness. Truth is they did shun one another while Miss Thrales were down here, as if they were ashamed of the Attachment they profess to intend solemnizing at the Altar,—oddly enough: but *he* says that Deportment was agreed on between them, & *She* says little about the matter to *me*.¹ The Siddons Girls² are with us, & are a great relief; but I believe they are much more Mostyn's Confidantes than Cæcilia's, who frights her Lover by saying She intends going to her Sisters in London for a Week's Pleasure, at the same Moment that She confesses their Contempt of him.

Well! we are all to dine with them Monday 27: April, & go to Dear Mr^s Siddons's Benefit, & then we shall see how Matters stand in Earnest. Sophia professed Liking the Match & the Man too very openly to *me* when She was here; yet Cecy says She despises him, and Mr Ray whom I met in the Street assured me that whatever Face they might carry—he *knew* the whole Affair was unpleasing to them—the more so as they fancied it particularly agreeable to *Me*. Natural enough after all that pass'd in our Struggle for Possession of Cecilia on our first Arrival from abroad.

¹ I dare not *say* my true Reason for wishing her married to Mr Mostyn—I dare not *say* I am still in fear of Drummond. Mostyn is a Gentleman & we know whence he comes; my Horror of y^t other Man is too great to bear. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² Maria, Mrs. Siddons's second daughter, had come back from her convent school in Calais early in 1793. *Pennington Correspondence*, pp. 79–80.

They consider this Marriage as a Triumph over their Endeavours to keep her Person in their Hands¹—I have her Person certainly, but who has gained her Heart—is past my Skill to find out.—Mostyn certainly thinks *he* has it, and I *hope* so; but her Conduct is very odd if She *is* in Love, and if She is *not*, what can She marry for??

Meantime the Weather is dreadful—Cold as Nov^r and it blows a Hurricane now—The Almond Trees are but just peeping, no Swallows come, some one thought they heard a Cuckoo—but I believe it was only Fancy.

Mr Ray is a prodigiously valuable young Man—I call him young because he was born just when I first settled here at Streatham Park—but he is so wise, so good, so handsome, so Intelligent:² an odd Thing came in my Head today. Dear lovely Siddons seems likely to be a Widow soon; how delightful a Connection would it be for her!—ay & for him surely. Something whispers me that they feel something more than quite common Esteem of each other's Talents Virtue & Beauty.

27: Ap^l 1795.] M^{rs} Siddons had as good a Benefit³ and acted as well as ever *this* Time; She is going to Scotland now.

5th of May 1795.] The Summer is burst out now all at once; Oaks, Beech, Apple Blossom, Pear Blossom Peach Blossom are Cotemporaries—the Cuckow sings loudly, and I have heard *one* Nightingale; it appears to me that the sleeping Birds live thro' a rough Winter, & those of Passage die. 'Tis very hot Weather, like Haymaking time, yet the Grass grows too leisurely by half; and I have counted but three Swallows this Season: The Things are all displaced somehow very oddly—That Primroses should remain at foot of an Oak almost in full Leaf is new to me at least, & I saw it so this Morn^g.

Mostyn has been introduced to all our Intimates, and all seem to like him excessively: I hope those Matters are going on right. others are in a dreadful State indeed—Fowls seven Shillings each—common ones, & Butchers Meat eight Pence o' Pound, Yet I never saw a handsomer dinner than Yesterday at M^{rs} Hamilton's, nor a

¹ on revising Mr Thrale's Will too it appears y^t her Fortune no more reverts to them if She marries with my Consent a Circumstance of w^{ch} till today I was ignorant, but when there are so many Reasons for their Endeavoring to prevent the Match—we need not wonder if it *is* prevented—the less because She threatens to run Voluntarily into A Temptation I see not how She should possibly escape. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Cf. below, p. 930, n. 2.

² We say he is the Streatham Grandison. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ In *Macbeth*, on April 25.

Room full of Company more splendidly dressed—Where & Whence do we all get the Money??¹

Miss Hamilton has left Marchesi's manner now, & taken up Pacchierotti's—w^{ch} though infinitely preferable upon the whole, suits her *worse*: the voice shows its Defects now, and these Graces obtained at third Hand through Cima d'Oro,² make no Effect, and please but very faintly—when She play'd Marchesi's Tricks, She *surprized* one at least; and with this way She does just nothing.

Mr^s Cosway is returned to her Husband³

Who if he will be free from Night-Alarms
Must seem still fond, & doting on her Charms,
And take her—last of twenty—to *his* Arms.

he deserves no better however, for having solicited the return of such an Alecto: I suppose 'tis for the Money her Talents bring him in: Can there be another reason??

Tis a Matter of Conjecture chiefly to be sure, that Helena wife of Constantius was a Welchwoman and Daughter to King Coel, but the Welch baptizing so many Females by that Name in preference to evry other, tends to corroborate the Idea, embody it at least;—& for my *own* part I believe it.

There piped the Wood-lark, and the Song-Thrush there,
Scatter'd his loose Notes on the Waste of Air.

These are two Lines of Gray the great Poet it seems;⁴ M^r Nicholls—Abbè Nicholls as we call him—repeated them to me; they stand alone—but one sees & feels they are Gray's.

How foolish 'tis to change the Style & Character of writing, Painting, Singing or Acting! God Almighty when he imprinted a Character, gave a Style *too*; at least the Propensity to a particular Style, and how does Miss Hamilton degrade herself by that flexibility of Mind which every touch can warp? when She sung in Marchesi's Manner her *Heart* was in it, & it suited her *Voice*, and She deservedly gained not only Applause, but Admiration: Now She will Imitate the *Imitators* of Pacchierotti,—what can She gain but

¹ Our Bachelor Friends too tell us—much to my Amazement, that Club and Tavern dinners are no dearer, nor no worse; rather more splendid than last year; & Grimani says his Serv^t finds it so at the Eating-houses. Who can explain me this Phænomenon? it is a very singular one. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² Giambattista Cimarosa, a Venetian composer, who settled in London in 1791 as a teacher of singing. *Grove's Dictionary of Music*.

³ See above, p. 875 and n. 2.

⁴ They were first published in T. J. Mathias's edition of Gray (ii. 596), in 1814. Mathias gives them on the authority of Norton Nicholls, who relates the occasion of their composition in his reminiscences of Gray in Mitford's edition (1835-43), v. 34.

Contempt? Tho' *I* prefer the Style of Pacchierotti, & so do Thousands; yet the other was best adapted *to her*.—Would Piozzi or Cimad'oro set about following Marchesi in his sudden Leaps and peculiar Finales—I should think them *mad*; but Miss Hamilton *could do that*, and as to singing Cantabile Airs with expressive Sweetness, that She *cannot* do; let that be left for Catherine Glasse, She is the only Englishwoman who will ever attain proximity to true Italian softness, & luscious Volubility—

With wanton heed & giddy Cunning
The Melting Voice in Mazes running:¹

and once more why should *Mara* try at singing as *Guadagni* sung??
Quod sis, esse velis—in every thing.

11: May 1795. Streatham Park—] One Word more over Leaf about the Spring before it turns to Summer—The Elements and Seasons, & Vegetable Produce seem all tainted with Love of Equality; and appear so diverted of their usual Spirit of Order and Gradation, that one would think they had undergone a Revolution as well as the French. The Oak & Walnut are this Year in broad Leaf, before the Pear Tree has begun to shed his Blossoms, ay or the Cherry, which is earlier by some Days, according to common Rule; Primroses are springing up every Hour Cotemporary with Tulips, —*in the open Air*: and the sullen Beech no longer resists the Influence of the warm Weather, but is perfect as June, whilst Violets (for the first Time I ever saw such a Thing,) bloom at its Foot.

Nothing however was so horrible as after three or four Days of even Italian Heat—a hard Frost: down dropt Pease, Potatoes, French beans & Wall-Fruit as if blighted; which they were indeed. a thick Skin of Ice cover'd the Plashes of Water, Pails, Cisterns &c. and the Gardiner met me in the Morn^g with Tears in his Eyes, *this was last Week*, but I did not put it down when it happen'd.

The Death of two Friends! oh how unlike each other! put every thing else out of my Head. Venerable, virtuous, pious, exemplary Hutton,² elegant, sprightly, cheerful, charming Mr James.³ They both loved *me* exceedingly—'twas all they had in common—but Humanity: they both contributed to sweeten *my* Existence; *one*

¹ Milton, *L'Allegro*, ll. 141–2.

² James Hutton, the Moravian. See above, p. 670. He died on May 11, and was buried in the Moravian burial ground at Chelsea. *Gent. Mag.* lxx. 444.

³ George James, the painter. According to Mr. O. G. Knapp (*Pennington Correspondence*, p. 128), after being released from prison at the fall of Robespierre, James died at Boulogne. Cf. above, p. 868, for an earlier false report of his death.

in this Life, the *other* in that which is to come. Dear, Dear Creatures! who ever will hope to equal the excellence of one, the social Gayety of the other? Had not his atrocious Vice forced him to hide from public Notoriety—James must have been actually the delight of every Circle where Pleasure is sought in the Company of airy good humour, & elegant Hilarity—so much the Gentleman, yet so full of Knowledge; ay & of Science I may say—Painting and Geometry in particular—*Poor* Fellow! now perished almost for Want in a french Prison, where Debts had driven and Prejudice confined him: for those he lived among there did not—I dare say—detest his odious Propensity—as much as those who drove him from Society in England did; probably not at all; and as to Politics, he was Democate enough I believe. but Heaven pursues such horrid Violation of its Laws with Vengeance first or last,¹ and George James is dead as Roger Ascham says the Wits expire—

*Man marks not where.*²

Mean while old Hutton's piety & Virtue will even in this degenerate Age, be honoured with a Monument I doubt not—Such even in this World is the Reward of Merit—But they both take *my* Thanks with them: poor James's Wickedness injur'd not *me*, whilst his sweet Pleasantry and cordial Friendship, comforted my Sorrows when I had little else to sooth them, see Thraliana Vol: 4th about the end of the year 1783, and beginning of 1784. I find dear Mr James did not fall unrevenged tho' stifled to Death in a French Prison, he has left some nice Caricatures of the Poissardes.

It is decided now I think that either Cecilia must trust to Mostyn's Honour, & accept of an Instrument—*promising* to settle so & so upon her when He comes of Age; or else he must trust to *her* Honour, and make her promise to marry him when he comes of Age. neither of these are pleasant Things, but Life consists of many *unpleasant* Things, and so even Cecilia will find it. I have a better Opinion of the Boy's Honour, than I have of the Girl's, but then I am *her* Mother not *his*; and must take Care that She is not cheated—He must take Care of himself; or his Friends, (& I think he has none)—*for* him. If they wait till August 1796 She will perhaps be perswaded by her Sisters to give up the Intention of marrying him at all, 'tis indeed most likely Matters should end so; as they laugh at her now about it and say—Well! how long is *this*

¹ Mr Piozzi's Expression at His Death is to *me* irresistibly comical: to *him* not at all so.—È morto da vero? says He; che le prenda il Diavolo in Gloria! Mrs. Piozzi.

² They 'dye obscurelie, men marke not whan'. *The Scholemaster*, ed. A. Wright (1904), p. 189.

Fancy to last, Cecilia? When will you have done with *this* Nonsense, & send Mr Mostyn off?—Hey? On the other Hand if they do *not* wait, Mostyn may die, or lose his Senses & be incapable of settling on her before the end of next year: he *may* game all away in one Night as Mr Ward says—for *ought we know*—and What wise People would rely on a Child of nineteen Years old? he is not Twenty till three Months hence. In my own Heart however there *is* Reliance on *him*: He is innocent & honourably disposed, more desirous of returning to Wales than of staying in this vicious Town, which frights him with its Wickedness, and disgusts him with its Glare—He is not yet *ripe* for *Seduction*—seven Years hence Cecilia will be safer in London than *He*, but not now: Boys besides are always bred with an Idea that they should suffer any thing rather than falsify their Word, and I do believe that If *he* gave a Promise—he would keep it.¹

The Girl—has been already asked in Church with *one* Man, whom She now seems to remember only as the Cause of a Bustle, without any self-Condemnation with regard to her own Conduct, or any great Care concerning what past between them as I see:—such a Mind would dismiss Mostyn, as She dismiss'd Drummond no doubt; the Moment other people should be put about her by her Sisters, and the Jealousy exprest by him would make his Company irksome instead of pleasing. Cecy seeks only her own Gratification in any of them, when more Pain than Pleasure is produced by their Attentions, the Dismission of a Lover costs *her* but little.

12: May 1795.] I have somewhere read *Le Philosophe sans le sçavoir*.² That seems to be our Cecilia's Case, for what I have written at foot of this last Page—is a Canon of Epicurus.

They write *no Lady Jersey* on the Walls now.

I have heard that Brothers the Prophet—now called Brothers the Lunatic³—printed his first Sheets here on *French* Paper, and with *French* Type—this if true is a very curious Fact. Mr Ray told it me.

¹ I should not have lik'd any Match in the World as well as this with the Grandson of my Father's old & most intimate Friend; & it is very pleasing too to think how Mr Thrale's Money w^{ch} was so despised by my Father when he thought me going to be y^e purchase of it,—sh^d thus revert back to old Denbigh & Flintshire again—a Thing he never could have hop'd or dreamed. my only Terror is lest the Marriage never should take place: I do so dread the Capriciousness of Cecilia, & still so dread the Influence of Drummond. Mr Piozzi is of Opinion She yet loves *him*, & only him. how dreadful!!! *Mrs. Piozzi*. John Meredith Mostyn's paternal grandfather was John Mostyn, Esq., of Segrwyd (or Segroid). Burke, *Landed Gentry*.

² A comedy by Michel Jean Sédaine.

³ Committed to the care of Dr. Simmons, at St. Luke's Hospital, Islington, on May 4. *Annual Register*, xxxvii. ii. 20.

The Shakespear Manuscripts lose Credit every day.

18: May 1795.] No Fact so strange as these sudden & violent & wonderful Changes of Weather: Summer has burst out upon us with a Heat equal to what is usual in July—my Thorn that I call the Kings Birthday Thorn is in Blossom *now*, and M^{rs} Siddons writes word there is four foot of Snow in Edinburgh: So there will be *here* perhaps after all this blazing Sun said a Lady who called this Morning—M^{rs} Glasse of Herefordshire; *but that is too bad Croaking*.

27: May 1795. Streatham Park.] Not too bad at all, as it turns out; last Night was a sharp white Frost, and we are all crouding round the fire like Christmas this noon day while I write. The Pisani Family & many Foreigners of Distinction with us this holy-day Week, are seriously Alarmed at the general Appearance of all things. a complete Famine, and three raging Factions are now devouring Paris,¹ Poland is become a mere Desart deluged with blood,² Insurrections in Rome & Naples threat those unhappy States with calling in the French directly, whilst Russia & the Porte prepare for instant War.—And is not the End of all to be expected? What other Signs would this adulterous Generation have?

M^{rs} Siddons has modelled a Head of John Philip Kemble in the Character of Coriolanus, and presents it to the Green Room Edinburgh—She beg'd me to put three or four Lines on the Pedestal.³ these are they.

Here, by a matchless Sister's hand
The breathing Brother seems to stand;
Thus dear Volumnia's Matron Grace
Temper'd her frowning Warrior's Face.

Streatham Park 3: June 1795.] I am sadly distress'd about Mostyn & Cecilia, if they wait till he is of Age, 'tis a mighty silly Life, Courting & Cornering for fourteen Months together so; one had better take Lodgings in a Pigeon house at once: If I give my Consent w^{ch} freely would I do—her Fortune w^d be instantly thrown into the husband's Power, & M^r Thrale's Intent of its reverting to his other Daughters w^d be defeated by *my* Partiality for a Country-

¹ The revolt of 1 Prairial had occurred on May 20, when the ex-Terrorists and Jacobins had combined with the growing Royalist faction to attempt an overthrow of the Thermidorian government.

² It had been invaded by three separate nations since 1792, and was being partitioned for the third time.

³ The letter in which she asked for them is printed in Broadley's *Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale*, p. 147.

man—This, tho' I am certainly very partial to him,—*shall never be* Altho' Drummond meets us at public Places; & to our Servants—old Jacob in particular—throws out threatenings that *He will* have Cæcilia, Spite of my Arts & Efforts as he calls them.¹ My Heart half wishes they would run away—but No! Mostyn would then be put in Prison I believe, and her Children if She brings any before the year 1797, must be cut off with 5 or 6000² only, the rest reverting to Our ill humour'd Misses—that is if Cecy dies—Why should She die tho'? & if She lives, the running away would be no harm to *her*: It is the best Method after all—No risque but on *his* Part, poor Lad! & he *may* yet lose her by waiting, which *he would think worse*.

I will not however suggest or even connive at a Contempt of that Protection we were once happy to obtain for her, Running away is always a disgraceful Step, & so indelicate—Oh no, no, no; let them wait the event of his coming at Age, & then he may & will we are all sure, make an ample and adequate Settlement.²

I'll think no more about 'em—it only makes me ill.

Mr Parsons who joyn'd with us in the Florence Miscellany, courted a Miss Vansittart; who in Compliance with the Opinion of her Brother who wrote a popular Pamphlet some Time ago,—*refused him*: & he vented his Vengeance in the following Rondeau.

Your Brother, skilled in Politicks and Law,
About them both can make a mighty Pother ;
From him it seems your Sentiments you draw,
Yet with all Deference to his Heart and Head,
I feel myself much disinclin'd to Wed

Your Brother:

Tow'rds him few Men would breathe their am'rous Vows,
One Lover lost, 'tis hard to gain Another;
Like Egypt's Queens yourself may now espouse
Your Brother.

I really think this a pretty Jeu d'Esprit enough; and wish the Man who wrote it had more Wit than to quarrel wth Mr Gyfford³ Tutor

¹ Should Drummond assassinate him or Her!! Oh Heav'n's! perhaps he will—for fight he dares not; Mostyn has tried that Trick, and Cowards are so dangerous! *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² The difficulty lay in the fact that John Mostyn, being (like Cecilia) still a minor, could make no legal settlement in return for the bride's dowry, and only his honour could be relied upon to effect a proper settlement when he came of age. By the terms of Mr. Thrale's will, however (see above, p. 491, n. 1), the girls had unconditional right to their inheritances only if they married with their mother's consent. By withholding her consent, therefore, Mrs. Piozzi could control the money, and force Mostyn to a settlement if he failed to make it voluntarily.

³ William Gifford.

to Lord Belgrave for abusing Greatheed in a Poem nobody ever read:¹ That *I* am abused in it too, gives him no Offence they say; Tant mieux, tant mieux. I hate officious Defenders.²

Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Mostyn & Cecilia are run away to Scotland³ sure enough, and here is Mr Piozzi in an Agony about *his Honour* w^{ch} he fancies injured by the Step, Susan & Sophy are in Care for the *Money* which they unjustly fear is endanger'd; Miss Thrale behaves best, & I suffer most—on Acc^t of her Health & Youth & Inexperience⁴—Oh my poor Cecy!—for the 1st five Minutes I knew not but Drummond might have tricked her off with *him* pretending to be the other: but No, She is in safe & honourable Hands, and happy with her Dear Mostyn at Llewessog Lodge, where all seem rejoiced to receive & court her Attention.—This Business then is happily over, & I might sleep if Nervous Complaints did not hinder me—for now the other Girls are kind & good, & stuff Cecy, so do I, with bridal Presents; and nobody is otherwise than happy & content.

Fedele & costante, felice e contento as my Master says.

Here is Talk of Seditious Meetings⁵ again, very strange sure, & very silly, and very perverse in a few Knaves or Fools or call them what you will, to endeavour at the Destruction of our admirable Government which so many brave Sailors are supporting.—Cornwallis & Lord Bridport⁶ have both behaved with even Heroic

¹ Both Gifford's *Baviad* (1791) and his *Mæviad* (1795) abused Greatheed, and the whole Della Cruscan coterie. Cf. above, p. 716, n. 2.

² Somebody came & told me y^t Mr Gyfford sayd of my Synonymes, “ ‘does Mr^s Piozzi ever read herself what She writes.’ ” Does any body read what Mr Gyfford writes *except* himself? quoth I. *Mrs. Piozzi*. A virulent footnote against the *Synonymes* occurs in the 1797 edition of the *Baviad*, accusing them of vulgarity of jargon ‘long since become proverbial’ and ‘just as much Latin from a child’s Syntax, as sufficed to expose the ignorance she so anxiously labours to conceal’. *Baviad and Mæviad* (1797), p. viii.

³ On June 6, when young Mostyn wrote to Mr. Ray of their intention to go that night, without Mrs. Piozzi’s consent, promising at the same time to make an honourable settlement when he could. On Tuesday, June 9, in a letter from Gretna Green (postmarked June 12), Cecilia wrote to her mother: ‘We arrived safe here yesterday evening after an amazing long journey as you know & faster even than the mail—we were married immediately, stay here all today & set out on our road to Llewesog Lodge tomorrow.’ *Ry. Eng. MS.* 572. The marriage must, therefore, have taken place on the evening of June 8.

⁴ On June 17 Cecilia had written to her, from Llewesog, that she had been frightened into fits on her wedding night, and that her husband had kindly and considerately got Dr. Haygarth to prescribe for her at Chester. ‘I am got *quite* well now & am *learning to behave better* & am only as usual not to be hurried & flurried but left to myself by Dr. H’s orders & then I shall soon be as good as he himself could wish.’ *Ibid.*

⁵ A bread riot at Birmingham, on the 23rd of June, was quelled by a regiment of the King’s dragoons. *Annual Register*, XXXVII. ii. 26–27.

⁶ Cornwallis, on June 17, commanding a squadron of five ships of the line and two frigates,

Courage,—so have their Seamen; so did that immortal Boatswain of the Scorpion Frigate, who when every Officer on Board was kill'd, took the Command; and conquered a French Ship double his own Size, & Strength & number of Guns & men¹—The Scorpion is a *Sloop* only, & has taken the Hyæna Frigate. & these are the Rascals whom we say fight so famously, now they are *free* forsooth:—They never fight at all unless they are ten to one.

2^d of July 1795.] Tis an astonishing Season; such has been the Quantity of Rain and such its Violence, that our Canal or Pond here at Streatham Park overflow'd dreadfully yesterday—never were the torrents of Water so excessive at this Time of Year. We may well dread a famine, for no Corn can ripen without Sun, and here is nothing but Inundation: all the Fruit fails completely, & the Flowers are breaking with a Weight of Water on them as the Trees did last Winter with the Snow.—Sad Times indeed! Bread at 11^d the Quartern Loaf & Mutton & Beef 8^d & 8^d $\frac{1}{2}$ o' Pound.

10: July 1795.^{2]} The Civil War in France affords us some hope of Royalty being reinstated³—there must be a King *there* in short—or there will soon be no King—*anywhere*. Bread is a Shilling the Quartern Loaf *this very day*—Wheat at 88^s⁴ unheard of Sorrow! at Rome all is in Proportion—Europe is at her last Gasp: The Flames of Civil War completely kindled in France,⁵ & serious Distress hemming Mankind in on every Side. it is a Shame to be eating Pine Apples and hot house Peaches—nay nay 'tis a *Sin* too: I will have but little more on't. My young Ladies have pass'd their Time *here*⁶ since Mr^s Mostyn's Marriage, so we went on in the Old Way, with eat & drink, & sing & dance—but it will not do: this House is too expensive—I must give it up. Here have we dined 30, 40 People every Day for three Weeks together, tis a *Ruin*!⁷ and Brinbella going on all the while—Impossible, Impracticable!

fell in with Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse's squadron of thirteen ships of the line, near Brest harbour, and stood it off in a running fight, without loss. Admiral Lord Bridport, on June 23, engaged the same French squadron, defeated it, and captured three of its ships. *Ibid.*, i. 138.

¹ Reported in a Gazette of June 30, which described the *Scorpion* as of twenty guns, and the *Hyæna* as of twenty-four. *Gent. Mag.* lxx. 524.

² no Sunshine yet, & these are now the Dog days. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ The Sun is not eclipsed to be sure, but it never shines;—perhaps it has to do with y^e French King—*perhaps* so,—say the Foreigners. *Mrs. Piozzi*. ⁴ An error for 8s.?

⁵ Popular feeling was rising against the Constitution of the Year III, then under debate, which culminated in the unsuccessful attack on the Tuileries, on 13 *Vendémiaire* (October 5).

⁶ They are gone to Cheltenham now. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁷ How we do go on with our Income is past my Comprehension, but Piozzi is a good Manager. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

we must dye in a Prison at last if we live thus; & Streatham Park will not do with a small Family & little Money spent—We must let it—& live in Wales, and thank God for *that* Place; 'tis a very beautiful one, and very much admir'd.

10: July 1795. Streatham Park.] Mr Andrews, *Miles Peter Andrews* told me a strange Thing—he says that he was very intimate with the late Lord Lyttelton,—the wicked Lord Lyttelton of whom so many Tales have been told, & whose Wit, Eloquence & Worthless Conduct are not yet forgotten in the World. he *says* (how truly I know not) that the very Night this Lord Lyttelton died at Pitt Place in Surry—He, Andrews was many Miles distant with His Friends Mr & Mrs Pigou: and that when he was in Bed he saw his Friend Lord Lyttelton in the Night Gown usually worn by him at that hour of retiring to rest, who said to him in a mournful Accent—*Andrews!*—'*tis all over*. Mr Andrews adds that he had no doubt but that it was a *Trick* played by My Lord to fright him, imagining that he had come slyly to the House for that Purpose, as it was much his Custom to make what we call practical Jokes, (altho' *this* continued Andrews, must have proved a very expensive Jest, the Journey being so long;) Imbued with this Notion, up he jumped; ran out of the Room, & turning the Key concluded he had locked Lyttelton in. but what was his Horror when the Pigous assured him no Trick had been played—& how was this horror increased, when he was informed that the Friend he *saw*, or *thought* he saw & heard,—was dead an hour only before the Apparition appeared to him.¹

Such is Mr Andrews's Acc^t & now for my own Reflections—Enquiries rather—Were you at all in Liquor Mr Andrews? No more than at this Moment was his serious Answer. Do you *yet* believe you saw Lord Lyttelton Sir? or does the Impression fade away from your Mind? I do still *believe* I saw Lord Lyttelton, but so far I will confess about the Impression fading—that I am glad Mr and Mrs Pigou are yet alive, & can confirm the Truth of what I now grow every Year less willing to relate.

¹ Ld Lyttelton did say he had himself a very strange Warning of his own Death, & I believe he had, for he told it to Serv^{ts} & Friends, & Acquaintance before it was verified.—All the talking Town heard of Lyttelton's Dream, & watch'd whether he w^d dye to the moment or not: and he did dye; Yet many disbelieved the Appearance he related, & some say now that he shot himself & his Friends invented the Story; and some say he died of Terror in Consequence of what he had seen. I am sure, and positively can aver, y^t he did *not* destroy himself: & I verily do believe he had some horrible and preternatural Warning—so I see does Mr Andrews. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Cf. above, pp. 413, 417 and n. 3; Boswell, *Life*, iv. 298, n. 3.

So much for direct questioning—I then began by leading the Chat to Stories of Imagination & its Powers, to examine Mr Andrews's Character, and penetrate into it if I could—for *he is a new Acquaintance of mine*, and I found him a Man either Affected very easily by Tales of preter-natural Appearances; or else (as I rather suspect) a Man *pretending* to be excessively imaginative, that he may be ranked among People of Genius,¹ whose—Eye in a fine Phrenzy rolling—as Shakespear says—are very prompt at giving to airy Nothing

A local habitation & a Name.²

Of his *Character* I have heard that 'tis a very loose & dissolute one: and that his Principles are exceedingly *free*, tho' I never heard one indecent or infidel Expression from his Lips—but then he comes here *rarely*: besides that as Lord Lyttelton was himself a notorious Lyar & a Coward, so (for ought I know) may be his Friend too; and all this does tend most exceedingly to invalidate his Story of the Ghost, which I must ask the Pigous about, before I can give or receive it as authentick. Meantime knowing *that* c^d do no harm, I said to him: “If Sir you do really think you saw a *Friend* appear to you after *his own Death*, you should not reckon in *that Number* any, who seek to diminish the Impression his Appearance made; because it could not have been sent, excepting for good Purposes, which no Man has pretensions to frustrate, & w^{ch} it is your certain Interest to promote.” ”

Andrews looked grave, & said I was in the right.—

Mr Piozzi has been in Treaty to part with Streatham Park, but People wish not to take it unless for *my Life*; and my husband, partly from thinking *that Mode* mean,—& *unlucky*;—refuses to Let it at all—We must do the best we can: He has a nice Sense of honour, & deserves all his good Fortune, *that he does*: I had given *my Consent*, & even *Advice* to let it go,—for ever!!! tho the Word had a harsh Sound with it sure enough, & my heart felt heavy—tho' content.—I have been happier since Mr Piozzi gave up the Idea, & since I feel myself writing this Nonsense at poor Dr Johnson's dear old Inky Slab; with my Mother's Trees in Sight, planted by *her Hand*; & not to be *given out of mine*. *I am happier!*³

Lord Lyttelton it seems was so odd, that notwithstanding his Wit,

¹ Mr Murphy says Andrews has no Ambition so great as to be reckoned a Man of Wit & Genius—his whole Soul is in that Desire. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. i. 17.

³ Drummond is Married I hear; to Miss Castell. Well! God bless them—now my Fear of him is over, my Hatred sh^d be over too. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

his Eloquence, habitual Gaiety, & Libertinism indulged from Appetite & generated by *Principle*—he forbore one Day to visit an expecting & fav'rite Mistress,¹ because he saw some **Crows** fly three Times round the House in some peculiar Manner; at least such a Manner as struck him with its peculiarity—I forget what—but the Fact is so—he staid within that day, and shut himself in his own Room—all for fear of the **Crows**. His Dream of being enclosed in an Iron Globe & tortured by M^{rs} Brownrig the famous Murderer, has something very curious in it; if it was true:—but L^d Lyttelton was a shameless Lyar.

15: July 1795.²] Verses written by Mr Parsons in the Coach coming to Dinner at Streatham Park & passing by the Rioters in St George's Fields.³

In Times like these, when Widows, Orphans—weep,
And Gallia's hapless Sons—sad Exiles! roam,
Wide spreads the Civil Flame with threat'ning Sweep,
And ev'ry Briton trembles for his home.

While Fury kindles in Plebeian Minds
With Phrenzy stung—they gnaw & rend their Chain,
While Tyrant Pow'r more fast their Fetters binds,
Slow to concede, and stubborn to retain.

In Times like these when fierce Contentions rise
And dreadful Anarchy his Standard rears,
Can Love's soft Tumults occupy the Wise?
Away such trivial hopes, such trivial Fears.

Mark how the blazing Flames to heav'n aspire!
For Bread & Peace what Throngs exclaim aloud!
How plunder'd Dwellings feed the raging Fire,
How armed Horsemen trample on the Croud!

Of Ills severe what dire Prognosticks these!
And canst thou such tremendous hours employ?
In flattering Schemes of Luxury and Ease
And airy Visions of domestic Joy.

¹ M^{rs} North, the beautiful Harriet Bannister that had been. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² Fur Tippets, good Fires, and frosty Nights distinguish the early Weeks of July 1795—which sees the Quatern Loaf at *one Shilling* yet tolerable Order kept in the Community. Such is the Value of *Imperia Legum*. a less Degree of Scarcity than we now feel, set France into a Flame. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ On July 12 and 14. The riot began from a crowd's resentment because a drunken fifer was refused a drink at a public house. After sacking the public house, the mob moved to Downing Street, broke some of Mr. Pitt's windows, and ended in St. George's Fields, where they gutted a recruiting house. The mob reassembled on the following Tuesday, but were dispersed by three companies of foot-guards, and a detachment of life-guards and Surrey fencibles. *Annual Register*, XXXVII. ii. 29.

Yet Truth's cold maxims weakly We pursue
 And vainly I affect the Sages Part;
 For now, ev'n now, might Beauty's Pow'r renew
 In me the throbbings of a feeling Heart.

Each State convuls'd and each proud Monarch hurl'd
 From his high Throne in Dust unpitied down;
 Yet would this Bosom heedless of the World
 Glow at a Smile, and sicken at a Frown.

W: P.—

Some prettier Verses than these have appeared in a French Newspaper lately, which puts every thing but themselves out of my Head.—Good God! if I have not lost them! very provoking indeed—misaid by too much Care perhaps; & if so they will be found again. 8 lovely Lines I well remember that they were, lovely in Sentiment at least—True loyal Verses, & the people sung them at some Theatre of a Town in France while *Boisset* the Conventionist, & one of those who voted for Louis seize's Death was present, & forced to applaud.

One God Creation's Laws obey
 One Sun illuminates the day,
 The Stars still constant to one Hour
 Proclaim th'Almighty Maker's Powr,
 One Sire, one Master and one Spouse
 Preside in each well-order'd House;
 But when shall Frenchmen see restor'd
 One Bourbon, Parent, Prince and Lord?

The Translation is done merely by Memory & only transmits the *intention* of the original, in which was some little Poetry, or else the sentiment made me think so.

Conscience, set up as a sufficient Monitor by those who despise Revelation, what a capricious odd Thing it is! when Kit Blake¹ a Man of Wit and Pleasure about Town towards 20 or 25 Years ago, who had committed Sins of *every Sort* I should suppose, could not (as he told Murphy) die in Peace, because he had once given his Horse a Pail of Water slyly, in order to make him lose the Race at Newmarket, & increase the Odds at Ascot, by which he might win six or seven Thousand Pounds—a rascally Trick enough to be sure, but *white* I should imagine, compared to many others he had play'd in the Course of a Life lost by Dissolute Manners & the Vices consequent on gross Sensuality. In M^{rs} Brownrigg the Murderer's Case too, how very strangely Conscience *forbore* to operate! When

¹ his Sister M^{rs} Hodges died last Week—She married a near Relation of mine, & lived in Separation from him with a M^r Dubourg I think—many years. Mrs. Piozzi.

Sentence of Condemnation was pass'd on her for whipping her wretched Apprentices to Death—the Council heard her exclaim with Admiration; All this for a Parish Girl! apparently astonished—as if it was no matter whether a Parish Girl was killed or not.¹ Aristocratic Maxims more horrible & dangerous, could not be promulgated in Turkey sure.

Count Udazio a Brescian Nobleman who has travelled much in New Spain says the Brutalities both of Voluptuous & Barbarous Dispositions never show'd themselves as grossly as among the Fryars & Priests who bear despotic Rule in Mexico—he says too that there are now existent, Proofs how surprisingly high the fine Arts were carried in y^t Country before its Invasion by Cortez: he himself saw a Bas Relief which possess'd even a Degree of *Elegance*, & one may trust an Italian on that Subject. The Pope & King of Spain meantime suffer themselves to be foolishly as well as wickedly imposed upon, while they fancy these rascally Priests employ'd in converting the Indians, at y^e Moment *they* are considering them no otherwise than as Instruments to encrease their number of *Slaves*.—indeed A Ceremony is performed once o' Year of driving up *Herd*s of human Creatures—at whom they merrily fling large Pails of Water, & turn such loose again as possess no personal Attractions. Then make out a List of baptized Converts—in good Time!—thus throwing Dust in the Eyes of their Employers, the innocence of whose Lives gives them no Idea of what is done by their Substitutes. And all this under a Mask of Religion—No wonder if Rome *does* burn, as I humbly trust it will towards the End of this, or beginning of another Century:

but Braschi will be dead first no doubt.—

There is a Peace made already betwixt France & Spain,² Holland seems willing to receive her Stadtholder again,³ Austria is weary,

¹ Mrs Brownrigg was executed in 1767 or 1768 as I remember the Story is recorded with Her Cruelties at full Length in one of the Annual Registers.—We have strange & numerous Instances of Murderers here detecting *themselves*, & making Voluntary Confession of their Crimes merely from being Conscience smitten—but 'tis not so in Italy—and why? I believe because there they kill for Revenge, & applaud themselves in y^e Deed—whilst *here* Men almost as constantly murder each other for their *Money*—& 'tis a common thing in Italy to make Confession of *Thefts*, ay & restore the stolen Goods too, from Pressure of Conscience—but being stained wth Blood affects not their Heart as it does ours—somehow: Count Udazio himself speaks of Manslaughter as I would speak of stealing Pins: the Reason I attribute all y^s to—is that having no Laws from w^{ch} a Brescian can hope Redress for personal Injuries—he takes his Retaliation how he can; & wiping his Mouth, believes he has done no harm. Mrs. Piozzzi.

² On July 22.

³ Prince William never returned, but died in exile, in Brunswick, in 1806. His son was made the first king of the new United Netherlands in 1812.

We shall now have a General Peace very soon—and then!

There have been immense Subscriptions for y^e Poor again, yet they complain bitterly—& Cakes are distributed with Mottoes in them, inviting the people (but hitherto ineffectually) to rise. the fine Wheat is dreadfully dear to be sure, but Potatoes are sold Thirty Pounds for eight Pence, so they need not starve; & tis said that the *Charities* given in the last twelve Months thro' all England, exceed the Income of most Sovereign Princes;—I include the regular poor's Rate—and I believe the Fact.¹

Streatham Park 10: August 1795.] *Pauca fecit, Plura scripsit; Fœmina tamen Magna fuit.* I should like that Line upon my Tombstone mightily—it is not *too* presuming—is it? Like Sir John Falstaff I would it had been otherwise:² I would I had done more, & written less—but what *could* I do after all?

We are going to leave Streatham, & I feel—a *Feel* about it; for more I *ought* not, and less I *cannot* easily: To diminish my Regrets, our Companions drop off one by one: M^r Gray whose conversation always pleased me is married & settled at a Distance.³—dear kind M^r Chappelow writes melancholy Letters from Norfolk,⁴ & something tells me *We* shall meet no more. Daniel Lysons is extremely ill, and those around him doubt of his Recovery.⁵ Kitty Beaver & her agreeable Brothers have been driven by the Currents of Life wholly from our Society; so has amiable Miss Jones that was; now Mrs Mackay—Poor Pennington too, c^y devant Sophy Weston, who made one almost always in the House, & at the Table—M^{rs} Jackson—& Many Italian Friends who come & go like Comets—shall I now for a variety of Reasons in all human Probability never see again!!!⁶ Dear! charming! excellent! admirable M^{rs} Siddons remains indeed—but ever on the Wing—to serve some Brother, or save some Sister, or satisfy cravings from her own hungry Family—or something that calls her into Distant Regions—

¹ Fur Tippets & Fires till August, & yet the Wheats ripen & we have promise of plentiful Harvests. *Mrs. Piozzzi.*

² *2 Henry IV*, 1. ii. 161—'I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater.'

³ The Rev. Robert Gray was rector of Faringdon, Berks, and had married Miss Elizabeth Camplin, of Bristol, on November 7, 1794. *Gent. Mag.* lxiv. 1054.

⁴ Chappelow had lived much in London, in a house in Hill Street which he called 'Mouse-trap Hall'. He was vicar of Teddington in Middlesex, not far from Streatham, as well as of Royden, near Diss, in Norfolk. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 562.

⁵ He lived until 1834.

⁶ M^r Rogers visited us only on Cecilia's Acc^t tis plain, for he comes no more now She is gone, D^r Crespigny & his Bro^r do the same. Count Garzoni—a Goose Cap! writes proposals of Marriage to M^{rs} Mostyn from Italy, not knowing She is married:—had he spoke a Year ago, 'tis Odds but he might have succeeded:—What a Mercy 'tis that he did *not*! *Mrs. Piozzzi.*

Scotland or Ireland—one Week in the Year (now She is got well)—is all I can obtain of *her* Company.¹ Murphy² alone of all my old Acquaintance have I to depend upon—and He is a Host. *his* Talk is still more fascinating than ever to me, who love as well as himself to recollect past Images, & recall old Incidents or Axioms, or *Tales of other Times* as Ossian calls them. but I leave him happier than he used to be, and am therefore less sorry to quit his Neighbourhood. It would be graceless to grieve after the Hamiltons, who think more of many other Friends I fancy than of me; tho' truly kind & civil, & I love *their* darling Daughter next to my own.

Mrs Mostyn seems to regret nothing round *here* except as *Objects of Derision*. She complains that She cannot *laugh* at the Cloughs or Wildings in Wales, as She could at old Mr Jones & Dr Perney in Surrey.—a Sad Misfortune truly! but the Truth is, She *dares* not I believe. 'Tis no Joke to sport with one's *Husbands* best Friends & Adherents,—that Husband a Country Gentleman—& the Election in View—³I suppose; otherwise a modern Miss w^d find enough to laugh at among *them* no doubt, as sure as among *us*. Well!

Our Passions sicken, and our Pleasures cloy,
A Fool to laugh at is the Height of Joy

perhaps; yet one would think Life might at worst afford better Amusement than *Food for Raillery* the *first* Twenty years one had to spend in it:—but Laughing is the *Ton* it seems—so let's laugh at any Rate. I shall be glad to see the run-away Monkey.

The Bread will now fall very fast; Harvest *begins* God be praised with ev'ry Appearance of Plenty. I have not seen a Wasp this Year—so cold has been the Weather, but 'tis fine now for the Corn.

Streatham Park 27. August 1795] The new King of France's Proclamation⁴ is really very affecting—more honourable than prudent certainly, had he deferr'd it till within 50 Miles of Paris, I think better Success might have attended it;—but he is more deserving of good Success *as it is*. Nous verrons.

¹ Colonel Barry is charming, but lives now almost wholly in Ireland. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² Mr Murphy has been here a great deal this Season: he says y^t He cannot get over His Amazement at Mr Thale's leaving so little Money—in Cash at the Bankers behind him when he died; for to my Knowledge adds he, Mr Thrale then enjoyed a Contract by Virtue of w^{ch} Whitbread & he divided 23000^l *a year A'piece*. What *could* become of that Money? What *could* become of it? His Executors never found any Money—Yet he had enjoy'd the Contract *three* Years Murphy says—What on Earth did he do wth the Money? *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ Mostyn was disputing an election with a Mr. Myddleton in Denbighshire, as *Mrs. Piozzi* wrote to Hester on June 20. Bowood Papers.

⁴ The Comte de Provence, brother to Louis XVI, declared himself king at Verona, when news of the Dauphin's death on July 8 was received.

4: Sept^r 1795.] I fell in Company yesterday by mere Accident¹ with Mons^r le Marquis de Bouillé,² it was an agreeable Circumstance; I mention'd the Revolution in the French *Language*, & said I thought it kept pace with that of their Country, observing that Boileau or Racine would not now be able were they alive to read the Debates of the Convention.—He agreed; & added that *La Vie de Dumouriez*³ was less full of new Cant Phrases—and lately-coined Words of any Publication printed within these Dozen Years—but even *there* I meet with a strange difficulty;—Pray Sir what means *bivouacquer*? the Word occurs perpetually. It means (replied he) *dormir a la belle Etoile* being without Shelter all Night in short. *C'est un vieux Terme de Guerre pourtant*, (added the Marquis:) I never read it said I in any of the old Wars or Battles translated from the Greek or Latin as Polybe de Folard,—Herodote de Du Ryer, or Quinte Curce; nor even in Voltaire's Charles the twelfth:—*Oh pour cela non Madame ce Mot là n'étoit pas alors en Usage*.—'Tis a Modern Word then, and there's an End.⁴ Dumouriez's Life is very entertaining—but perhaps not strictly true;—*C'est un joli Roman peut être*—said I—to see what he would answer—*A peu près* laughing, was the Reply. but those Conferences without Doubt are affecting, those Conversations with Louis seize⁵ qui m'ont fait tant pleurer, continued H:L:P.—*Je m'en doute beaucoup s'ils ont jamais eut lieu Madame*;—*Le Roi a parlè très peu a Dumouriez—au moins je pense qu'il ne se soit jamais fiè de ce Monsieur là*.

Some Chat about Languages, & some general Com^s finish'd our Talk—I was very sorry when it ended. *one* thing Flo's Illness⁶ occasion'd my forgetting: ““We are on the Eve of a great Explosion at Paris”” said the Marquis; *On touche au moment* was his Word: the Army and the People will quarrel: Then replied H:L:P—I shall wish Success to the Army, Tis the Army, not the populace that will

¹ Mr Piozzi was at Hammersley the Bankers, & I stept the while into Edwards's Shop, & was looking over y^e 1st Edition of the Spectators—a very curious Thing, very curious *indeed*: when a genteel Foreigner coming in—the Book seller kindly wrote on a Scrap of Paper & laid before me, *Mons^r le Marquis de Bouillé*—I then shut my Spectator in hope of better Amusement. Mrs. Piozzi.

² Author of *Memoirs of the French Revolution* (1795).

³ *La vie privée et politique du Général Dumouriez* (1794).

⁴ It was introduced into France as early as the Thirty Years War (probably as a corruption of German *beiwacht*). The word appears in English dictionaries c. 1700, but did not come into general use until the French war. O.E.D.

⁵ Op. cit., chap. 6.

⁶ Except this Talk few Things would have interested me just y^t Day, when my poor dear favourite Lapdog, my little White Flo, that Mr Piozzi & I brought from Vienna with us, was Scalded almost to death by a Coffeepot of boyling Water falling upon him.—if he saves Life it will I fancy be at the Expence of an Eye; or one of his particularly pretty upright Ears. Mrs. Piozzi. Flo recovered and lived until February 20, 1797. Ry. Eng. MS. 647.

call home the King.—*Ni l'un ni l'autre* answer'd my new Acquaintance with a Sigh; *L'Armee a acceptee la Constitution* So did Monk's Army, said I in return, Yet it called home Charles the 2^d in Triumph—give them but a good General et *J'en repends*. 'Twas then came the Compliments, and some general Chat concerning the diffusion of Literature in London, which Edwards the Bookseller drove forward till somebody coming in; (M^r Piozzi I believe,) broke off the Conversation.

On Fryday the 11th of Sept^r 1795 we set out for Wales with My poor Master just beginning the Gout; & my wretched ruin'd Dog three parts Dead:—on Tuesday 15. we got to Chester¹—where the dear Mostyns met Us; They look very well and appear to be very happy in each other. What a Blessing!!²

Brinbella Thursday 17. Sept^r 1795.] On this happy Morn^g the Birthday of my eldest Daughter, do I open my Eyes—and My Thraliana, at *My own house*; my new beautiful Residence built for me in *my own* lovely Country, by the Husband of my Hearts Choice. never was so Charming a Spot, never ought there to be so grateful a Creature As I.

What a black Dungeon did I wake in, this Day one and Thirty Years!! and what a Paradise did I uncloze my Eyes upon this Morning! The House is only a little *too* elegant, *too* expensive; but I yet hope we may live to pay for it, to enjoy it—& to die in Nobody's Debt.

Flo recovers gradually, & will I think be neither blind nor deaf by this horrible Accident—but he will never again be what he was—no matter.

It came in my head to mention Peculiarities of Conduct during the last Moments of some particular People.—M^r Murphy told how David Garrick's Anxiety to escape paying a Club forfeit, disturb'd the last day *he* looked on; but Chappelow's Story was a prettier Proof still that Men dye as they live.

The Acc^t *he* gave was of a rich Norfolk Farmer, who had long retired from Business, and delighted in making his Neighbours taste his Hospitality—consulting every one's particular Fancy in the Good Dinners he gave them.

Life ebbed apace though towards his sixty fourth year; & M^r Chappelow found him quite resigned to dye—After some serious & even solemn Conversation, the Man smiled & said the Doctor

¹ The Harvest all the Way was very rich and plentiful, The Weather rather uncommonly warm. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

² This paragraph seems to have been written *en route*.

left me this Morn^s Sir;—I know that all is over for this world, so I was amusing myself when you came with settling the Order of my Burying: and as it is a long way to & from the Church, & John Wilcox & Richard Simpkin are Bearers—I have wrote down here that there shall be Cold Fillet of Veal at the George Alehouse *going*, and Buttock of Beef at White Hart *coming home*—because those are the Dishes poor Dick & Johnney used to delight in—& they'll think of their old Friend: I hope Sir you'll be kind Enough to see the Order observed. This is exquisitely pretty.

Pump a little Water &c—is as good in its kind of the condemned Felon; but 'tis an acting Story, & won't do to read.¹ My Story of *Come into the Wessell*² that M^{rs} Siddons & Kemble used so to convulse themselves with laughing at; cannot be written down—nor the silly Lamentation of M^{rs} Allen of Finchley who so complained to my Grandmother that her Husband used her Ill, when nothing could She alledge but his making the Maid cut her Lady's Pockets crosswise, instead of down the middle. Such Nonsense makes one merry when related humourously; but is in itself worth little enough to be sure.

Proportion is so instinctively pleasing to Man, that 'tis commonly an offence to *this* Quality which produces all our Mirth. We laugh at inadequate Joy, or Sorrow, or Fear; and laugh most when most the *Proportion* is violated. The Clown's Terror in Harlequin Skeleton never fails to divert one,—because he is afraid when *we* know there is no Danger. The Contrary of this is comical enough too—&

¹ M^{rs} Ramsay Wife to The Painter's Death & Behaviour should not be left out. She had married her Husband against all Advice & all Consent, and did love honour & obey the Man, as never Sovereign Prince was loved honoured & obey'd—he seem'd to Care little for her: Both had very ill Health many years before they died—they slept in one Room however—& separate Beds, the Maid who attended them in a Closet close by. When M^{rs} Ramsay found herself expiring, She called the Girl—& said—“Farewell my Dear & God bless you.”—seeing her move tow'rd's her Master for the purpose of calling *him*; Do not wake M^r Ramsay Child—exclaim'd the Lady; if He should be disturbed now, he would get no Sleep all Night—give my Duty to him, and tell him that I said so.—Adieu.

She then breathed her last. her Husband sent his black-edged Cards round with thanks for obliging Enquiries that very Day fortnight & received us all at his Literary Parties as usual I remember.

She was a Lady of some great Family—it's slip't my Remembrance whether a Lindsay or not; He was Grandson to Allan Ramsay—tho' no *Gentle Shepherd* as it appears—but a Man of strong Sense, & hard Manners—& very cultivated Understanding, but without Sensibility, or the Affectation on't. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Mrs. Ramsay was eldest daughter to Sir Alexander Lindsay. Her husband was son, not grandson, to the poet.

² Explained in a letter to Hester on November 8, 1796: 'I envy your Acquaintance with Keith Elphinstone—and was boasting the other Day that I *thought* I knew his *Dog*. He did but cry "Come into the Wessel, I wants you;" and the Dutch Admiral instantly obeyed.' Bowood Papers. Since Hester later married the hero of this tale, it has considerable piquancy.

I remember laughing at the *Courage* of a Country Looby, who very coolly stabbed a Leopard, that being broke loose out of a Show Cart, Struck every one *else* with no unreasonable Fear; but who seemed so little impressed either by Apprehension or Vanity for *his own* Part,—that he wiped his Bread & Cheese Knife very leisurely, & putting it up, cried “ “*Why who’s avraid of a great huge Cat?*” ” he was brave thro’ Ignorance—he knew not how much his life was in the Leopard’s Power, having no Acquaintance wth Natural History.

Brinbella 5: Oct^r 1795] M^r and M^{rs} Mostyn have been with me till now, Cecy don’t look well tho’; nor like *Matrimony* much I believe, tho’ fond enough of her Husband. She is gone home now to *her own* House, & begins the World today—

God grant them Happiness together!

M^r Piozzi is confined wth the Gout.

Brinbella 27: Oct^r 1795.] M^r Piozzi has had his Fit of Gout early this Year—I hope it will save him *that* he *used* to have, in the Winter Months:—He seems to be very well recovered—and here are the three Thrales come on a Visit—and seem to like Segroid and Brynbella well enough.—

All goes as it should do except Public Affairs—here are strong Dispositions towards Rioting, & they have threatened to stick poor Pennant’s Head upon a Pike—What Rascals! His Literature, his Virtue, his Piety,—his Charity & perpetual Almsgiving will not perhaps secure his Safety and his Peace What horrible Times are these!¹

M^r Piozzi has given me the New Octavo Edition of Spectator, Tatler & Guardian with Notes by Percy—Bishop of Dromore & others:² I wonder they do not notice the Story of Don Alonzo³ as a

¹ The Civil War between Section and Convention at Paris has done no Good at all after our so lively expectations from it.—It has only confirmed the Tyrants in their Seat of Self created, & cruelly-usurped Authority. and Charette too! poor Charette seems conquer’d now in earnest—I am exceeding Sorry. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Charette de la Coutrie was a royalist leader of the Vendéen rebellion.

² Dr. John Calder, who took over Percy’s work of preparing the first annotated edition of the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, about 1765 (see above, p. 135, n. 7), completed the initial instalment of his task in 1786, when Nichols brought out his edition of the *Tatler*, in six volumes. Bishop Pearce furnished some of the notes. The *Spectator*, the first two volumes of which had been printed off under Percy’s supervision in 1763–5, followed in 1789, in eight volumes. Aitkin, *Life of Steele*, i. 257, 321; Boswell, *Life*, ii. 501–3. The *Guardian*, in two volumes, came out in the same year with the *Spectator* (1789), though neither Mr. Aitkin nor Dr. L. F. Powell, in the Appendix to Boswell’s *Life* (ii. 501–3), notes its appearance. Dr. Rae Blanchard, of Goucher College, who owns a complete set of the so-called Percy edition, has kindly furnished me with the information given below (p. 944, n. 4) concerning the *Guardian*.

³ *Guardian*, No. 37, by Hughes.

Groundwork for Young's fine Tragedy called the *Revenge*;¹ & I wonder they do not seem struck with Steele's telling in Prose a grave Tale of a high-spirited Lady cured of being Cholerick² by Behaviour exactly like that of Petruchio in Shakespear³—whose Plays were then little read I trust; & Dr Johnson says so somewhere. One loves Sir Richard better & better I think; His Carelessness about Literary Fame, his honest Contentment and modest Acquiescence in the Superiority of Addison, is so very sweet; his preference of doing Good to writing finely is so exceedingly just and respectable, that My heart feels more Affectionate Esteem for that Writer now than ever. Pope & Addison were always jealous of their Place at the Table of Fame even to a despicable Degree I think, & 'tis comical to see how their self-love defeats its own purpose.

Pope perpetuates Names in the *Dunciad* w^{ch} never could have lived till now without his help; and Addison calls over *his* Antagonists Names wth a childish Care in some of these papers before me,—much to the Delight of us Dabblers in Literary History; who unless he had told us *himself*, could never have believed that such Nonsense had been capable of paining such a Mind.⁴

5: Nov^r 1795.] Good God! here is the King insulted in his own

¹ The editor of Young's *Revenge* in *British Drama* (1824) notices the same debt.

² *Tailor*, No. 231.

³ A Gentleman who was sat down to Cards with a Lady famous for scolding her partners—took Petruchio's Method very archly & told her in a serious Accent y^t he was unhappily possest of a Spirit at Cards w^{ch} tormented him on no other occasion, but y^t he really could not keep his Temper if they were ill plaid. The Lady was not disposed to provoke him of Course & when the Rubber was ended he confest the Trick. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁴ There is a very curious Hint in a Note at the very beginning of the *Guardian* concerning Dr Johnson; I wonder who wrote it, not Bishop Percy sure. *Mrs. Piozzi*. The passage, which is in the form of a note to *Guardian* No. 1, reads: '... To the title of this work, the Doctor starts the following objection, which seems to have originated in the captious head of Mr. Dennis: "The character of *Guardian* was too narrow and too serious: it might properly enough admit both the duties and decencies of life, but seemed not to include literary speculations, and was in some degree violated by merriment and burlesque. What had a *Guardian* of the Lizards to do with clubs of tall or of little men, with nests of ants, or with Strada's Prolusions?" [See *Lives*, ii. 104-5.] ... The *Guardian*'s own account of his character, of his nomination to his office, and of what was expected from him as attached to a collegiate life, seems to suggest a satisfactory answer to this slight objection, and to justify the propriety of literary speculations and even the introduction of politics, which the Doctor brands as *factions*. ... Mr. Ironside on his entrance into the family of the Lizards appears to have been vested with powers sufficiently ample and uncircumscribed. In a real situation not very dissimilar to the imaginary one in which Steele here represents himself, the Doctor in the family of the Thrales, took upon him at a greater rate; and the character of *Guardian*, as he managed it, was *not* too narrow or too serious. Steele, it seems, thought himself not at liberty to pay his addresses to lady Lizard, after the death of her husband, ...'

Park¹—& in danger of being torne to Pieces.—one of his Servants lamed for Life;—a broken Thigh, and the Coachman more than half killed with Fear. The Houses of Lords & Commons address & *congratulate* him on his *Escape*—more need to *condole* with him on his *Danger*. I remember when Doctor Lort (many years ago) *congratulated* Johnson,—we were all three in a Coach together on London Bridge,—that an American Vessel was taken, and he pointed to the thirteen Stripes; “ “ “ ‘Tis a much greater Grief Sir (replies the other) that any such Ship or any such Colours should *exist*,—than Exultation that they should be *here*: I turn my Eyes from the Sight on’t.” ” ”

Poor Mr Chappelow too has run a near Risque of being murdered in a Mob at Diss: only because he offered to *give* the poor, *Barley* Bread, when they wished to *purchase Wheat*, & that, at a determined Price. Fye on them!

I see a new Life of Johnson advertised²—what can the Biographer have to say that has not been anticipated by some if not all of us I wonder?

We were surprized here one Night at eleven o’Clock with the Sight of a perfect *Rainbow*; large as the Solar one ever appeared, and with sweetly-tinted Hues, though somewhat paler than by day. It had however its *Double*, or *mock* Rainbow as we call it, exactly as every bright Arch of Iris exhibits:—The Horizon here being widely extended, gave us a perfect View, and after calling my Children & Servants to witness it, I think we all looked on its singular & elegant Appearance for ten Minutes at least. This is not the Phænomenon known by name of the Lunar Bow however; but a refraction of the Moon’s Rays by Drops of Water forming a prismatic Arch—equal in Magnitude to those seen at broad Day in Showery Seasons, particularly Spring. The Appearance described in the Margin³ is nearer to the true *Iris Lunæ* of which we read in Astronomical Books.

¹ On October 29, when he was going to open Parliament. The mob was infuriated by the tax burden of the war, the high cost of living, and their belief that the ministry were bent on continuing the war. The state coach was stoned on the way to Westminster, and on the return journey the King prudently transferred to his private carriage at St. James’s Palace. The state coach was demolished by the mob and the private coach was stopped, but before any violence occurred a troop of lifeguards dispersed the rioters. Belsham, *Memoirs of the Reign of George III*, vi. 3–5.

² Dr. Robert Anderson’s *Life of Samuel Johnson, with Critical Observations on his Works* (1795).

³ Here is an odd and curious Advertisement of a coloured Print, to be bought at No 107

I have got Mr Philip Yorke's learned Tract¹ concerning Welsh Genealogies, and very clever 'tis, and for ought I know very true; but though a good Cambro-Briton as I hope, and properly Zealous for my Countrys Glory, I have lived too long in England not to laugh when reading of **Madog** and **Fadog** and **Cywgrie**—nor can I imagine how an Authour of good Sense can escape seeing that every human Being in this Island, (out of the Principality;) must necessarily read & pronounce these Princes' Names **Mad Dog** & **Fat Dog** and **Curgey**—he celebrates me in his Book very kindly.

The Storms are dreadful; never were heard such horrible Winds; never was so much damage by Tempests within Memory of the oldest Man living as in these late Hurricanes—and they are worse round London than here at Brinbella Nov: 17: 1795. This is the very Day too by odd Chance that Brothers prophesied the Earthquake on: 'Tis an Air-quake I think: and such Popular Commotions! oh dreadful Times!²

There *was* an Earthquake attendant on the Storm—it was felt at Lichfield Utoxeter, and other Country Towns: Leicester was burn'd down almost.³

Brynbella 25: Nov: 1795] On this Day our fair Daughters are all gone away together:⁴ They have behaved very well; not loving

Wardour Street Soho. engraved from an original Drawing—taken by the Astronomers o'Board our Frigate Juno when She lay off the Coast of France last August. 1795. It represents a Meteor over the Moon, *not* a Luminous Halo, or Lunar Rainbow; but in Colours like the Latter as I understand, and in Form like a Diadem wth the Cross at Top.—when the whole Appearance faded away—that was observed to vanish last—The Sight was seen by the whole Ships Company and many French & many English Officers of Land and Sea who all attest the Fact.

My eldest Daughter when I told it *her*, said in Reply that She being at Teignmouth in Devonshire that very Time, saw a strange Phænomenon near or upon the Moon—a Coloured Halo I believe or Lunar Rainbow close round the Disk. The Philosophers may say what they please, but 'tis plain God does send Signs in the Sun Moon & Stars—even *literally*; but Man will not take warning. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

¹ Philip Yorke, of Erthig, published two tracts on Welsh genealogy, in 1795—*Tracts of Poëys and Third Royal Tribe of North Wales*. In 1799 they were combined and expanded into *Royal Tribes of Wales*. On page 94 of that volume occurs the following note on Catherine of Berayne: 'Catherine's second husband was Sir Richard Clough; by him she had two daughters; one married to Wynne of Melai; the other to Salisbury of Bachegraig, whence is descended our ingenious country-woman, Mrs. Piozzi.'

² Here is a vast Snow fall'n this 19: Nov: 1795 Brinbella. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ The *Gentleman's Magazine* for November (lxv. 960–5) describes the widespread havoc of two storms, on November 6 and 18.

⁴ Altho we lived together civilly, & parted prettily, I never spoke a Word about any thing like Business to any One of them. It was often at my Tongue's end to talk to Miss Thrale concerning her Father's Contract with Government, & concerning his being bound for Mr Nesbitt & c. but I always checked myself wth the Certainty that She has no Confidence in *me*,

Piozzi, nor liking Mostyn, nor approving the Connexion Cæcilia has made with one—and I with the other, it was no easy task to behave very well, yet all went as it should do without fawning & without Rudeness—with no assumed Transports of Delight, and no expressions or even Appearance of Disgust: Of so much Use is Good Breeding. I really delight unfeignedly in the Company of Miss Thrale: She is a person greatly to my Taste, independent of relationship or Vanity:—not so my sweet Susette, though very amiable; Sophia & I have more Ground in common than *She* or Cæcilia have, and Cecy is so *very* self-sufficient;—She is an *offensive* companion to any one—or I should think so.

Mr Clarke sent me this Epigram after reading my Synonymes, it is very pretty—he is Tutour to Sir Roger Mostyn's Son.

Let Blair and Sheridan unite
In teaching us to read and write,
A nobler Task is thine;
Since Mortals framed the rules they teach,
But all confess the Gift of Speech,
An energy Divine.

Let no one say they never saw a grateful Person—Hester Bridge my Godchild whom I was civil to in Southwark 25 Years ago at least; is married to the hon^{ble} Mr Bertie, and settled in this Neighbourhood: nor ceases for a moment to do everything in her Power to oblige us all, with repeated Presents and Kindnesses in all sorts of Shapes & Forms. She is Daughter to a Steward who serv'd My Father and my Uncle at Bachegraig & Llewenny many Years, *not* Faithfully they said—but this Girl's Behaviour would redeem a whole Race. Her Attentions were particularly useful now when the Lasses were here, and She was perpetually bringing Game &c—besides accommodating their Horses with Hay Corn &c I never saw any thing so very good natur'd.

The Bishop of St Asaph Bagot is an agreeable Man, & has seen a great deal: he says that when he was at Lisbon five Years after the Earthquake, every body slept at night with a few Things wrapt

& y^t I ran risks by trusting *her*; beside that holding one's Tongue seldom does any harm, & Speaking frequently produces mischief. We are friends now—or at least Acquaintance: ripping up old stories might lessen her Pleasure in my Company perhaps—& what Good c^d it do? The Girls have a dismal Day for their Journey; but had they not set out now, I know not when they could have gone at all; our Winter seems to set in with a Rigour quite unusual in these Marine Districts: the Hail & Snow are tremendous—& *so early* compared with last Year! we shall have dismal lamentations about Bread—'Spite of the Parliament's Endeavours. I much fear this Bill against Seditious Meetings is ill-contrived—it will irritate the People I'm afraid, without restraining them. Mrs. Piozzi.

in a Bundle by the Bedside to run away with—in Case of new Concussions—our little Shocks here I find alarm People pretty much.—

Brynbella Wednesday 9: Dec^r 1795.] Yesterday I spent at Plasnewydd, & M^{rs} Wynne of that Place—the Member's¹ Wife—told me a strange Thing. Miss Reinagle, her Children's Governess, called her the even^s before She said, to look at the Planet Mars:—he was rising—and made an Appearance so flaming & so uncommon, that the Lady laughed at her at first, & said it was a Fire kindled on the neighbouring Hill. Some Minutes more of Observation however shewed her that it was the Star, which soon after was hid from their Sight by thick flying Clouds that obscured their further View: M^{rs} Wynne seem'd deeply impress'd by the Phænomenon, & added that She sate up most part of the Night talking about it with Miss Reinagle who is an accomplish'd Woman I hear, & no mean Astronomer;—Daughter to one of the Royal Academicians a German Lutheran. M^{rs} Wynne herself is pleasing & wellbred, & far from Ignorant, and what She told me—and her Manner of telling it compell'd Belief.

I wrote an Acc^t of it to Miss Thrale when I came home yesterday: She is a Girl worth talking to—a charming Creature in My Mind—so wise, so good, so amiable. Did She but love *me* as I do *her*, or half as well! how much happier we both should be!

Weñsday 9. Dec^r] Well! but *this Morn^s* as I walked out before Breakfast, I saw a strange Thing *myself*; a *White* Rainbow, *Milk* white; a perfect Arch, and it had its *Double* or *Mock*, just like a common painted Rainbow; but it did not fade away like one, for it lasted two Hours, in the clear blue Sky; and I show'd it the Workmen & Servants; & some wonder'd, & some said it was a Cloud, & some thought nothing at all about it, & some seem'd frightened. M^{rs} Wynne said nobody in the House observed the odd Appearance of the Planet except Miss Reinagle & herself.

*Tis Characteristic for ought I perceive of these late singular Sights—y^t they strike *partially*; not *generally*; Miss Thrale said She could not get Lady Taite who was with her at Teignmouth to care about the Moon.²

The Advent Sermon at St Asaph was very good today—very good *indeed*: M^r Butler Clough of Eriviatte one of the Canons preached it—he is an excellent Man they say, and I doubt it not:

¹ Robert Watkin Wynn, Esq., of Plasnewydd, M.P. for Denbighshire. *Gent. Mag.* lx. 751.

² See the Margin of Page 134 this Vol. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See above, p. 945, n. 3.

he said how Christianity had mended the World in general; & how the Vices of the Ancients were *unknown* to Modern Times excepting as they are preserved by Poets & Historians.—poor Dear Man!! I read Juvenal's Satires when I came home, and found that *Insatiability* was the worst thing he could urge against the Roman Ladies—except their unnatural Passion for Eunuchs;—of those two Brutal & detestable Vices I'll swear Christianity has not cured them—Witness Cæcilia Tron, & Principessa Belmonte—and hundreds, *hundreds* more: while French and English Women are now publicly said to practise Atrocities of which He—Juvenal was ignorant, for he says in His Satire against Men's horrible Propensity for their own Sex¹—“ “that even Women are more virtuous than they—” ” because tho' Flavia does hire herself out to Fellows—She goes home to Bed at last, and lies chastly by the Side of Catulla.” ”² Whereas 'tis now grown common to suspect Impossibilities—(such I think 'em)—whenever two Ladies live too much together;³ the Queen of France was all along accused, so was Raucoux⁴ the famous Actress on the Paris Stage; & 'tis a Joke in London now to say such a one visits *M^{rs} Damer*. Lord Derby certainly insisted on Miss Farren's keeping her at Distance & there was a droll but bitter Epigram made while they used to see one another often—

Her little Stock of private Fame
Will fall a Wreck to public Clamour,
If Farren herds with her whose Name
Approaches very near to *Damn her*.⁵

When every Offence tow'rds God & Reason, & Religion & Nature has been committed, that *can* be committed, I suppose the World will burn; as it drowned 4000 Years ago. In the Emperor Tiberius's Time it was become so sinful that only Christ's Blood could wash it clean, he told us expressly 'twas the last effort; & that

¹ Altho' Juvenal inveighs against Male *Harlots* 'tis only y^e Effeminacy of y^e Thing offends him. He professes to keep a young Country Lad as Ganymede to his rustic Table—& in Y^e Satire against Marriage *recommends* a *Boy* as preferable to a *Wife*. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See Satire II, *passim*; Satire XI. 142–61; Satire VI. 34.

² A loose approximation to Satire II. 49: 'Mevia non lambit Cluviam, nec Flora Catullam.'

³ Its odd that y^e Roman Women did not borrow that horrible Vice from Greece—it has a Greek name now & is call'd Sapphism, but I never did hear of it in Italy where the Ladies are today exactly what Juvenal described them in his Time—neither better nor worse as I can find. *Mrs* Siddons has told me that her Sister was in personal Danger once from a female Fiend of this Sort; & I have no Reason to disbelieve the Assertion. Bath is a Cage of these unclean Birds I have a Notion, and London is a Sink for every Sin.—Gibbon blames Justinian for making no Difference between the Guilt of active & passive Pæderasty. Justinian was right, were there none of y^e 1st the last w^d dye away. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See *Decline and Fall*, chap. 44.

⁴ Françoise Marie Antoinette Saucerotte, called Raucourt, a famous French tragedienne.

⁵ Cf. above, p. 770.

he would return to Judge that Earth he died to redeem—he said too that *that* Generation (meaning the next 2000 Years I trust) should not pass away before all should be accomplished¹—*those 2000 Years are now near gone.*

Brinbella 14 Dec^r 1795.] When our King's Message² to the House of Commons, purporting his Majesty's willingness to treat for Peace, was known at Paris; the Populace there surrounded their new Legislators, & swore they would set the place they sate in on Fire, if they did not immediately treat with the English.

Mr Wilberforce will begin the new Year by emancipating the Blacks I find; and people have somewhat else to do now, than make, or listen to Metaphysical Arguments—so they *will* be emancipated.³

On Xmas Day there was another strange Appearance in the Sky—a prismatic Halo round the Moon when She was full, just thus;⁴ the Colours beautiful: I never saw so pretty a Sight, & so I told Mr Lloyd of Wickwor our Philosopher.⁵ A *pretty* Sight d'ye call it? said He—tis the sure Presage of a desperate Storm. accordingly three Days after came such a Hurricane as *I* did never see. We were at Denbigh Assembly; & going home with Mostyn & his Wife to Segroyd, our *heavy* Carriage with Crane Neck & some Baggage, and ourselves in it, and two remarkably large strong Black Horses; could *hardly* be kept from blowing over: it was really a *serious* Danger, & their House lies particularly low & snug & Sheltered. had we meant to return hither—the Journey must have been defer'd, we could not have pass'd our Mountain; no Serv^t would have been able to sit—nor Horse to draw.

Brynbella 1st of Jan^{ry} 1796.] To Day the Weather is beautifully clear & fine, the Sea blue & bright; I hope our New Year will be A happy one—they say a good Peace is in View. We have a Continuance of exquisite Weather—but there is a large Macula on the Sun's Disk—I saw it.

I have written to Horne the Hutchinsonian's Friend—who publishes the famous Pamphlet called AntiChrist in the French

¹ Matt. xxiv. 34; Mark xiii. 30; Luke xxi. 32.

² Of December 8. See the *Annual Register*, xxxvii. ii. 140.

³ Although Wilberforce had, in 1791, secured a promise from Parliament of gradual emancipation, to be made absolute on January 1, 1796, he was refused leave to bring in his bill on that date, and it was not finally admitted and carried through both Houses until 1807.

⁴ She draws it on the page. The halo is elliptical.

⁵ see Page 89. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See above, pp. 906-7.

Convention¹—he beg'd help so I sent him some, and signed my Letter *Estipee*. meaning *S.T.P.* Salusbury Thrale Piozzi.²

15: Jan:] Here has been an unexampled Tempest, Mr Piozzi and I were up all Night long, nailing the Windows & Doors &c to keep our new House from falling. There was however no Danger, so well is it built & so free a Current of Air whisks round & thro' and all about it. Except the Lord build the house, his Labour is but lost that builds it—³In him and him alone do I trust. The Sea & the Waves literal & figurative are roaring away, & the French are advancing in Italy with rapid strides—*how & when will it End?*

So the Count D'Artois is settled a wretched Pensioner upon Great Britain, & takes up his Residence in Scotland:⁴ The Sodomitish Sea doth cast out *her Fish*⁵ as Esdras heard that it would,—and The Children of a Year old do speak with their Voices; these new forms of Gov^t w^{ch} scarce arrive at more than that Age do speak and loudly too:

France—spiritually called Sodom & Egypt—(most justly;) teems with Monsters:—& the Blood drops warm from the Guillotine. See the 5th 7th & eighth Verses of the 2^d Book of Esdras 5th Chapter & the 21st Verse of the 6th Chapter.

This Prophecy was that of a converted Jew in Domitian's Time, and is very lightly esteemed by the Learned: yet I really see strange Affinity between his Predictions and the Events of the present Day,—perhaps too he better understood St John's Apocalypse than we do: I consider *his* Book as the earliest Commentary upon *that* Book.—& *so far it claims attention.*—

They despise it because 'tis to be found only in Arabic & Latin—not in Greek.⁶

Wednesday 20. Jan: 1796—Brynbella.] This Day I determined

¹ Published in 1796—one of the apocalyptic books of the period.

² I fancy the Man thought it came from STP. Sanctæ Theologiæ Professor. Mrs. Piozzi.

³ Ps. cxxvii. 1.

⁴ & Monsieur is at Verona. Mrs. Piozzi. The Count d'Artois, Louis XVI's youngest brother, landed at Leith on January 6, and proceeded to Edinburgh, where he was established at Holyrood Castle. *Gent. Mag.* lxxvi. 74. 'Monsieur' was officially now Louis XVIII, and the Count d'Artois was Monsieur.

⁵ They are very stinking Fish indeed, very wicked Wretches *all* these emigrant Princes for ought I see. but 'tis more curious to reflect that Paris means originally Par Isis, so if Rome is Scripture Babylon France *may* be Scripture Egypt. Mrs. Piozzi.

⁶ The Weather is as surprizing as all the rest; My Hens lay & sit, and a Thrush sings in our Copse every Morning: Mr Piozzi & the Gardiner & the Workmen all hear it. this in North Wales 15: Jan: 1796. Mrs. Piozzi.

on a Project my Brain has been long hatching¹—that of getting a Book ready for Publication this Time five Years if possible to come out early in 1801:—containing a Summary of Events, & general Ideas of what has happened in the World during those Centuries:² with a Review of Ancient & Modern Geography, & a Table in English French Latin & Italian of all the Places & their Names in those Languages³—Spanish would have made by its Addition the Book too bulky, & 'twas not worth the while neither, because nobody reads Spanish. I must make the Title of it

RETROSPECTION:

If Death catches me, (as tis most likely), before the Period arrives; or Illness or Affliction come & hinder me from going forward—the People will say that at my Age such a Project was no other than ridiculous; & y^t to entertain Hope of ever finishing so large and comprehensive a Work, was insolent

ANTICIPATION;

but if by Gods Mercy the Volumes should be completed—they *may* be really useful to some, & entertaining to others, and may bring me in a thousand Pounds first & last.

27: Jan: 1796.] *My Birthday*—kept at my own pretty new House, with *Old Friends*, or Descendants of old Friends. My Husband kind, my Child settled to my Liking, My Health not very bad—My Debts not paid to be sure, but our Income capable enough of paying 'em if we lye by two or three Years here in a cheap Country—*comparatively* cheap I mean: & I see little Punishment in that. We have a good Dinner & make a merry Day spite of the Elements which roar in a surprizing Manner—it lightens like a hot Even^s in July now whilst I write y^s down. Mr Lysons says he *has seen* two Pear Trees in full Flower against two Walls at Putney—& the *Fruit Set*. We have a Laburnum blown *now here* at Brynbella Lat: 54 I think, or near it: & the Hazles & Willows are just as forward as last Year in April—Primroses in every Ditch, & Cowslips coming up.

A Prismatic Halo round the Moon announces another Storm,

¹ She mentioned her intention of writing *Retrospection* to Hester Thrale in a letter dated January 28, 1795, and began its actual composition on February 9, 1796. Bowood Papers.

² I should like to begin with the very *beginning*; but Life is not long enough, & Prior's Verses fright me. We must commence y^e Work at y^e Xtian Æra. Mrs. Piozzi. 'Prior's Verses' are probably the first book of *Solomon, or the Vanity of the World*, in which he demonstrates the impossibility of achieving knowledge of the world's origins.

³ Only the first part of this scheme, the 'Summary of Events', was executed.

Sea Gulls cover our Mountain, and the distant Hills appear as if close to us—Lord have mercy on the Sailors—We shall have an horrible Tempest I fear. N.B the Wind has blown almost invariably West or South West since last Oct^r 1795—Very Surprising sure, & Wheat at Twenty Shillings the Bushel, or two Guineas the Hobatt *Here*. Meat in London 9^d; 10^d a Pound; and 4^d $\frac{1}{2}$ at Denbigh Market, where it was 2^d $\frac{3}{4}$ last Year. What shall we all do? This last Paragraph 15 Feb:¹—The Beans are in Flower too, and Gooseberry Bushes in Leaf. *These be Miracles or you make them so*. Shakespeare.² The forgery of *his* Works seems to lose Ground daily I think.³ M^r Chappelow is very well, & is come hither to visit us: he is very droll: Brynbella surpasses his Expectations—'tis very fine says he—Exceeding fine—but too far off Berkeley Square, & not quite central enough for the two Theatres.—

He tells a fine Tale of Miss Fagnani.⁴

Mostyn wanted some Verses for his favourite Horse Fox by way of Epitaph I sent him those in the Margin⁵ but he did not like 'em as well as these.

A favrite Hunter here you see
Lend Vigour to a favrite Tree:
Thus Nature's equal Circle runs
Around her most distinguish'd Sons:
For Fame has told till out of Breath
How Fox was in at every Death.
But Death bespoke his dappled Skin,
(That universal Whipper In:)
So after following Foxes past
Poor Fox himself was *Earth'd* at last.

I think Cecilia begins already to dislike her handsome young

¹ The Weather is quite unexampled—warm as April & the Hedges out & Rose Trees in Leaf—but from time to Time Storms such as nobody ever witness'd with tremendous Thunder & Lightning—then a dead Calm perhaps, & the Birds singing like May, & the Hens sitting. very odd! on the 16th of Feb: 1796 the Swallows came, & the Cuckoo sung; Butterflies quite frequent in the Fields, the Goldfinches paired and singing—all this at Brynbella N.W. Latitude 54. Oh unexampled Year!! *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² The quotation is from Jonson's *Alchemist*, v. i. 39.

³ Ireland's Shakespearian forgery, *Vortigern*, was acted six weeks later at Drury Lane, by Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, and damned.

⁴ Possibly Miss Maria Fagnani, George Selwyn's adopted daughter, who became Marchioness of Hertford in 1798. Walpole, *Letters*, viii. 80, n.

⁵ We know that Death with equal knocks
Will rap at everybody's Box;
Seizing the Horses by the Hocks,
And drowning Sailors in the Docks;
What Wonder then he broke these Locks
And stole the Life of fav'rite Fox! *Mrs. Piozzi*.

Husband, I think She does; M^r Piozzi says She never *did* like him—Why then did She marry the Man? impossible.¹

The Repeal of y^e Game Laws² will bring on a Democracy quicker than any Step could be taken, I am very sorry it has past.

The taking in Commons & inclosing Waste Lands³ will be a ruin to one Staple Commodity, our Wool Trade:—Where will you feed your Sheep now?

Steevens's Ans^r to Broadhead⁴ about Irelands Manuscripts was a good one. Shall I purchase this strange Forgery or no? said the Book Collector; To be sure replied the Wit, & bind them up with your best Edition of Shakespeare: One always buys the *Apocrypha* bound up along with the *Bible* you know.

M^r Chappelow says we ought to raise Bachygraig Estate 100^l o' Year, but then M^r Chappelow is one of those large loose Talkers that scarce means to be believed. he is a kind Friend tho', and a good Naturalist.

We have had some Miners intreating Leave to look for Lead here; their hopes of finding are sanguine, but I have no hope the Project will succeed somehow: when the Ore is found, I suppose the Land will be disputed; it was exchanged Ground—exchanged with M^r Pennant.—There⁵ *is* Ore & the Land *is* ours—but we shall not work it. No Profit w^d pay us for having our new House & Garden undermined, & our Neighbourhood filled wth Thieves &c.—we c^d not live here with a Mine close to us so.

See Page 92 of this very Volume⁶—a pathetic Lamentation that

¹ M^r Piozzi frights me by fancying that Cecilia Mostyn flirts *now* with Doctor Thackeray—mentioned Page 104 of this volume, & somewhere else before that. What shall we do if it *is* so? M^r Chappelow thought *he* Saw it too: Good God! what could She marry Mostyn for if She liked the other Man better? She had hourly Opportunities of comparing 'em last year, and She took Mostyn in Preference when She had made the Comparison—I dare say Thackeray asked her 20 Times—I dare *say* he did: Why did She not take him? perhaps because he was sick, but he seems well enough now—Duce take him. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² Brought forward by Mr. Curwen, M.P. for Carlisle, on March 4, and passed on March 11. *Genl. Mag.* lvi. 750, 839.

³ The bill sponsored by Sir John Sinclair, and read for the first time on February 24. *Ibid.*, p. 747.

⁴ Theodore Henry Broadhead, Esq., of Carshalton, Surrey, and Portland Place, London. His wife sent another version of the story to Mrs. Piozzi on March 30: 'I will now tell you a Sensible thing a *big wog* said yesterday to Stevens in Edwards's Shop apropos to this said Shakespeare business—Stevens ask'd him if he intended to have this new addition when it came out—Why Sir, said he, the Bible is a very good Book, but I do not hold it necessary to have the Apocrypha.—Stevens believes in the new work.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 554.

⁵ The rest of the paragraph is a later interlinear addition. ⁶ See above, p. 909.

Butcher's Meat was at 9^d o' Pound in London, & Bread at 9^d the Quartern Loaf Butcher's Meat is now (a Year after) at 10^d o' Pound in London, and Bread at 15^d the Quartern Loaf.

I bought Beef at Denbigh *then* 2^d $\frac{3}{4}$ o' Pound too, and *now* we give 4^d $\frac{1}{2}$ at Denbigh—how is it all to End? [Brynbella 11: March 1796.

Doctor Thackeray is mentioned in the Margin of this Book Page 85 and again Page 104¹ 'tis said always that M^{rs} Heaton is in Love with him, and that they will marry when his Health is quite established: he came down here very ill about three Years ago, & is already much recovered; I wish He was wedded to the Widow, it would relieve me from some anxiety. The Maids think there is something between him & Cecy, but I can scarce believe it; if She had liked him She would have married him: Who hindered her?—

Mostyn seems to adore his Wife, while She appears disgusted with all he does to please her: what can ail them? what can be the Reason? they neither of them speak to *me* with any Confidence, *or ever did*: so I know nothing but by Conjecture. M^{rs} Wynne² (his Mother) imputes everything to Miss Thrales; M^r Piozzi fancies D^r Thackeray disturbs their Happiness. God knows.—

Burke's Pamphlet³ caus'd this Epigram

Each Flow'r in Burke's gay Rhetoric smiles
What in his Answerers do we meet?
Dragg'd thro' a Length of tedious Miles
We finish with a dirty Street.

alluding to *their* Names⁴ who made the best Reply to him. the first of these Gentlemen is Author of the *Lettre sanglante* to our Prince of Wales⁵ signed Selim—the Anagram of Miles: calling him Sardanapalus & Heliogabalus and every thing that's horrible. Mean-time M^r Pennant told me a comical thing today of his Royal Highness's Grandfather, who delighted in the Company of our gay County Woman here Lady Prendergast. She was shewing off a

¹ See above, pp. 904 and n. 4, 920.

² I asked M^{rs} Wynne if her Son had settled the *Consummation* of Marriage wth Cecilia because I thought the Girl's Behaviour to her Husband *very odd* when M^r Chappelow & us visited there: M^{rs} Wynne & Miss Mostyn assured me *that* Business was over long ago: &—It is most likely. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ *Letter to a Noble Lord* (1796), Burke's reply to the attack made on his pension by the Duke of Bedford and Lord Lauderdale.

⁴ William Augustus Miles, a pamphleteer, who wrote *A Letter to Henry Dancombe Esq., on the Pamphlet addressed by Mr. Burke to a Noble Lord* (1796); and Thomas George Street, who wrote *A Vindication of the Duke of Bedford's Attack on Mr. Burke's Pension* . . . (1796).

⁵ Dealing with the Prince's debts. It went through thirteen editions.

Snuff box one Evening at a Card Table in Dublin, when a pretty Woman who was playing at the same Game asked what She had given for so beautiful a Trinket?—It was a Present from the Prince of Wales Madam—was the unlucky Reply. Nay *then* retorted the Lady—*We can all guess at the Price.* [Brinbella 14: March 1796.]

Mr Pennant told me an odd Anecdote of the Myviods in the Neighbourhood, & shewed me their old Seat Henblas just by here. One Margaret Lloyd was convicted about 70 Years ago of Parricide—She poisoned both Father & Brother in short, to get at a young Fellow She had a Passion for—but being very pretty, the Jury of which Myviod was foreman, acquitted her; his Family however soon fell into sudden & rapid Decay, & 'tis the Belief of all about here, that no Man upon that Jury died a natural Death—or as we say forbore *coming to some very bad end.*

Captain Ker¹ told me a curious Anecdote of Thompson the Poet who wrote his Poem of Winter at Captain Ker's House in Scotland² where he was a familiar Inmate. Some Miss Douglas & her Sister were there at the same Time, and Thomson was full of Admiration, and bestow'd a large Portion on this young Lady—in what we call rather *an odd Way*—He used to watch her about; & thinking as Captain Ker said, that it *must needs be a heavenly Sight to see her go to Bed:* He whose Apartment was over hers, bored a Hole in the Floor, and meant to clap his Eye upon't—but the Girl sate chatting in some other Lady's Room, & came so much later than he expected to her own—that her curious Admirer fell asleep (like Leonora in the Bower,) and snored so loud Miss Douglas was directed by her Ear; and climbing upon Chairs with the Maid's help, held the Candle to his Mouth & Chin, and burning him a little beyond a Joke; cured him of appearing in the Character of peeping Tom for the future.

¹ The Hon. Mr. Ker and Sir John Scott were guests in the neighbourhood, as she wrote to Hester on January 1. Bowood Papers.

² *Winter* was written at East Barnet, at the home of Lord Binning, to whose son Thomson was then tutor.

¶ I understand from my Maid—who knows ten Gossiping Tales for my one—that the Ladies when here spoke openly with great Disrespect of Mr Piozzi, a Circumstance I should not have been led to suspect from their ostensible & common everyday Behaviour. She says that Susanna & Cecilia & Mr Mostyn (a Blockhead!) suffered her to hear them say many Things which She would not repeat—but She has condemned them greatly since I observe, and particularly Cecy,—I suppose the others instructed her & her Husband in the Lesson. I see not how we provoke their Anger or Contempt so, but nothing else do they feel,—that's plain, either for my Husband or myself. I asked our Butler Sam: Hodgkins if y^s Marginal note was true—or whether he thought my Maid romanced a little. Lord Madam! said he T'was I who called Allen to witness their Dialogue, T'was I who heard 'em 1st. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

Something of this Humour may be traced tho' in his Tale of Damon and Musidora.¹

Mr Chappelow has left the Vales of Clwydd and Llangollen, from the last nam'd Place where he visited the famous Hermitesses² he sent me so charming a Letter & Verses, they must be transcribed.—

“ “I was delighted with the Vale of Clwydd w^{ch} after I left Denbigh exceeded all that I had seen before. The farewell View when we ascend the Mountains of Llangollen perswaded me that I was looking at it from the Moon with a good Telescope; so high & so Abrupt is the Elevation. After some dreary Hills the Valle Crucis and Castle of Dynas Bran beats any thing I ever saw in Switzerland—& inspired such a Dream—I must relate it

The Dream

Having admired the Romantic Magnificence of Llangollen Vale, my Mind was full on't when I took my Pillow, & wandering in the Glen I' soon discovered a Gothick Cottage; on a nearer Approach for I was tremblingly diffident & afraid—till I found the Door wide open, a Female beckoned me, so that I enterd with Confidence & found myself in a most heavenly Retreat—a Convent in Miniature. We pass'd through the Refectory under a pointed Arch composed of various Coloured Glass illuminated by Lamps &c. it was Dusk—I looked thro' a Gothic Window & saw the British Chartreuse encircled with Mountains on one of which stood Dynas Castle. The sides of it were bright as burnished Gold with the departing Sun, exhibiting at once the most brilliant & yet temperate Glow—which you have surveyed in the Vicinity of Mount Vesuvius

¹ See *Summer*, ll. 1269–1370. In the poem, however, the youth stays awake.

² The 'Ladies of Llangollen', Lady Eleanor Butler, sister to the Earl of Ormonde, and the Hon. Miss Sarah Ponsonby, another Irish lady of birth, who, about 1774, against the will of their respective families, fled from society and established themselves in a country cottage in the Vale of Llangollen, where they lived in semi-retirement, but kept up many friendships, and gradually became celebrated and sought out by an initiated circle. Mr. Chappelow introduced the Piozzis to them in July 1796, to the great satisfaction of the Ladies, who wrote that Mrs. Piozzi's acquaintance had been 'an important object in their ambition for *many years* past'. Llangollen was only about fifteen miles south-east of Denbigh, and formed a convenient stopping-place for the Piozzis on their way to Bath, of which they frequently availed themselves. On one occasion, whose date is omitted, the Piozzis even sent a pianoforte ahead of them over the mountains. Although the Ladies seldom left their retreat (Mr. Chappelow wrote to Mrs. Piozzi in March 1796 that in the eighteen years of their residence they had spent only two nights away from it—at Lord Bradford's seat, Weston, near Shrewsbury), a record of at least one visit to Brynbellia survives—on September 9, 1799 (the date being chosen because there was a full moon that night to light them safely home over the mountains). *Ry. Eng. MS.* 581. The only other mention of Lady Eleanor in *Thraliana* (below, p. 1014) seems to indicate that she was in London in January 1801. Twenty-four letters from these Ladies were preserved by Mrs. Piozzi (*Ry. Eng. MSS.* 581, 892).

when in a dark Night, the Mountain blazes up, not roars; The Light reflects back on the Neighboring Objects—and the loud Thunder ceases in a deep Serenity. Æolian Harps heightened this Scene of Enchantment. I now considered myself as in the Oriel, and was confirmed in that agreeable Perswasion when the Genij of the Place appeared. By the Dignity of Manner & amiable Elegance of Address to the poor trembling Stranger—*You* would have thought 'em Noble & well-bred *Mortals*—so did I: till with a triumphant & Prophetick Air they called me by *my* Name, said they knew who I was, & what had brought me to the Vale of Clwydd. We have been long acquainted Mr Chappelow both with you & your delightful Fellow Traveller Mrs Piozzi: we were both with you in every part of Italy, & saw you join the party at Narni & Terni: we were invisible but attended in the Theatre at Padua, were of your Suite at Venice at Loretto—everywhere. and now you come to finish your Travels in Wales—but not to *botanize* This is no Season for a Naturalist, nor was it wholly after *Orpheus* that you danced hither—Yet Music had its Attractions too, but you love Intellectual Music—so do we

In these blest Shades We two maintain
A peaceful unmolested Reign;
No turbulent Desires intrude
On our Repose—and *Solitude*.

Sooth'd by the Murmurs of our pebbled Flood
We wish it not o'er golden Sands to flow:
Cheer'd by the Verdure of our springing Wood,
We scorn the Quarry where no Shrub can grow.

For us the deep Recess of dusky Groves
The fall of Waters and the Song of Birds,
And Hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are Luxuries excelling all the Glare,
The World can boast, & her chief Favourites share.

Society is all but rude
To this delicious *Solitude*:
Where Trees and Shrubs and Flowrets close,
To weave the Garland of Repose.

Yet would our Orpheus bring his Lyre
And touch the trembling String;
Old Æolus would soon retire
And listening hear him sing.

Celestial Strains! you soon should cease
And yield to what?—Variety;
What else could give our Joys Increase?
Refin'd Society.

Then Orpheus come, and bring with thee,
 Thy better half—Eurydice;
 Ah leave not her behind!
 Like Seward She'll enliven it
 With Converse sweet, and brilliant Wit,
 The Music of the Mind.””¹

When M^{rs} Strickland was wth M^r Thrall & Hester, & D^r Johnson & Baretti & I seeing Sights in France about 22 Years ago, see Vol. 2 of this Farrago, She would do nothing at Versailles I remember but pick up Horse Chesnuts w^{ch} had fallen from the Trees—We were all very angry at her, but y^e Man who show^d the Place said—let y^e Lady alone, it was Louis le Grand who planted these Trees; Elle fait fort bien d'en respecter les Fruits—We laughed & thought no more of her Whim, till as We came home She plagued us all again by guarding this Bag of Marons as She called 'em, with a ridiculous Attention, (such I then thought it:) from our Custom house Officers at Dover.—Well! since M^r Piozzi has settled with me here, my sweet Old Friend sends me a *Hundred* Horse Chesnuts in a Bag to Liverpool, with a Letter saying how the Nuts She gather'd in le Parc de Versailles had been set at Sizergh by her own hand that Year 1775. and had grown up into high Trees—that they had in their Turn borne *Fruit* w^{ch} She had now sent me to plant at Brynbella, as She knew I sh^d respect the Grandchildren of Louis quatorze's Trees;—the more now his whole House was in a manner Extirpated. I *did* set them immediately, and 98 out of the Hundred young Princes of Bourbon are *come up*. We shall be very fond of them.—

1st May 1796 Brynbella] We are going to take a little Sea Dip at Beaumaris—no Money for Streatham Park or Bath yet.³ Things are so Dear one can save nothing, and even the poor Curs are Taxed. a foolish Project if one thinks seriously, so is repealing the Game Laws,⁴ Such Proceedings will drive Country Gentlemen to London in Shoals, for Cheapness—Education of Children &c. those will be the Pretences I mean: but the true Reason—hurt Pride. A Man will easier bear to be jostled by his Taylor at Ranelagh or Vauxhall,

¹ These Verses are a perpetual Allusion to the Ode written at the Bagni di Pisa in Italy and published in the Travels under the Title of an Ode to Society by H: L: Piozzi. written out on 21st March 1796. Brynbella. M^{rs}. Piozzi. For the 'Ode to Society', see above, pp. 641-2.

² See above, p. 318.

³ M^r Piozzi is called a careful Man by his Friends—a covetous Man by his Enemies; Yet has he spent his own Fortune and mine, & now we are in Debt. M^r Piozzi is considered as a Man rapacious to get—& here is a certain Lead Mine close to us, w^{ch} he refuses to work; because it would break up the Ground & disturb the Beauty of our pretty new Place. M^{rs}. Piozzi.

⁴ See above, p. 954 and n. 2.

than to see a Tenant's Son cock his Hat and his gun in his Landlord's Face, while he ranges the once-forbidden Grounds. 'Tis natural. I always thought the Game Laws bad things—but the Repeal will be fatal for all that. Convents werè bad things, but tearing them down is worse. besides that tis only one Vice driving out another, One Folly counteracting another Folly: no Wisdom or Virtue is concerned in the Matter.

An Oak Tree is ill planted with Water all around it—very ill planted—such a Situation is good for Willows—not for Oaks: yet if one has been so set, and if it has grown & prospered for fifty or seventy Years in that Situation—drying up the Water will kill your Tree.—

A Husband & Wife who never loved one another, perhaps never pretended to love one another, will sometimes scarcely survive separation by Death of either Individual: they had made up their Minds to that partnership, & the dissolution of it sets them all to seek at a Time when nothing can be found to supply the Loss of a useful, & not *unpleasing* Companion.¹

One has heard of a Man living in Prison till he liked, & was honestly sorry to leave the Habitation—his Friends were no more, his Habits of Life broken, his Powers of struggling thro' the World fallen into Decay—La Bastille was a Refuge then, & not a Punishment.²—

Brynbella. 20: July 1796] Beaumaris is a pretty Situation & the Grounds at Baron hill³ finely laid out—'Tis a beautiful Place indeed, I did not remember how peculiarly grand the Views were

Where ancient Mona's utmost Limit lies
And sterile Rocks in dreary Grandeur rise;
Whose pointed Summits pierce the Clouds, & throw
A Mass of Shadow on the Main below:
When the far stretching Sight discerns a Sail,
And the hoarse Gull screams to the rough'ning Gale.⁴

The Weather has been so wild so stormy, so rainy—so like the

¹ many a Companion is very useful, and not *unpleasing*, whom one does *not Love I suppose*. Mrs. Piozzzi.

² Workmen in a House will be allowed by all as a Torment, & Scourge; you cannot hear for the Noise, you live wth immense Expence & no Comfort—no Enjoyment—Yet mine are going—& I miss 'em so—'tis ridiculous. Mrs. Piozzzi.

³ The seat of Sir Hugh Bulkeley, which they visited while in Anglesey, though they stayed chiefly with Dr. Wynne. Bowood Papers.

⁴ The opening lines of a poetical epistle to Mrs. Siddons, which she began at Beaumaris, in Anglesey, and never finished. Ry. Eng. MS. 647. 'Mona' was Tacitus's name for Anglesey.

Equinox all y^e Time we spent at Beaumaris that M^r Piozzi thinks his Health & I am sure his Spirits are affected: he will go to Bath next Winter he says. 'Tis a strange Season! I wonder how Corn or Fruit or any thing is to ripen—not one Day that one could leave off Fire—There was a Water Spout seen while we were in Anglesey, & I missed it waiting on my sick Husband—he is still very bad & very—*very* low. The Ruin of his own charming Country affects him, no wonder! Such Distresses would grieve even those who had nothing to do in 't: and yet his Desire of worrying Cator goes on. The Girls stopt him from putting Cecy *completely* in Chancery¹ for fear lest that horrid Transaction mention'd in the last Vol. of this Farrago Page 212, & in y^s Vol: too, Page 7² might come into a Court & be examined by L^d Loughborough; yet now he longs to have her *in too*, being so perswaded of Cator's Peculation and a little perswaded besides of Mostyn & his Agent's Rapacity. M^r Ray & M^r Jones always advised us to let the Chancellor make her Settlements—and now, they seem to have been smuggling somewhat among themselves during our Absence at Streatham Park—I mean Miss Thrales & M^r Mostyn without any Concurrence from M^r Ray who is an honest Man *I feel sure*: & perhaps Cator frights them with this Gov^t Bugbear that he may 'scape Examination merely—and will perhaps deliver her Fortune into M^r Mostyn's Hands without adequate Settlement.³ Murphy⁴ writes me word the other Girls *renounce their Claim* in her

¹ Cecilia was already a ward in chancery, but her money was paid in to Mr. Cator, and disbursed by him, so that he virtually controlled it. Murphy was urging the Piozzis to move for a transfer of this control to the Accountant-General. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 548.

² See above, pp. 803-4, 844-5.

³ Mostyn & his Wife have been at London, & have visited Streatham Park, & have staid some Weeks there, without ever calling here to take Leave, or ask Permission, or any thing: & now we are come home from Beaumaris M^r Piozzi excessively Ill of the Gout too; they do not think it necessary to drive hither even to say How d'y'e do?

They are very odd Young People indeed; but if they love each other & live prudently together—I care not whether they are civil to us or no—for what does *that* signify? & they are equally rude to M^{rs} Wynne.

Those who would flatter Cæcilia I'm told, cry—"“Oh that frightful Place Brynbella!””! Comical enough! why should She hate? or *say* She hates Brynbella. They have been living at Streatham Park this Summer—I fancy for y^e Sake of settling y^s very Business. Mostyn & his Wife took no Leave of us *here* nor of his own Mother M^{rs} Wynne when they went to London—from whence Miss Thrale wrote to beg Permission for Susan & Sophy to meet their married Sister at Streatham Park; but Cecy never wrote, nor her Husband, nor have they been here since we came home, tho' they know M^r Piozzi has kept his Bed these five Weeks very odd Behaviour! & very silly for all I can see. There is a Report in y^e Country & an Idea goes about, that M^r Mostyn is a M^r *Nobody*: his Wife certainly treats him with a strange Contempt, w^{ch} in other Respects the Man does not seem to deserve better than another Man: & they do say that Cecilia is Cecilia Thrale *still*. 29: July 1796. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁴ He had been with the four daughters at Streatham Park for a fortnight in June and July. Mrs. Piozzi had evidently expressed her offence at their using the house without her permission,

Favour. *What* Claim do they renounce? & why should they renounce *any*? I refused my Consent, & forced them to run away—merely that if Cecilia died before She came of Age Her Fortune might revert to the Sisters as M^r Thrale intended it should—and if they *do* renounce that Claim, they are Monkeys: what good will Such Renunciation do? Throw 40,000[£] into Mostyn's Family? for Cis brings no Children & is likely enough to break her Neck o' Fox-hunting *now* before She comes of Age. I never heard such Nonsense;

My Wonder is whether Murphy told Miss Thrale what he told *me*, that her Father died enjoying a Contract with Gov^t w^{ch} brought him in Three & Twenty Thousand Pounds o' Year. *That* is the *strangest* Thing I ever yet did listen to; for where was that Money deposited? or how was it disposed of? The Executors never saw it certainly; nor the Clerks ever appeared to know any thing of it. What could go with it? Did he pay off part of Nesbitt's Debt with that Cash? and did it *for that reason* never come to Acct? or is it possible, or *likely* that the Gov^t should give *him* another Contract, merely to wipe off the Infamy of being *minus* upon that for w^{ch} he was bound with Nesbitt?

I am quite lost in Conjecture. If what is written in the Margin on this last Page at *bottom* should be true, methinks all the Thrales should join to force a great Settlement from Mostyn, instead of giving *up* anything to a Wretch who has sought a Wife merely for her Money without Inclination or Ability to enjoy her Person¹—but none of them speak to *me* so I know nothing but by Hearsay—

and on July 23 he wrote from Hammersmith Terrace: 'Your daughters, when they made their Excursion to Streatham, declared themselves resolved not to occasion the smallest Expense to you. I believe you will find by Jacob's account that Every individual Article was paid for, including a Chaldron of Coals and a few Pounds of Candles.' In spite of this assurance, a wine bill of £16. 15s., which Mr. Mostyn had promised to pay, remained unsettled on July 21, 1797, when Murphy sent it to Mrs. Piozzi. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 548.

¹ Mostyn's Grandfather was a famous Fellow among the Women—and this Boy is near Six Feet high, & particularly well looking I cannot believe these Tales yet something not right *there must be*. Cecilia's Maid says her Mistress is a Maid *now* after being married a Year. She tells my Servants so, but says 'tis M^{rs} Mostyn's Fault.—She will not let her Husband touch her—in good Time! This all seems to me stark Nonsense; no Man that is a Man will be so kept at Distance. If Ceey hated her husband one w^d think She w^d cling to her Mother—but no, quite the reverse; She seems to hate me now: I guess not why. M^{rs} Wynne is rather remarkably pretty & young looking—agreeable too in her Manner—but rapacious for Money: I will not condemn her however, for wishing the only Son She has, so married; because *any* Woman w^d have promoted such a Match. She probably *did* not know, nor *does* know I suppose, how her Son's Constitution stands towards y^e Sex How should She? in the mean while I had a comical Adventure with my own Cow who was engaged with M^r Leo's Bull at y^e very Moment we passed thro his Park & were forced to turn out of the Road so odly! 30: July 1796. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

When Cecy was here She gave me to understand that the Marriage Intimacies were displeasing to her,—but She spoke as condemning her own Skittish Folly, not her *Husband*, of whom She then appeared fond; See Page 131¹ of this Volume: but since they went to live at his Seat Segroid together, they have been colder to each other & to us, & since the Ladies came down they have hardly been civil with Mr Piozzi or I. very curious indeed—& very unaccountable—and going to live at Streatham Park so without *with* your Leave, or *by* your Leave, seems equally out of the way: The other Girls behave with Decent Propriety, tho' pretending no Friendship or Affection.

Doctor Thackeray stays at Abergelley ten Miles off—I now believe *he* has no hand in disturbing Cecilia's Happiness: 'tis difficult to know what ails them, but the whole Neighbourhood can see they are unhappy together—I mean Mostyn & his Wife. Would to God She were in Chancery! that a good Settlement at least Might be secured for her: but that vile Story of her Father's Contract—or Bond to pay Nesbitt's Contract, or whatsoever 'tis, keeps frightening me; & ties my Hands up.

Mrs Wynne, Mostyn's Mother is gone to Camp with her Husband as far off as Dover, so I can't speak to *her*, & dont like to speak to any one else about the Children's way of going on—but 'tis really *too bad*. They never took Leave at Llewessog any more than at Brinbella, Mr Wynne & his Wife both were angry, & went away in disgust; & Cecy calls her Mother in Law an old Cat &c.

The Town does nothing but rave about the Prince of Wales & Lady Jersey & how She ridicules the Princess, & how Mrs Pelham sets her little Baby to hoot the Princess,² & take her off, and I don't know what—Our honest King & his honest Populace join to support the Foreign suffering Wife, but there are those who abet the Countess & her royal Paramour—many say the Queen encourages Lady Jersey—

What Times! what Wonders! what Horrors!

The Bishop of Bangor³ too! such Things are really quite new, & most excessively dangerous—dreadful Moments! dreadful Moments!

I have mentioned somewhere among this Nonsense⁴ how there was a Chemist living at Lyons just before I went abroad, who counsel'd Mr Piozzi not to take his Wife to make Residence in

¹ See above, p. 943.

² Mrs. Pelham and Lady Jersey were the Princess's two ladies-in-waiting. The Prince's infidelity with Lady Jersey and neglect of his wife were universally known.

³ John Warren, Bishop of Bangor from 1783 to 1800. No scandal seems to attach to him.

⁴ See above, pp. 614, n. 3, 865, n. 1.

Italy if he could get her to marry him; but stay in England because that was *the safest Place*: *This Town* added he speaking of Lyons, will be destroyed soon: I shall leave it myself immediately—but above all things Dear Piozzi avoid Rome, & be not there when the Pope dies—*You had better not*. By what I could gather, the emphatical Manner with Which he spoke impress'd my husband, tho' he would not own it; & I do *think* certainly Mr Piozzi did *mean* to settle in Italy when we first went there.¹ At Lyons however he enquired after this Chymist, & found he had actually left the City, & was fixed a Resident at Turin;—I begged that I might be introduced to him *there*, but found Mr Piozzi averse to our making Acquaintance for fear the Man should perswade me not to like living out of England *as I supposed*—for he visited him at Turin *himself*, & came back with altered Looks, & seemed half sorry he had been on such an Errand; said it was all but Nonsense & changed the Discourse w^{ch} till now very lately he never appeared to have any Pleasure in resuming—at *present* however the Predictions seem so strangely confirmed, that he is much amazed by recollection of them, & no Wonder. I read an odd Article about Lyons this Moment in Pithœana² saying that about the Year 1569 was found among the foundations of Lyons a Stone on which was written that such a Year such a Day—une telle Anneè un tel Jour *la Messe cessera*. but that it was a Joke as the Authour supposes, because upon Calculation it turned out to be on Good Fryday—a Day they do not celebrate Mass in Roman Catholic Churches. Perhaps it was no Joke at all, but refer'd to the present Times.³

We have been in the Country now a fortnight or more & the Mostyns never drive over to say how do you do—we came on the 16: of July with Mr Piozzi—Papa as Cæcilia us'd to call him—very ill, and this is the 21st of August—Oh yes! I see their Carriage drive up to the Door while I write Thank God—I am really quite happy that they come—the People *do* talk so.

Cecilia makes no Confidante of me—I know nothing but by hearsay—they staid but a short Time & brought Company with 'em so that there could be no Talk—Mr Mostyn looked sulky or I dreamed so—but they beg'd a Ltre to M^{rs} Strickland⁴—

¹ tho' he says *not*. Mrs. Piozzi.

² See *Scaligerana . . . and Pithœana* (Amsterdam, 1740), i. 508.

³ Here is horrible Weather—y^e Hay rotting—the Corn all lodged wth the Rain: no Sun Shine tho' 'tis the 1st August 1796. Mrs. Piozzi.

⁴ Cecilia and her husband had visited Mrs. Strickland on their way home from Scotland after their elopement, and had promised to return for a longer stay. Ry. Eng. MS. 572.

They are going to see y^e Lakes I believe & to shoot upon the Moors.

Gray says in his Tour¹ Page 343 that M^r A. L. at Leghorn has “““it recorded on his Tomb that he industriously collected Statues Pictures & Coyns. w^{ch} was certainly very meritorious, & doubtless will recommend him at the Seat of Judgement; *else why should it be mentioned in his Epitaph?*”””——Surely tis as likely to recommend a Man *in that great Day* that he collected Coyns, as that he painted Portraits or made Verses;—Kneller & Rowe have nothing said of them by Pope more to the Credit of their Religion or Morality than this M^r A: L: and

Dorset the Grace of Courts, the Muses' Pride
Patron of Arts & Judge of Nature²

will fare no better at the Hour of Remuneration than the Man at Leghorn if God Almighty is to take their Epitaph-Maker's *Recommendation*³ in good Time! What Nonsense a Wise Author will write rather than not swell his Book to its appointed Size! The Inscription on a Monumental Stone is address'd to the Survivors, not to the Judge & Saviour of Mankind.

Doctor Johnson mentions My Mother's Beauty, & her Love of Literature; & tells of M^r Thrale's Noble Contempt for the Noise of the Vulgar—surely he cannot think any of those Qualities *commendatory* of a Xtian to his Maker. Stuff.

26: Aug: 1796. Brynbella.] I hear my poor Cousin⁴ Pennant is dead or dying—Alas! Alas! a fine Fellow he is; very knowing and very exemplary—No Wonder we lose the *Naturalist*, when *Nature's* self seems to be driven down some how—

When Loyalty is lost on Earth
That hourly teems some monstrous Birth,
While Phrenzy plants her leafless Tree
And calls the Phantom—Liberty:
When just Affections here below
In their old Currents cease to flow:
Hasting to close her Favourite's Eyes,
Now Nature shrinks—and Pennant dies.⁵

¹ Robert Gray, *Letters during the Course of a Tour through Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, in the years 1791 and 2 . . .* (1794).

² Pope, *Epitaph on Charles, Earl of Dorset*, ll. 1–2.

³ Elijah Fenton & M^{rs} Corbett in *that Case* would come most powerfully recommended Nonsense! *Mrs. Piozzi*. See Pope's *Epitaphs*.

⁴ Her grandmother, Lucy Salusbury, was the daughter of Mary Pennant of Downing, Thomas Pennant's great-aunt.

⁵ Pennant is not dead nor dying; It was a false Alarm. *Mrs. Piozzi*. He died in 1798 (see below, p. 993). This epitaph is *Mrs. Piozzi's*.

Here is the King of France assassinated¹—shot at as he looked out of the Window with le Duc de Fleury at Ulm: and the Emperor ill; supposed to have been poisoned by some French Republicans—his Brother perhaps—(for the Grand Duke has really done all in his Power to promote their Success in Italy)—will give them Vienna—they are even now in Chase of it.

I went to Church to day & heard Welch Prayers; I often do: from that general Analogy that there is among all Languages I can follow thro' y^e Service exceeding well. Today however it struck me when M^r Anwyll read of Brennin & Brenninos, the King & the Queen; that the Chieftain we are told of in the old Wars between Rome & the Cimbrie was called *Brennus* from his Rank, he was Brennus the *King* no doubt; I do believe now it was not the Man's *name* at all.

Is not *Twyssog* Royal or Princely in the old British? It is. Why then sure enough M^r Parry's House was once a Royal Residence & therefore he is called Parry of *Twyssog*. I dare say 'tis so Mad^m but I never thought on't before: Now I recollect however one of our Old Welch Princes had a Palace there; M^r Yorke can give me better Information about it, & when I have asked *him* I will tell *you*. Thank you M^r Anwyll, it was a shame to be thinking of Etymologies in Church—That it was. [26: Aug: Brynbella.

I must ask M^r Pennant if it be true that the striped Royal Tyger as we call him—is or is not a Beast unknown to the Romans²—Bagot Bishop of St Asaph told me so—& said moreover that Creature never has been seen in Africa (wild I mean:) nor any where except in Hindostan. I must ask him likewise if in the year 1773 there was an Earthquake felt in Flintshire, & whether Moel Famma turned to a Volcano; & split with its own Violence—a large Gap remaining still. The Event is recorded in one of the Annual Registers *It was a Joke*.

The Arch Duke's³ sudden & surprising Victories have checked the French a little—It is my Opinion there will be no more Roman Empire or Papacy however: Francis is permitted as it should seem to defend his own *hereditary dominions*, but no more Cæsar, no more Pope I fancy after the Year 1800.

¹ Louis XVIII was wounded at Dillingen, on July 19, by an assassin, but recovered.

² The Feline Race w^{ch} fought in the Arena at Rome were spotted Leopards and Panthers he says. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ The Archduke Charles, who was successfully opposing the French in Germany.

11: Oct^r 1796 Brynbella.] Poor dear M^r Thrale! I am writing in *his Thraliana* still—this Day 33 years did he lead me to the Altar in Dean Street Soho London!—S^t Anne's Church.—When I did any thing he did not like—he used to say in Joke—Be good, be good—or I'll send you to Funnenvaino—for a Punishment. And now I've sent *myself* to Funnenvaino,¹ & hate the Thoughts of leaving it for any Place upon Earth.—It does grow so pretty!

A London Letter from a Lady who knows the World, says y^t Sophia Thrale is really going to be married *now* to a M^r Hales of good Family, great Character & high Connections.²

M^{rs} Siddons writes word that a Story will soon come out, which will amaze all Mankind—if as She adds *in this Age of Crimes & Follies they have any Wonder left*. What can it be? Harriet Lee thinks the Prince of Wales means to deny his Child—Cecy Mostyn said he adores the Baby, & *will* be at the feet of his Wife: She is so clever, she will at length rule this whole Land. Nous verrons.

Cecy Mostyn is a foolish Girl, & cannot rule her own Household—all our unfashionable Neighbours cry Shame! to see Mason her Maid with Child by the Master of the Mansion³—& the Gay Mistress protecting this Partner in her Husband's Person because *it is the Way* She says; & all those who understand *genteel Life* think lightly of such Matters. When I offered to speak my *antiquated* Sentiments upon the Subject, She *forbid* me (smartly) to say another Word about it; & told my Maid that if M^{rs} Piozzi plagued her any more concerning such Nonsense She would leave the House—into w^{ch} She never came to say the Truth—except for mere Conveniency.

¹ See above, p. 846, n. 6.

² A false report.

³ This contradicts the Supposition in Page 151 Completely—I suppose those were Stories set about by the Maid Mason—by way of palliating her own Conduct—saying Cecilia *would not*—and so *She would*. &c I suppose so. The Boy has proved his Manhood quite *Classically*—See Martial's Epigrams *Esse virum jam me dicat Amica tibi*. and my Maid tells me Cecilia is breeding besides. but tis a Lye, hatch'd up by Cecy herself, to hinder me from trying to part her & her Adulterer. y^e Marriage has never been consummated I do think.—

It is surprizing if Miss Thrale really consents to give up her Chance of an ample fortune for the Sake of a Man they all appear to scorn so, very surprising indeed, especially as Miss Thrale seems angry at this odious Occurrence like myself; & on the best Ground She is shocked at Cecy's complete Indifference: The Sorrow however w^d in y^e coarse Phrase be a fat Sorrow not a lean one, w^d Mostyn consent to *their Terms*; He has no such Design; he will hold out till his Ideot Wife is of Age, & suffers her Insults & silly Coyness till then I trow—when he has got y^e Money She may comply or refuse at her Choice. Mostyn's Wife is like the Sultan's Daughter who when She marries a Bassa, The grand Signor presents her with a Dagger to defend her from the Husband's caresses when ever they chance to be displeasing to her. She wears it tucked in her Girdle. *Mrs. Piozzi*. For the cross-reference see above, p. 962 and n. 1.

—So God a' mercy Cecy! and Sophia to whom I told the Tale, writes me word that her Sister (in her Opinion) *acted perfectly right*. Strange conduct!

So runs the World away. Mr^s Mostyn is gone home to meet her Husband & condole with his Mother for the Death of Mr Wynn of Llewessog:¹ & seems sincerely attached to him & to his Family. She is exceedingly kind!!!! & so are his Sisters in Law, for I understand they resolve to relinquish their Claims upon her Portion supposing She dies under Age, for the Sake of throwing all into the Lap of Mr Mostyn—of whom they have the very worst possible Opinion. Strange Conduct again! Dear Murphy behaves like an Angel in the Business—I hope with gods Help from *him* to get her a monstrous Settlement—& then who cares?—why *I* shall care even then; for I detest these Fashionable Liberties, & Bon Ton Airs: They lead to Unhappiness in this World—to Hell in the next. I did hope when Cecy married a Country Gentleman, She would have been out of these modish Temptations—Going to that cursed Town London last Spring was *her* Ruin & his too.

Mr^s Bagot told me a charming Thing today Such is the passion for *Novelty* said She—that a Lady asked me last Week for a set of *new Maps* I am so tired cried the fantastic Creature, of seeing nothing but *Europe Asia Africa & America*.

Our modern French are providing for this new Female Alexander who weeps for new Worlds, as fast as possible. They are changing the names & altering the Limitations in all the four Continents I think—so there will be need of New Maps before the Old World is out.

Our Capture of the whole Dutch Fleet at once without firing a Gun is a great Event indeed.²

I have been reading Dr Moore's Edward,³ & Cumberland's Henry:⁴—Both have made choice of a deserted Boy's Life to weave into a Novel, & both have done it well. Doctor Moore is ever elegant and unaffected, but he is *unaffecting* too: yet he knows Manners, & describes them justly. His Portrait of Barnet I think admirable, so is Colonel Snug; but as such People *do nothing*, so *Nothing* can be related of them. The Resemblance is *exact*, but must

¹ Mr Wynn of Llewesog died at Dover where he went with the Regiment. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² The Dutch fleet, trying to recapture Capetown, was bottled up, on August 19, in Saldanha Bay, through the joint efforts of Major-General Craig on land and Admiral George Keith Elphinstone by sea. The news reached England on November 3. *Gent. Mag.* lxvi. 1107-9.

³ Published in 1796.

⁴ Published in 1795.

necessarily be *insipid*: Edward is a most desirable Character, firm, manly, wise & virtuous: but he does too little somehow, & suffers too little; We want more Pepper than this Authour gives, his Characters lie too close to the Level of one's Eye, and his Adventures have in them too little of Adventure. His constant Care to set *our* Sex in an advantageous Light from genuine Esteem & Love of Women as it plainly appears—must not bribe me to give y^t Preference to his Novel over that of Cumberland,¹ whose Ladies are *all* vicious for ought I see, at least strangely prone to lewdness²—more than Life exhibits in England,—so far as I have been capable of observing: but something always did whisper to my heart, that Cumberland liked the *Masculine* Gender best, I have given a hint on't in this Book somewhere a vast many Years ago, and all his Manner, and all his Works confirm my old Suspicion. Meanwhile our rival Authour is ever *bordering*, *confining* all he dares upon Profaneness—The *dubious* Moore loves a little Democratic Doctrine in Religious as in Political Speculations; & leans toward the Infidel Side on every Argument, on every Occasion—so does not Bentley's Orthodox & pious Grandson: his Village Preacher Ezekiel Daw delights me most exceedingly, & his Death bed of Blachford soars a Flight beyond his Antagonist's Powers to follow. The little Midshipman too, the Seafight, all the 3^d Vol: of Henry is incomparable; and three Volumes might have comprized the Whole—I hate spinning out these Cobweb Stories too long: the Denouement is best in Moore's Zeluco, and D'Arblaye's last Book of Camilla³ is not *bad*: but Charlotte Smith's *Emmeline*⁴ beats them all at an *Ending*.⁵ here however I'll *end* my Criticism, for as Benvolio says in Shakespeare's Play

Peace, Peace, Mercutio Peace, thou talk'st of *nothing*.⁶

¹ Cumberlands prefatory Discourses to his Books in Henry I think beautiful: the last has repetition in it indeed, & might be spared; but some of them are exceedingly fine pieces of Criticism. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² I recollect *nothing* done by Cumberland's Women except snatching at Fellows, either for Marriage or for worse. while D^r Moore's Laura Seidlitz unites a hundred Excellencies; & M^{rs} Barnet is a Model of Conjugal Virtue joined to a most liberal & Noble Spirit. When D^r Moore describes a handsome Youth he does it as a Man does, who cares nothing for his Beauty, but as it may interest another: Cumberland dwells upon the *personal Charms* of his Heroes *always* with a luscious fondness exceedingly particular, as if he were in Love with them himself. The same is to be observed in Vathek a Romance written by Beckford with much Invention, but then Beckford is a Professor of Pæderasty. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ Published in 1796. This is the last mention of Mme d'Arblay in *Thraliana*.

⁴ Her first novel, published in 1788.

⁵ M^{rs} Madox tells me there is a Book in the World called the *Monk* w^{ch} surpasses in Horror every possible—and every Impossible Tale. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Matthew Lewis's *The Monk* appeared in 1795.

⁶ *Romeo and Juliet*, 1. iv. 95.

One other *Nihility* shall be mention'd, Les Chevaliers du Cygne; it is a very impressive Romance indeed: Madame de Genlis beats them all at fertility—elle n'enchaîne pas, elle entasse ses histoires.—

The richest Men are always the sourest I think; Sidonius Apollinaris says that Crassus was never seen to laugh but once in his whole Life, and the Yorkshire 'Squire who married 3 or 4 Wives in hope of a Son, & at last left one Girl an immense Heiress—by the Daughter of Sir Philip Jennings Clerke—was out of Joke called by his Companions *Merry Duncombe*¹ I remember; because nobody had ever seen him laugh at all.

Mr Murphy² calls us to London in order to force Mostyn to a Settlement upon Cecilia,³ what shall we do if She refuses to *accept* a Settlement? People tell me She intends *not to have any*—very surprizing Conduct!! especially as every one has some Story to tell as if She did not love the Man.

Very surprizing indeed—to me Incomprehensible.—& they *do* say She intends taking her Maid back after She has lain in—should She do that—I see no Hope for Her but being turned out to starve on her 200^l o' Year the moment her Adulterer gets possess'd of the Cash, w^{ch} he may spend upon his Mistress.—The Idea of y^e Country is still, that their Marriage has never been consummated. Miraculous!!⁴

Eperlanus is the Latin Name for a *Smelt*—Lemery calls it so—The Cheshire People say *Sparling*.

Hippocrates seems the only *Pagan* that ever obtained his Wish—There is a blind Story that he was commanded to pray for what he most desired. “Give me then Ye Gods (said he) neither Pleasure nor Riches nor Power; but a very long Life free from sickness & bodily Pain—and a second long Life in the Applauses of my Fellow

¹ Thomas Duncombe, of Duncombe Park, Yorkshire. His last wife, who outlived him, was the daughter of William Hale, of King's Walden, Mrs. Piozzi's early acquaintance. *D.N.B.*, under 'Onslowe, Thomas'.

² He wrote on November 21, telling her of a resolution passed by Mr. Cator, the attorneys, Norris and Ward, and himself, on November 16, urging the necessity of forcing a settlement, before Cecilia came of age (in February 1798), when the Lord Chancellor would automatically lose all power over her fortune. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 548. The effort to force Mostyn to a settlement soon became involved in the Piozzi's determination to make him pay for his wife's maintenance before her marriage. See below, p. 973 and n. 4.

³ A dreadful Snow detains us—but we are to set out the moment our Weather permits. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁴ Cecilia now lives wholly with her Husband's Mother whom last Year She called an *old Cat*: & wth his Sister in y^e greatest Amity. They coax her up now, that the Money may drop into Mr Mostyn's hands, & no Settlement made; so they pretend She is to have Llewessog given up to *her*; & a Heap of Stuff to keep her in Good humour. but I trust when y^e Time comes, he will reproach her wth her odd cold skittish Behaviour to him, & turn her out to Starve. I expect nothing better. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

Creatures—oh grant me a lasting Fame”””—He accordingly did live to the Age of 112 possessing all his fine Faculties to the End of that Term—and for his second Life 'tis not yet finished, nor will be while Language or Science shall endure. His medical Precepts are even now in high Estimation, The Cases he records are considered as classical, and refer'd to by all Physicians tho' Nearly 2300 Years have elapsed since his Birth.

Solomon asked only for *Wisdom* & he had his Wish. Xtians are forbid to beg temporal Blessings—Give us this Day our daily Bread.—One may observe that those who pray for Children are commonly disappointed, they are either denied their Desire, or that Desire granted, produces some Evil; or at best does not produce the good they sigh'd for.—See Louis 14th the Douglas Cause,—L'Enfant reclamé de deux Meres, Causes Celebres 1^{re} Tome.¹ Sir Corbet D'Avenant & a long &c.

How could Mr de Valois be so senseless with all his Learning as to fancy the Milk of a Red haired Woman *was sour*!² & why does the Bishop of St Asaph persist that no Royal or Striped Tyger fought in the Roman Amphitheatre? Scholars should give up a *little* of their Time to Natural History—not too much tho, or they will soon be no Scholars at all.

Xmas Day 1796 Brynbella.] We are going to Streatham Park—I think I will *take*; no, I think I will *not* take Thraliana: but leave it locked in our new Iron Chest here.³ My heart is sorry to leave this Majestic View of Nature. Soft & rich Prospects of a full Fore Ground &c are heavenly in Spring, & the early Part of Summer—but at *this* Season all *their* Charms are flown. like an old Coquette who never had any Merit but Beauty to boast—when Age attacks *that* Qualification, nothing is left, & she looks sad & sullen As Kent and Surrey do in Winter Time. Mrs Montagu or Queen Elizabeth rather gain than lose Admiration when their Heads are white as is Snowdonia's now—a bright Sun gilding its venerable Summit.—Adieu! ever charming Valley! lovely in the gay Season, sublime in the severe one—Adieu dearest Brinbella—Adieu!

1st Sept^r 1797.] *Tout est changé*⁴ indeed as the Man in Molière says when he finds out that His Neighbour's Hearts are no longer

¹ François Gayot de Pitaval, *Causes célèbres* (1734), i. 174–329.

² See *Valesiana* (Paris, 1695), p. 204: 'Lac muliebre est suave . . . Excipiendæ sunt rufæ, quarum lac est acidum.' ³ This decision accounts for the long gap before the next entry.

⁴ Rain falls during a hard Frost and congeals close to y^e Ground this year; in Contradiction to y^e Laws of Nature. We are used to think y^e Upper Regions of the Atmosphere cold—& y^e low ones warm mais tout est changé. Mrs. Piacci.

on their *left* Sides.¹ We are returned from London & its Environs, where I gained little—& lost—*my Dear Flo*. 'Tis inconceivable how that poor Animal's Death has lessened the little stock of harmless Pleasure² I enjoy'd—but he is dead, left under my Mother's favourite Tree at Streatham Park; where I deposited her Spaniel Belle many a long Year ago—He took some Tears with him from his good natur'd Master— & from me these Lines.

Dear Fellow Traveller! at once Farewell!
 Together have we journey'd many a Stage;
 Thou tinkling thro' Life's Path thy little Bell,
 Thy Mistress turning many a musty Page.
 The last uneasy Post—A dull Old Age,
 Forsaken I perhaps must tread alone:
 No four-foot Favourite my Cares t'assuage,
 Of Flo forgotten—and to Belle—unknown.
 That here *her* Limbs are laid so near thy own,
 Proves her lov'd Patroness like thine in Taste;
 Oh could in all things to Resemblance prone
 My Manners take the strong Maternal cast,
 Then the long Hours of Separation past—
 She might receive me on that blissful Shore,
 Where Peace & Happiness are found at last,
 And Friends shall meet again to part no more.³

Enough of Brutes—Men far below the Quadrupeds for Rectitude of Conduct claim our Attention.⁴ Books come out every day to prove Depravity of Manners or Perversion of Talents so as to fright one from delighting in one's *Humanity*. Godwin's Enquirer—Lewis's Monk⁵—& Mr Colquhoun's⁶ Calculations of those who

¹ Referring to the scene in *Le Médecin malgré lui* (II. iv) in which Lucinde's father questions Sganarelle as to why he listens to Lucinde's heart on the right side when hearts are traditionally supposed to be on the left, to which Sganarelle replies, 'Nous avons changé tout cela.' Mrs. Piozzi misses its point.

² Johnson's phrase, used about Garrick, *Lives* ii. 21.
³ Miss Farren has married Lord Derby at last, & She is well liked and happy they tell me. I wrote some Lines for Mr Siddons's Leavetaking, & mentioned her good Fortune but I can't remember y^e Lines & I took no Copy. Mrs. Piozzi. Miss Farren became Countess of Derby on May 1, 1797, six weeks after the death of the Earl's first wife.

⁴ The Mutiny at Sheerness was a horrid Thing: every Nation seems struck in the *vital* part: France loses her Loyalty, Italy its Ecclesiastical Splendour, Holland her Bank of Amsterdam—and we our boasted Navy. Greece will be free soon, The Turks are at length scooping y^e Red Apple and covering their Heads wth the Peel—What could y^t Prediction have meant if it was not the Bonnet Rouge? Their Empire is going—The End is at hand. Mrs. Piozzi. The mutiny at Sheerness took place on May 12.

⁵ His Gipsy Verses however, put all our Gipsy Lines to Flight: they are exquisitely pretty to be sure,—& the Incantation Scene is so sublimely Descriptive it amazes one; The ballad of Alonzo y^e brave is very fine too, & the Stanzas in a Hermitage exceedingly forcible. 'Tis a curst Book after all, full of every Thing y^t sh^d not be anywhere. Mrs. Piozzi.

⁶ Patrick Colquhoun, metropolitan police magistrate, who, in 1795, wrote *A Treatise on the Police of the Metropolis* . . .

profess Rapacity & Plunder in the Streets of London *force* such reflexions on One.—But Barruel's publication¹ beats them all. *He* does indeed unfold a Scene of Wickedness, a Cold-blooded Conspiracy against Religion & Virtue, wth were it unauthenticated—would be by all rational Creatures deem'd a Sick Man's Delirium. Wilberforce gives to Expiring Goodness a Mess of Water-Gruel—but Burke who held *Sel* D'Angleterre to her as long as he could, has left others now to watch her last Convulsions.²

Murphy³ is Ill & I think visibly declining—he seems sorry that Cecilia Mostyn treats Piozzi & me so barbarously. When She was up at Streatham Park he tells me She used to ridicule & counterfeit my poor Husband for not giving *Hers*, *Drink* enough here in Wales—& told the People how we set her Horse to plough—& then charged him in the Acc^t for her Board & Education.—She said it seems beside *that*; how *I* wore her Feathers or Ribbons placed to her Bills by the Tradespeople. God knows I paid several Demands for her at Bath out of my *own Purse* never telling M^r Piozzi that I did do so, & never putting the Articles down at all. By Murphy's Instigation⁴ however a Suit in Chancery has been commenced in order to reimburse M^r Piozzi the Expences he has been at on her Acc^t. The Sisters consider our Claim of 1400^l for eight Years & a half as Enormous, & have perswaded M^r Cator to stand the Contest.⁵

¹ *Histoire du clergé de France pendant la révolution* (1794), by the Abbé Augustin de Barruel.

² Burke died on July 9, 1797.

³ M^r Murphy plagued me wth calling y^e Prince of Wales & actually *inviting* him what Madness! to Streatham park—I am ashamed of M^r Murphy; did he mean to get something for himself I wonder—by exposing his friend's Children so?—The Prince wanted an Opportunity wth y^e young Thrales no doubt, but Murphy should have known better. I kept the Prince away however, no Prince shall court my Daughters in my House certainly: but I was forced to be quite rude to our fine Heir Apparent—No Matter. When Hon^r is in question One must not stand upon Ceremony. Murphy has hated Me ever since, & I have loved him less; What an old Goose he must be—or an old—something worse than Goose. Did he mean to sell the Girls? What *did* he mean? I am afraid to think. He is grown poor no doubt, but was *this* his Way of mending his Fortune? Shame! Shame! *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁴ Murphy continued his amiable efforts to help them in their suit for Cecilia's maintenance, until Mrs. Piozzi accused him of neglecting her business and giving bad advice. On November 20 he wrote her (*Ry. Eng. MS.* 578) that Cator had actually produced hers and Mr. Piozzi's letters in which they agreed to the fixed sum of £150 a year for Cecilia before she came of age and £200 after—which weakened their suit against him. This letter, in conjunction with her annoyance over the Prince of Wales episode, seems to have piqued Mrs. Piozzi, and her friendship for Murphy suffered an eclipse until 1801. See below, p. 1034. Mrs. Piozzi's legal business was hereafter handled by Mr. Josiah F. Vandercom, and Mr. John Gillon became her confidential adviser.

⁵ For the outcome of this suit, see below, p. 983, n. 2. All pretence of friendship with Cator was dropped after it was instituted. In trying to dissuade Mrs. Piozzi from putting Cecilia's money under the control of the Accountant-General, Cator told her, in a letter of

Mostyn who finally will have the whole to pay, offered his Bond but we refused such Security—& now 'tis best for him that we *did* do so. Cecilia after all the Tales and all the Prudery, is big with Child; & comes here to Segroid for the Purpose of Lying In—Not wisely judged I think.¹—Great God! not wise indeed—but very foolish. Miss Thrle is with her—She is taken Ill—exceeding Ill—dangerously ill.² They never sent to *me*,—They will not let me go to *Her*: her Husband keeps me off perhaps—perhaps her Sister—*She* cross'd the Country hither to attend Cecilia, 285 Miles from the Coast of Sussex, with no Companion, no female Serv^t—nothing but a Groom & Saddle Bags: all the way on one Horse, as People travelled in Days of Yore. They are astonishing Girls. After writing the most insolent Letter possible to Mr Piozzi about *Me*; Cecy came here gay & airy with her vast Belly, flying about in a new Equipage &c. and I of Course returned her Visit, but saw not the Master of the House. I suppose they live well together now—but here has been a grievous Disappointment—The Boy could not be brought alive³—Cecy recovers however & all will be well.⁴

But I hate these Country Accoucheurs—these *Demi Savans*: They are so forward to produce their *Instruments*. A London Hospital would have saved this Child I doubt not, tho' the Birth *was* laborious. I find there was no wrong Presentation, only a Lentor in the pains perhaps—With Opium & Encouragement, & not putting her too soon upon Labour, I verily do think that a skilful Practitioner might have brought the Baby forward with the *Forceps* at worst—but they are so plaguy hasty.—Either Doctor Denman or an old Woman would have waited—but since the horrid death-doing Crotchets has been found out, & its use permitted—

November 12, 1796, that she ought to feel reluctant to have the Chancellor know (as he would know if Cecilia's affairs were dragged into Chancery again) of her own neglect of the girl's education, and of her connivance at the marriage. She replied in her haughtiest style, repudiating his accusations, and accusing him in turn of trying to hold Cecilia's money in his own power, from interested motives. *Ry. Eng. MS. 602.*

¹ Cecy who always said *She hated Wales* would come hither to Lye In—very contradictory & very absurd;—'Tis just the *only* Thing I would have had her do at *London*. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

² If Cecy sh^d die all the Money goes to the Three Girls I believe, every Penny.—Had we taken Mostyn's Bond *he* must have Paid y^t Debt wth many more—& received *nothing*, & y^t w^d have been *too hard*. The Fools of Neighbours came & told me Cecy had brought a fine Boy & we prepared all for a gay Illumination; & then it turned out y^t the Child was dead & the Mother very bad—What a vile Disappointment. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

³ Cecilia was delivered on August 28, three days before the date of this entry in *Thraliana*, after 'Three Days & Nights in Torture', as Mrs. Piozzi wrote to Mr. Chappelow on September 18. *Ry. Eng. MS. 560.* Mrs. Piozzi had apparently only now heard of the event.

⁴ Mr Piozzi was enraged that they did not send to *me* I would have been happy to assist her to be sure—but I suppose She did not *herself* wish it; The husband nor Sister w^d have dar'd refuse her, had She said “fetch my Mamma”. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

Oh! many & many a Life has been flung away. Mr Mostyn however, Enemy as he is to me,¹ *must* on this Occasion be pitied. He spared no Expense, no Trouble: he called in help 30 Miles round the Country. Some Mr Morrall a Man from Chester Deliver'd her, I never saw him in my Life.

It has been a horrid Business altogether.

What is *Oxford* but *Bosphorus*? and what is *Bosphorus* but *Oxford*? a Welsh Curate here to whom I started this Oddity—says that they call the University Rhedychan when talking among each other in their own Language. Rhedychan means the Passage or *Ford* of the *Oxen* in Welsh, as Bosphorus does in Greek.—Is not *Rhedycina* borrow'd thence?

There is strong Analogy between the Name of our blessed Saviour & the Word *Piscis* a Fish—tis observable that St Peter the Apostle 1st called, was a Fisherman; that The Tribute money was found in a Fish, that the increase of Food to the Poor was a miraculous Multiplication of Loaves & Fishes; That the Proof Jesus gave of his having reassumed a human Body after his Resurrection was eating with his Disciples a broiled Fish, & that the Prophet Jonah the immediate Type of our Lord—in order to represent *his* lying three Days & Nights in the Grave—was swallow'd up for so long in the body of a *Fish*.

Brynbella 19: Sep^r 1797.] Mr Piozzi asked me Yesterday if I did not want Company to divert me, now Mrs Strickland² is gone—She has been here a Week to see Brynbella.—The Company replied I, never divert me at all,—'tis I divert the Company: you might as well

¹ When we were in London last Winter Mr Mostyn met me at Miss Thrale's house in Cumberland Street, & turned his Back on me before 50 People there to set our Girls o'laughing.—Cecilia was at Bath—'twas to divert her Sisters he did it—not her. Mrs. Piozzi.

² Mrs Strickland & I were Children together, we married nearly at the same Time; Cecilia was named after Mrs Strickland & She was in the room when I was delivered of her. She has a gay Turn, but Ill health has long confined her to a Merlin Chair, in w^{ch} however She travels not incommodiously, and is wheeled about. Mrs Strickland has had two Husbands of the same Name and Family, & is a Widow now. A true Aristocrate, a determined Papist is my Dear Mrs Strickland. She seemed to like Wales very much—w^d see Bachygraig & Llewenny because both had been Salusbury Residence as She said, & Salusbury Property. Lady Orkney showed her all the rareties, among which She liked best Sir John the Strong's Sword. but says The Countess If dear Madam you would see all that ever belong'd to Mrs Piozzi's Family in Wales—You must see best half of our Vale of Clwydd. Mrs. Piozzi. Cecilia Towneley married first, in 1762, Charles Strickland, of Sizergh Castle, Westmorland, who died in 1770, and second, in 1779, Gerard Edward Strickland, of Willtoft, Yorkshire. Burke, *History of Commoners*. The birth of her youngest son, Gerard, had caused her lameness. Lady Orkney was the widow of the Hon. Thomas Fitzmaurice, and Countess of Orkney in her own right. She lived at Llewenny.

ask Astley's Horses if they did not feel miserable *without full Houses*. This sounds ridiculous, & *is* ridiculous; but 'tis exceedingly near the Truth. Visitants do nothing for me but at best keep my Mind in Exercise, my Spirits in Motion; & make me lash myself up—As Astley does his Horses—to find *them* Amusement. —All I can do to entertain them is seldom sufficient either: I must call in Company, or take them abroad—show them the Places about—at hazard of my Neck, or fetch in *Society* for them, as they Phrase it—at certain loss of my own Time, & hindrance of my own Comforts;—else they go away lamenting the Dulness & Disagreeableness of the Time they past: & *I should be very sorry for that*.

Life has been to me nothing but a perpetual *Canvass* carried on in all parts of the World—not to make *Friends* neither—for I have certainly found very few—but to keep off *Enemies*.

Father & Mother Brothers & Sisters are the only natural & certain Wellwishers: You must *canvass* your Husbands, or they will —(should you not please them)—keep a Mistress: You must *canvass* Your Acquaintance by every possible Method, or they will speak very ill of you, & do You infinite Mischief—Servants *may* be kept by attention & Care from robbing one grossly—that is *very* grossly; but tis a Toil to watch one's Property Night & Day, & Toil alone will preserve it from their Talons. Life *is* a Toil, & Visitants increase it—a *London* Life, keeping up one's Acquaintance as 'tis called, I consider as setting out upon a regular *Canvass*:—The fatigue is the same, & the Pleasure the same, *to me*. I can make no *Diversion* out on 't,—I am forced to give up my *Diversion* for this *Business* of keeping up Acquaintance

'Tis right to do it however while one is a married Woman, & lives in the World—A Man would soon tire of a Wife who condemned him to Solitude, or who appear'd to prefer it herself:—*Pretending to Delight in the Company* is part of the Torment; for they do nothing to delight one, & how they contrive to delight each other is my everlasting amazement. Girls who receive addresses of Admiration true or false, may reasonably enough find Pleasure in large Circles—& Boys who court the Girls or who try to rival them, may rationally be diverted with such Contests while Youth lasts—but what *Pleasure* can M^{rs} Strickland, Miss Owen, M^{rs} Greatheed & Thousands more such—give or take? They are not Women of Intrigue; & Beauty Wit or Attraction of any Kind they have more Sense than pretend to. What *can* they find to Amuse them in a Town Life? Yet 'tis a Misery to them to be out on 't.¹

¹ Innkeepers enjoy you as a lucky Chance in England—out of England they seize you as a

De gustibus—however,—so I'll say no more
here's

A Fable

A Swallow found while seeking Food,
A Nightingale within the Wood:
Sister! well met; I much rejoyce
To find still unimpair'd your Voice.
Let not these Savage Desarts hide
Such charming Talents.—Procne cried:
Come nearer Town—thro' these thick Shades
Remembrance of your Wrong pervades:
While thus you haunt the Silent Grot,
Tereus will never be forgot.
Ah Sister! Philomela Says,
For me the Town's no proper Place;
A Tereus there in every Street
Insulted Modesty would meet:
T'obliterate that Tragic Scene
One must not surely mix with *Men*.

St Pierre says¹ the Rich never going to Church in their Life Time scarcely—are desirous to be buried there, to make amends;—& make poor folks stare beside at their fine Monuments.²

When Howell wishes to be buried under a Tree, 'tis no new Device; Xenophon makes his Cyrus desire the same Thing.

““If Fenelon was alive You would turn Catholic”” said St Pierre to J. J. Rousseau.—If Fenelon was Alive replied Jean Jacques, I would make interest to be his Footman that in Time I might deserve to be his Valet de Chambre.

Dr Johnson used to relate some Story not very dissimilar to this—how one of our Freethinking Wits, said I really must not keep Company with such a one—(I have forgot both their Names) for If I do, he will make me a Christian. I *think* 'twas Bolingbroke who said so of Fenelon.

St Pierre's is a Coxcombical Book, but has in it beautiful Passages & sublime Sentiments & much Knowledge of y^e World. What he says of God's giving us Flowers to solace our Scent, Objects of exquisite Colouring to delight our Eyes, Musick to enchant the

lawful Prey.—What shall we have then, Viaggio or Dimora?—either Life—any Life with God's Grace—no Life without it. *Mrs. Piazzi*.

¹ In 'Études de la Nature', *Œuvres complètes* (1825), v. 241.

² I think I shall take my Motto for Retrospection out of St Pierre's Book. *Mrs. Piazzi*.

Nerves of the Ear, & Powers of Poetry to ravish our Fancy is excellent, and worthy of *Hervey*;—for adds he Our Heart has the Lord of all reserved for *himself*, and only *he* can fill it—very true that! & very fine!

'Tis very good what St Pierre says of Taste—The Rich says he are pleased with Fiction almost always, the Poor with Truth. Read a Play to a Working Person if 'tis a Tragedy he will weep—but was the Story true? enquires he after all? No, Not true—The Fellow turns away half angry that you made him shed His Tears in vain so. Read it to the Gentleman, he delights in so elegant an Invention, & thanks you for shewing him *a New Mode of possible Misery*; he was afraid that they were all exhausted.

The Poor Man *expects* his Happiness from *Realities*,—The Rich can *hope* for *his*, only in Illusion.¹

This is exceedingly fine. If tis true (as St Pierre says it is) y^t there are no Madmen among Savages²—it is a very curious Fact, and leads to a long Train of Reflexions: but 'tis a Fact very difficult to ascertain.

St Pierre says—*Horresco referens*,—that no Woman of a Cultivated Mind—no Woman known to the World for her Love of Literature in short—was ever happy in her Marriages or in her Amours.³ I could contradict him as to *one* Instance,—*One* Instance however or one Dozen—would only *prove his Rule*. She who would please the other Sex must certainly not encroach upon its privileges—St Pierre is right enough⁴—

Hart says in his Introduction I think to Herodian's Lives of Roman Emperors, that Nero was guilty of every Vice but Avarice & Hypocrisy—his Spirit of Profusion saved him from one, his utter Shamelessness protected him from the other. Pope's Epitaph, or Arbuthnot's printed in the Notes on Pope's Works upon *Chartres* has the very same Thought almost in the very same Words. I want to know which was the Plagiarist?⁵

In the Mostyn Library many of the Arms belonging to illustrious

¹ St. Pierre, op. cit., v. 205.

² Ibid., p. 212.

³ Ibid., p. 317.

⁴ 'Tis said in some of these New Books that Women generally love *above* their Rank—(when in earnest I mean;) & Men generally love *below* it.—This may be the general Rule for ought I know.—Objections only *prove* Rules, not *contradict* them. Mrs. Piozzi.

⁵ J. Hart's translation of *Herodian's History of his own Times* was published in 1749, fourteen years after Arbuthnot's death. For the latter's epitaph on Francis Chartres, see Pope, *Works*, ed. Elwin and Courthope, iii. 129, n.

Houses in France are preserved—'Tis grown a good Thing now, & *may* one Day be useful.

They have at Mostyn Hall what's term'd the *Vinegar Bible*:¹ 'Tis that Bible in w^h was printed by Mistake the Parable of the *Vinegar* instead of the Parable of y^e *Vineyard*

Lady Mostyn making the Hilt of Henry 7th's² Sword into a Caudle Cup—y^t *it might be useful* was quite in the Spirit of the Notable Ladies about 80 or 100 Years ago;—Yet after all A Caudle Cup—attendant on the Birth of one honest Man, may perhaps be more respectable in y^e Eye of true Philosophy than the Sword w^{ch} had cut off a Tyrant's head. Who knows?

The Story of Richard Plantagenet & S^r Tho^s Moyle is a very strange one; & I do rather think 'tis *true* where did I read it?

Hen: 7th wore the Dragon Crest of Cadwallader³ in his Helmet at the Battle of Bosworth as *Tudor*. Lord Hampden⁴ is now Penkennid⁵ of that Family deriving from *Tudor* Trevor—*Tudor* means *Theodore* God's Gift; like *Theodosius* or Dositheus; Theodora or Dorothea—tis all the same thing. Lord Hampden has a Right to the Dragon Crest *now*; but being a Whig, & loving the House of *Hampden*,—he has suffered the Talbot to drive away the old Device of Uther Pendragon Father to King Arthur & celebrated by Milton:⁶ The domestic Dog beats the wild Dragon out.

Llandesilio means Llan Tysilio; The Town of that famous Writer,⁷ he built y^e Church & Cloyster of it.⁸

Page 19 of y^s Farrago⁹ mentions a supposed League between

¹ Printed by Baskett, at the Oxford Press, in 1716–17.

² When young Richmond pass'd thro' y^s Country to contest y^e English Crown wth Rich: 3^d he slept at Mostyn Hall—& for y^e good Entertainment he rec^d there promised his fair Hostess y^t if he won y^e Victory he w^d Send her y^e Sword he wore—Henry kept his Promise, but a future Lady Mostyn having no Value for Antiquities turned it into a Caudle Cup. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ The Royal Supporters of England were a crown'd Lyon & Red Dragon while y^e Tudors reign'd. James 1st brought in y^e Scots Unicorn—as Arms of United Britain see Elizabeth's seal. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁴ Thomas Hampden-Trevor, 2nd Viscount Hampden.

⁵ The Welsh word for 'chief of the family'.

⁶ *Paradise Lost*, i. 580.

⁷ 'Llan' in Welsh means church, not town. There are many churches in Wales dedicated to the Welsh saint Tysilio, and named Llandysilio, but Mrs. Piozzi probably means the town in Denbighshire named Llantysilio. The only church which the saint is known actually to have built is that of Meifod, Montgomeryshire.

⁸ Llanhairan is a Mountain I remember being overturned upon & Thrown out of my Father's Chaise when a Baby—'tis near y^e Place when Vortigern was murdered—Nant y Gwertheyn—Gwertheyn was the Sousbriquet of a Welsh Prince, Angliof Ironsides. Nant means only a Dell or Dingle. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

* See above, p. 855.

France & Turkey—but 'tis better than that, & comes in another Mode:—France is setting Greece free from the Sultan's Power.¹ Perhaps Buonaparte may make himself Emperor.—when Pius sextus dies, we shall have a vast burst; &

Semper sub *Sextis* perdita Roma fuit.

It will be a curious Thing thus to outlive the Monarchy of France, the Papacy of Rome, & the Republics of Genoa & Venice—Very curious indeed! and now very likely even for *Me* to do it.

Reflexions on Marriage

If you divide a Magnet—each Part flies its Fellow—Then for Heaven's Sake let us have no Separations, no Divorces—I mean amicable ones: never, never Man & Wife live apart.

A Magnet will attract in *Vacuo*, no need People should be of cultivated Minds to feel the Force of *Love*.

Iron Wire touched by a Magnet attracts forcibly—but loses its Virtue if bent *round in a Ring*. This is against Marriage.

M^{rs} Siddons used to delight in my Fancies about a Magnet, but She delights in all my fancies. Miss Thrales try to get her heart from me thro' her Daughters I know; but they will scarce succeed: they wish me to have no Friend, they seduce Murphy from me, but he is easily carried away—& I care less about him now since that Nonsense of the Prince of Wales.²

St Pierre says one loves the setting Sun better than the rising Sun—& so one does: *he* says 'tis because you are more *interested* about it; but if that was true, one should love the Tide of Ebb better yⁿ the Tide of Flood, & nobody likes or at least *seeks* to walk on the Shore when the Sea is *going out*—'Tis pleasantest a vast deal to look at it *coming in*:³ & I know not how others feel—but I hate a waning Moon always, & turn away my Sight,⁴ repeating Beattie's beautifully descriptive Verses

¹ Napoleon was actually perfecting his plans for the Egyptian expedition. The war with Turkey did not begin until the following September. ² See above, p. 973, n. 3.

³ It's pretty enough to see one Simile serve two contrary Purposes—Howell says—let us travel & look round the World—" *running Waters are always purest.*" " St Pierre says let us End our Days in Solitude—" "Those Streams which pass thro' various Earths, take some thing bad from evry Soil:—they are always *bourbonneuses*,—miry; making their Deposit in a still, & solitary Reservoir,—they become pure again." " *Mrs. Piozzi*. For Howell's remark, see his *Epistola Ho-eliana*, Pt. 1, Letter 40.

⁴ All this may be because I am myself declining into the Vale of Years.—We must ask how the *Young People* feel: I suppose tho' they never feel at all. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

Now gliding far off on the Verge of the Sky
 The Moon half extinct her wan Crescent displays;
 But lately I marked when Majestick on high
 She shone, and the Planets were lost in her Blaze.¹ &c—

One of the prettiest Things I ever read is the Character of a good Clergyman by St Pierre—not an excellent Bishop says he whom the World esteems & the Church pays—not a Missionary who suffers Martyrdom the Pains of w^{ch} last 6 Hours perhaps—while Monuments or Funeral Panegyrics pursue & eternize his Fame. but a little parish Priest in a remote Province who is doomed to a *chaste* Celibacy, & never breaks or *injures* it thro' a long Life: who constantly repels this natural & domestic Enemy—& without witnesses, wth out Admirers, without Glory & without Praise, conquers the strongest of all Passions, the sweetest of all Desires incident to Humanity—who confesses the dying Sinner on a Pillow polluted by loathsome Diseases, who turns not his Head from livid Wounds or purple Petechiæ—but follows his Fellow Creatures to the last Verge of Misery, & offensive Resemblance to the Earth he is returning to.—And for what does our poor Curate suffer all this? not fortune sure; for could he scrape together a few Pounds—the Laws of our Church forbid his leaving any Offspring to enjoy it: but he dies poor, neglected & forsaken after living despised & wretched. Yes, Yes, while the Soldier marches forward with a firm Step among Thousands more to sound of Drum & Fife presenting his Bosom to death's Dart like a Hero—The Priest remains till called—a *certainly*-devoted Victim to Christianity.²

4 Oct^r 1797.] Mercy on Me! Ambassador Pisani is turned Democate, & made Municipal Officer under y^e French Marauders at poor plunder'd Venice—³

Though I admire Passages in this Book called Etudes de la

¹ See *The Hermit*, stanza 3.

² Tis very sweetly said & very truly—That God who has given us Thought to provide against our Necessities, has given us likewise Necessity to call us off from too profound Thought. *Mrs. Piozzi*. For St. Pierre's character of the good priest, see 'Études de la Nature', *Œuvres complètes*, v. 267–8.

³ Cf. above, p. 857 and n. 3.

¶ I saw some droll Verses of y^e 15th Century today Advice to a Daughter. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Her marginal glosses, during the remainder of the volume, are frequently random jottings without reference to the content of her page.

¶ Pumping the dried up Spring of Pleasure till the Dregs offend one, seems the Business of y^e present Day. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

¶ The Story Zimmerman tells of y^e German Officer firing at his own Tent when full of his own Friends is comical enough. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See J. G. Zimmermann's *Solitude* (translated into English in 1799), i. 74–5—a story told of the quixotic Count de Buckebourg.

Nature I know that Book is not a good one at all: St Pierre's Notions of Education are empty & coxcombical, & his Ideas of Philanthropy exceedingly false—*We* live in a Land where all that he recommends with regard to *that last* named Virtue is practised to its fullest Extent—Yet are we a Nation grossly corrupted sure. He little dreams how well we can make Vice and Philanthropy agree in England—His Paul et Virginie too has many faults—He gives them Ideas they never could have had.

6: Oct^r 1797.] Æther is a Medicine much in Fashion—I wonder always y^t 'tis not more efficacious, but it really never appears to do anything at all—as a *Medicine*. perhaps y^e People do not make it well, perhaps 'tis a Curiosity in Science merely, & good for nothing but play Chemical Tricks with.

True Æther, or Ætherial Liquor is the highest rectified Spirits of Wine deprived of all Pleghm by distilling it with oyl of Vitriol.

If you pour one Table Spoonfull of this Fluid into a Copper Pot full of boyling Water, & then approach it with a lighted Candle or Piece of Paper set on Fire, the most vivid & verdant & beautiful Flash of Lightning possible is immediately produced;—& you had best hold your Candle with a Pair of long Kitchen Tongs, or evil Consequences may ensue from y^e Experiment.

This same Æther will produce the most complete *COS* which can be produced by Art—for example: Take some common Mint out of your Garden & pour two Spoonfuls of the etherial Fluid on it & fill the Phial with Cold Spring Water after it has stood an Hour. You will see the essential Oyl of Mint swimming on the Top, & if you drop it on a Lump of Sugar it will exhibit all the Properties of the Plant, Colour, Odour Sapor call'd by y^e Chemists *COS*.

Yet I do think the Æther has no visible Effect upon the human Body, they are trying it perpetually but without any Consequence.¹

The modern French Method of introducing Anglicisms—spoils their Language; They call the Thunder now *ce terrible Meteoire* it hurts my *Ear*; *ce Meteoire terrible* was better: let us each keep our own Limits & not encroach thus on our Neighbours. The Gallicisms used by our own Puppies are frequent & intolerable, & the Romances, News Papers &c. run over with them.

¹ Its anaesthetic properties were first described by Faraday, in 1818, and it was first used in a surgical operation by Dr. Crawford D. Long, at Jefferson, Georgia. The first public demonstration was made by Dr. J. C. Warren, at the Massachusetts General Hospital, in Boston, in 1846.

Mr Mostyn found that *Hunting a Mother*¹ was such good Sport he tried at it *with his own Parent*.—but Mrs Wynne sold one of her Estates directly, settled the Money She got for it—10000^l upon her Daughter & went away to live at Bath. She did very right.

Miss Thrale has acted a double part, pretending Mostyn would pay, when She excited him to refuse Payment—& at her suggestion he *did refuse*. She acts a double part again making Mostyn believe how She loves him, & saying to me how She despises him. The other two Girls *hoot us quite openly* for hoping Reimbursement of any Money spent upon Cecilia beyond y^e Allowance—& *say* they consider our Charges as immense. How will it End?²

1: Jan: 1798 *Brynbella*] Oh what a horrible Christmas! oh what a Melancholy New year. my poor Husband confined to his Bed since y^e 20: Oct^r & myself *ill now*. And Bills pouring in for Goods taken up by Mrs Mostyn during the Time 8 years y^t She lived with

¹ Mr Mostyn offered me his Hand at Denbigh Assembly & *I refused*. He turned his Back on me in London so now I am quits with Him—The People w^d not here have seen him act such a silly part, he was forced to be civil *here*—let's see how he will behave *in Town* y^s next Year: when the *Ladies* as we call them are in Sight—He will not dare then be decently civil to me I suppose—for fear Susan & Sophy Should hoot Him. A Blockhead!!! He came to Streatham Park & said he would *Wash his hands of me* and now he sends People creeping to see whether I will accept his Civilities or not. I suppose he has heard y^t the Maintenance Cause is going against Cator, & so he waylays My Husband to make him Drunk, and sign a Paper referring the whole to some of his own Agents. What a Scheme! & What an Ape is Mr Mostyn after all! disobliging *me* by every possible Method to divert his Sisters in Law, who laugh at him for his Pains; & laugh at me for having ever encouraged such a *clownish Lad* as Miss Thrale calls him openly. Sophy says he is a Composition of Vice Ignorance and Stupidity—These are the Friends he has chosen. I told Mr Chappelow how Mostyn had made me a sort of Insulting Visit & said he would wash his hands of Me.—Well! replies Mr Chappelow Then I suppose you made Ans^r Bring the Soap. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² It ended in Wilmots decreeing us 500^l instead of 1400 to punish Mr Piozzi he said for not applying to Chancery for more Allowance, We *would* have applied long ago, but Miss Thrale prevented us by saying it would bring forward an Extent of y^e Crown, and blast her Father's Character. *See Page 6. Mrs. Piozzi*. Wilmot, master in Chancery, first made a totally unfavourable decision, as Mrs. Piozzi wrote to Mr. Chappelow on December 19 (*Ry. Eng. MS.* 560), because of the letters produced by Cator to show that Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi had claimed only the allowance agreed on for Cecilia (see p. 973, n. 4), but admitted to the lawyers who waited upon him that, as a private gentleman, he would have given a different answer. He then offered to act as umpire to secure a compromise settlement out of court, and prevent the expense of the appeal to the Lord Chancellor which the Piozzis intended to make. Evidently his offer was accepted, and this note states the terms of the compromise. *Mrs. Piozzi* makes no further reference to Cator, after that in the preceding note, until she mentions his death (below, p. 1071), so that it should be stated here that Mr. Piozzi carried on the war against him through 1798–9, laying claim to various sums of interest money which he had supposedly illegally withheld from Mrs. Piozzi. The suit was arbitrated out of court, by Mr. John Gillon, for £136, the half-year's rent of Crowmarsh, which had formed one of the three claims made. On January 9, 1800, as Gillon wrote to Mrs. Piozzi, the sum was paid, the release executed, and the long battle ended. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 577.

us a Minor—from Houses & Shops I *never heard of*: Mostyn refusing to pay refers 'em all to *us*. what shall we do? The Master in Chancery Wilmot makes Report against us¹—not for charging *too much*, but for spending a single Farthing on her beyond y^e Allowance wthout applying to Chancery—& when Piozzi offered once to apply, they all put him off I remember, saying 'twas a superfluous Expence, & Cecy herself said how She w^d repay all on coming of Age. Fine Repayment! Cecilia told some Strangers at Westmoreland when She was there that we were ruined & bankrupted, & must *sell our fine new House* wth a loud Ha! ha! ha! & the Manchester Men came *here to bid* for it—*In consequence*—This was one of *Cecy's Jokes*.

Lord bless me! how dreadful! & She told M^{rs} Strickland how we had engaged our Estate for 14000^l & such Stuff, 'tis very cruel & very unwarrantable, & I thank God very false:—but She takes the Method to make it true setting one's Creditors on one so, and the other Sisters applaud her, & say all She does is right—& that it is *Good Fun* when we are half distracted.

17: Jan: 1798.] Now M^r Mostyn has written me an insulting Letter saying where's my *fine Breeding* &c & accusing me of interfering in his *private Affairs*—because I censured his keeping his Wifes Maid for a Mistress I suppose. He knows Piozzi & I are both ill, & Cecy sets him on to pinch us to Madness. A pretty Nest of Wasps they are to be sure. *I will get out on't tho'* before 'tis long.

Italy² is *ruined*,³ & England *threatened*: I have sent for one little Boy from among my husband's Nephews,⁴ he was christened *John Salusbury*: he shall be Naturalized, & we will see if He will be more grateful, & rational, & comfortable than Miss Thrales have been to the Mother they have at length *driven to Desperation*.⁵

¹ Referring to the first decision. See the preceding note.

² Hayward (i. 347–8) quotes this paragraph.

³ The plundering & then giving away an Independent State is a New Thing—but Venice has been served so. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Bonaparte, after subjugating Venice, and pretending to liberate it, in May 1797, had in October, by the Treaty of Campo Formio, ceded it to Austria, in return for the Ionian Islands. He plundered the city of its military stores and of its art treasures before he handed it over to its new masters, in January 1798.

⁴ The son of Gabriel Piozzi's favourite brother, Giovanne Battista (Giambattista). The family had suffered greatly by the Napoleonic occupation of Milanese territory, and Mr. Piozzi's eighty-year-old father had died, 'frighted . . . out of what remained of life', in the preceding spring. *Pennington Correspondence*, p. 141.

⁵ The tone of this entry indicates that she had in mind, even as early as this, making the child her heir. See below, p. 1094, n. 3. He arrived in the following December. See below, p. 992.

13: Feb 1798. Brynbella.] Cecilia's Regard for Mr Drummond the Lover, & Mr Presto the Lapdog, & Mr Mostyn the Husband was all of the same Kind—She could set them *all three to snap at*, and *bite her Mother, for her Sport*: That Game done, She *has* already turned off the *two first*, and I suppose the 3^d will *follow*.—

Let them do their own Way—I have *done* with them.

Farinelli's¹ Family was noble it seems; His Uncle was ennobled by George 1st. The King of Spain gave the Order of *Calatrava* to the Castrato—he *could* not have done it had not the Extraction been good; yet it seems strange a semi-noble should be a semi-human so.

after 14 Weeks strict & close Confinement to Bed & Room, Piozzi has at last found his Feet & will run away upon them to meet the French if they are coming—at Streatham Park. I am ill myself but desirous to go because I want to get rid of Streatham Park—and come home here to lay my Bones with my old Ancestors at Dymchurch: We cannot now afford to keep two Houses, nor expect to live long in any. Our Health is apparently declining: No matter! nobody will be sorry, or be y^e worse for it when We die.—& God has been very gracious to grant us so long & so happy a Life together; I little hoped for any such felicity when I wrote in Thraliana 1784. and now 'tis Feb: 1798. We start for London & its Environs to-morrow. Adieu then for a few Months lovely dear Brynbella Addio!

Sunday 3: June 1798.] We are returned to lovely Dear Brinbella & I wished to go to Church & thank God—but I lay too long a bed. We *have* disposed of Streatham Park for 3 Years, Miss Thrales refused it, we offer'd it them for *nothing*, but they thought *that Price too dear*. Perhaps twas 'Spite which made them refuse it, Perhaps these Assess'd Taxes made it *really & seriously* too dear altho' Rent free—They gave no Reason for rejecting the Offer w^{ch} we did not repeat of Course—but silently & quietly let it to a Mr Giles of Mark Lane Tower Street a Cornfactor, & likely to prove an exceedingly Comfortable Tenant. he pays 550^l p^r ann, & we stand to the Taxes, but the getting quit of all Establishment there, is the grand Advantage;—We were ruined by keeping Servants & Dogs & Horses &c. and one could not shut the *House up*: This dear Mr Giles will keep it aired & repaired, & insured from Fire—and make himself happy, & us happy, & all. it was a Mercy we found such a Man—and He only pities us for leaving it—so sincerely does he delight^t in the Place. I shewed my new Book to Robinson too, &

¹ Carlo Broschi, called Farinelli, the Neapolitan singer.

asked 1000⁶ for it, & he said we would not *Quarrel* about the Price of *such* a Performance: In good Time! so I believe in him like as Sir Francis Wronghead¹ did in the prime Minister's Smiles I suppose. I shall go on with the Stuff however, one Volume being already finished.—

London has been much alarmed this Year—The Democrats would have set Fire to it one Night,² but they were well watch'd. There is a visible awe upon all but the quite young & gay People³—& even *they* are forced to endure serious Looks from others now & then. Porteus's Lectures⁴ & Watson's Address have had their Weight—and there *is* a Spirit of Reform gone forth—The Gaming houses are shut—I mean the fine ones, and I heard of but *one* Masquerade & that—ill attended. People are apparently awed by the Times, yet not afraid of the French: Many have Prayers in their Houses Morn⁵ & Even⁵—& *that* is an Improvement, w^{ch} cannot be,—as Absence from public Places & other Symptoms of Feeling are—attributed to the Poverty consequent on these assess'd Taxes. The World mends as Individuals do, by *Whipping*—The Judgments of Heaven are abroad—"Kiss we the Son lest he be angry and so we perish from the right way; if his wrath be kindled, yea but a little." but *Blessed are all they who put their Trust in him.*⁵

Of all the Pamphlets I like Le Mesurier's the best,⁶ but Peter Porcupine⁷ has done more service than any of us—My Three Warnings to John Bull⁸ was inefficacious enough I believe, The intent only was good.—

¹ In Vanbrugh and Cibber's *Provoked Husband*.

² Arthur O'Connor and a group of his followers among the United Irishmen attempted, early in 1798, to arouse the members of the London Corresponding Society to a revolutionary uprising. On April 19 sixteen members of the committee of that society were arrested and charged with sedition. *Morning Chronicle* for April 21. O'Connor himself, and his fellow Irishmen, were arrested at Margate on May 28, and tried for high treason. Belsham, *Memoirs of the Reign of George III*, vi. 423.

³ Brinbella Sunday 3^d June 1798.—Mostyn & his Wife & we met at L^d Deerhurst's & were civil. Cecilia is enormously big again, tho' She does not expect to lye in they say—till Michaelmas. Mrs. Piozzi.

⁴ He began in this year, at St. James's Church, his famous series of Lenten lectures, directed against the growing infidelity and lax morality of the times.

⁵ Ps. ii. 12.

⁶ *Thoughts on a French Invasion* (1798).

⁷ The pen name of William Cobbett, the anti-Jacobin, who in 1798 was publishing his *Porcupine Gazette*.

⁸ An essay entitled 'Three Warnings to John Bull before he dies, by an old acquaintance of the Public', which she wrote while staying at Warren's Hotel in the winter, and published anonymously in the spring. Mr. John Vandercom had read it by May 4, and on that date wrote to Mrs. Piozzi about it. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 606. It retells Sir Charles Wager's story of the Three Warnings, 'afterwards put into Verse by one of our writing Ladies', and then applies the fable to John Bull. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 642.

There was a French Count this Spring at Streatham Village—a raging Democrate—who lived with Macnamara—the famous Bon-Vivant, & used to sing the following Verses to a pretty Air composed by Gluck. The Words were written by Comte Boufflers who having shewed signs of Passion for Antoinette when She was Queen of France—She asked him coquettishly how He would manage if he really did love her? he replied

Je ne diray point que J'aime
Vôtre Rang me le defend;
Mais le Dieu qui veut qu'on aime,
Ne consulte point le Rang.
Quand Adonis eut dit j'aime
Venus oubliâ sa Cour,
On est egaux quand on aime,
Tous les Cœurs sont à l'Amour.¹

Minor Lorsque cet Enfant pour flatter nos Sens,
D'un objet charmant—Nous fait voir
Les Traits Seduisans:—
J'aime est le seul Mot
Qu'on dit aussi tôt;
Et c'est vainement
Que l'on s'en defend.
Car pour ne pas dire J'aime
On ne sent pas moins l'ardeur,
Quand la Bouche ne dit J'aime
Le Mot est dit par le Cœur.
Auprès de L'Objet qu'on aime,
Tout prononce un Mot si doux,
Et mes Yeux pour dire J'aime
N'ont qu'à se tourner vers Vous.

I made an Improviso Imitation to the same Music which diverted them all exceedingly—the more so for the Slyness of the first Stanza I suppose—If I can remember it I will write it out over Leaf.

Your Rank and lofty Station
Such Flames might disapprove,
But the best Equalization
Is that produced by Love.
If the Boy belov'd of Venus
All Dangers dar'd oppose;
Sure the Distance that's between us,
A mutual Love might close.

¹ This alludes to the Verses

All thy Beauties fire my heart
N'oserez vous mon bel Ami?
I am stung by Cupids dart
Je vous prie donc Pity me. *Mrs. Piossi.*

Minor Key. When such Charms inspire,
 And a gay Desire
 Sets our Hearts on Fire
 Love alone those hearts will hear:
 They can never droop
 For while conscious hope
 Gives our wishes Scope
 Far away flies servile Fear.

Your Eye my Thought accuses,
 Search deeper and you'll find,
 The Word my tongue refuses
 Imprinted on my Mind.

Of a tender Inclination
 Why then the Truth disown?
 When each Look that beams with Passion
 Is turn'd tow'rds you alone.

3: June 1798.] We are returning to the old Scandinavian Taste of Witches Dæmons &c. Sad Stuff! Addison wore out his Pens & his Patience in driving this Nonsense from y^e Peasants Cot, or Servants Hall, & now tis call'd back again to the Court & the Stage and the first Literary Assemblies of London. The World is in his Dotage I suppose, & pleased with a Rattle as in Infancy. But our Theatres are all haunted with *Spectres*, our Novels with Incantations, & nothing pleases that does not make you afraid to turn your Head when alone. *Impression* is the Cant Word, & tis to be made at any Expence;—so is *Expression*; & to croud it, all wear *Black Heads & pale Faces*—So foolish!

So the Pope is no longer Pope, but sent away a Vagabond¹—very strange! very horrible Times! We have outlived the Kingdom of France, the Papacy of Rome & the Republics of Genoa Venice Holland & the Swiss Cantons. Wonderful! why it goes like a Wheel down Hill—they were right to sing *Ça ira*: The Phrenzy runs like Wild Fire: *Ça vâ, Ça ira, Ça est allè*. People talk of Sardinia's Monarch making voluntary Abdication; we shall have no Kings in Europe at all I suppose soon. all over! [4: June 1798.

Thrones, Dominations Princedoms, Virtues, Powers; all shrink before French Arms & French Principles. My heart tells me that there will be no *Emperor* before the Century is out—no *Roman Emperor* I mean: *That whole State* must break up I see; Pius sextus is gone, Francis 3^d must follow. 'Tis an awful Moment!

¹ Because he refused to submit to the Roman Republic, proclaimed by the French on February 15, 1798, he had been spirited out of Rome on February 20, and taken from place to place. He died in the following year, at Valence.

² Francis II, rather.

The first French King was Louis—ie Clovis, *Llovis* in old Gaelic, and so was the Last French King Louis—Things always run so. The first Roman Prince was Romulus—y^e 1st Roman Emperor Augustus; The last Roman Prince & Emperor was *Augustulus Romulus*—The 1st Greek Emperor was Constantine Son of Helena—The *last* Greek Emperor was Constantine the Son of Helena—I dare say the Empire begun under Charlemagne will die under some *Charles Mineur*—I expect it—They will have a new Bishop of Rome when this poor Soul expires I suppose—a Nominal one, and 'twill be Clemens or Cletus or Linus probably—the name of the *first* Pope—perhaps *Peter*. it would be very curious. *Abbè Maury's Name is Peter*—¹

Old Broadhead who has not as much Learning *in* his Head, as he has Horns *on* his head or he would be wiser; said to me looking at Streatham Park Library—"Why these are *Stall Books*."—I thought presently on the Man who coming to visit a poor Scholar said *Salve Doctor sine libris*—& the Scholar returning his Visit finding a valuable Collection at *his* House, where Ignorance reigned alone: exclaimed in his Turn *Salvete Libris sine Doctore*.

10: June 1798.] I have been two years doing my first Vol: of *Retrospection* 2 Years & a half I should say. Well! two years & a half more may do the *second*. It should be easier than the first; but somehow or other I feel as if it would be harder, & a greater Plague:—towards the End especially—treading on hot Embers so.—*Nous verrons*.—*Buonaparte* will perhaps come and finish the Century for us—He is on the Seas now!² There let Him sink—and be the Seas *on him*.³ I'll begin my new Volume this Day⁴ which *used* to be the *longest*.

Lord Nelson's Victory⁵ is a Splendid Thing & Sir J. Borlase Warren's⁶ a useful Thing—but *No* Thing has any real

¹ Cardinal Maury, who had been the Church's stout defender in the National Assembly, is certainly meant; but his Christian names were Jean Siffrein.

² Actually, he had abandoned the invasion of England as impracticable, after his tour of observation along the northern coast in February of this year, and was vigorously planning the Egyptian expedition, though keeping up the rumour of the attack on England as a blind.

³ *Richard III*, iv. iv. 464.

⁴ Brynbella—11th June 1798. *Mrs. Piozzi*. The original rough draft of this second volume, now in Mr. A. Edward Newton's library, bears on its fly-leaf the note: 'begun 11th June, 1798.' The rough draft of vol. i and a fair copy of the entire book, in 504 sheets, in her hand, form a part of the Rylands collections (*Ry. Eng. MSS.* 643-5).

⁵ Over the French fleet in the Battle of the Nile, on August 1-2. The news reached London on October 2. *Gent. Mag.* lxxviii. 891. This undated entry is evidently of October.

⁶ The defeat of a French squadron off the coast of Ireland, on October 11. The news reached London on October 21. *Ibid.*, p. 893.

Effect on the State of Europe or approximates Peace one Jot. These Times are Unexampled. I think Mr King makes some good hits in his Morsels of Criticism & his Signs of The Times:¹ but it appears to me y^t the Philosophy of the Book is false. I think so—

Brynbell 20: Nov: 1798.] I have been so busy with the Retrospection I c^d think on nothing else—otherwise these are strange Times.² Buonaparte gets forward I see. 'Tis he perhaps y^t is after all appointed to be y^e Instrument of Jewish Restoration. They will say when once Turcism is destroyed *Why sit we here?* &c like the Lepers in the 2^d Book of Kings³ when the famine ceased in Samaria & unexpected Plenty suddenly arrived—*That* Event was typical perhaps of *Times now not far distant*.

We are going to Bath⁴ chiefly for my Health—it certainly is going, but it has lasted surprizingly—The Lord gives & the Lord takes away & blessed be the Name of the Lord. So says Dear Siddons, She has lost her prettiest Daughter this year; poor Maria!⁵

Mr Chappelow has passed some Time wth us, he is very droll. He says Charlotte Smiths Sonnets are like his Mother's Puddens—a

¹ Edward King, called 'the prophet', wrote *Morsels of Criticism* in 1788, and *Signs of the Times* in 1798.

² Mostyn & his Wife have been in Wales since the 3^d of Sept^r but never called or sent to enquire how we did. strange Conduct. I *hear* that Cecilia Mostyn has a Son, & y^t his Name is *John Salusbury*. I never have *seen* the Child at all;—The Mother I met one Night by Chance at Denbigh Assembly. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ 2 Kings vii. 3.

⁴ On November 22 her queenship of the Denbigh Assembly ended, and this, as she wrote to Hester, set her free. Bowood Papers.

⁵ Maria died at the age of nineteen, on October 7, at Clifton Hot Wells, where her family had taken her in September for her health. She was left in charge of Mrs. Pennington, but grew worse so rapidly that Mrs. Pennington sent first for Sally, and then for her mother and father. The details of her pathetic death are given vividly in Mrs. Pennington's letters to Mrs. Piozzi. Her suffering was so great during the last two weeks that in death she bore the appearance of a woman of seventy—'an Expression of *divinely* solemn and grave Composure—but not one trace of *youth* remaining. . . . Yet her Intellects seem'd to gain Strength & clearness as her Corporeal powers decay'd—She was a mere *Skeleton*!—not a shadow of Beauty left!—but interesting beyond any other Mortal, & a peculiar Grace & Energy in all She said & did!—She neither Slept, nor took any Nourishment, but from Medicine, for four last Days & Nights—was perfectly sensible of her approaching End and *sweetly resign'd* to it.—She took leave of us all with *Tenderness* unbounded, but without the least Agitation—Indeed from the moment her angelic Mother arrived, who acted as a blessed Ministering Spirit about her, all impatience subsided. Her Soul seem'd harmonized by the presence of that incomparable Creature, & she said repeatedly—'to look at *that* dear Face is Peace'—If ever human Being was operated upon by the *immediate* Power & Spirit of God, it was Maria Siddons in the last 48 Hours of her life.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 567. Susan and Sophia Thrale were the last visitors from outside the family circle admitted to her bedside, and Lawrence the painter (for whose unhappy love affair with the two sisters, see p. 992, n. 4) resented the intrusion of these 'mannish women', with their crass glances and 'shock'd inquiries'. Parsons, *The Incomparable Siddons* p. 212.

little Bread & Milk & *one Currant* at Bottom for a *Thought* at the End. 'Tis pretty near true. The Puddens are those Strung together like the Jesses of a Hawk—or like Black Puddens

Some Lady (I forget Names always) cuckolded her Husband with a Surgeon of the neighbring Town to where they lived. When She was in Labour This Man came to Deliver her: *Right* cries M^r Chappelow, *Those that hide can find*. How comical!

11th March 1799. Brynbella.] We are returned home for the Spring after a very pleasant Winter spent—a Week at Shrewsbury—a Week at the Hot Wells Bristol—& 3 Months at a pretty House in Great Pultney Street Bath. My Maid Beckwith is married to our Welsh Gardiner & Allen returned to her Place after 2 Years—no no—A Year & half's Absence.—One would not believe it,—but the strange Pranks of Cecilia Mostyn follow'd me *everywhere* M^{rs} Weston Mother to my old Friend M^{rs} Pennington at Clifton, protested that *their* Town quite rung with Tales how Cecy Thrale was married to a Man She ran away with—yet would not go to Bed to—till perswaded by D^r Haygarth:—How Cecy Thrale never *went to Stool* for 30 Days together, till her Husband fetch'd in D^r Haygarth; How Cecy was (after all these Wonders,) *Wish Child!* but could not be deliver'd till Mostyn had saddled & bridled his swiftest horse, & run to Consult D^r Haygarth. In short some Young Lady at y^e Wells protested that there was so much tittering & so many Indecent Stories propagated,—false & true concerning M^{rs} Moyston as She called her; that it was even disagreeable to go into Company—There was such a Heap of Stuff talked upon the Subject.

Well! The Bath Waters and a little Dissipation did both my Master¹ & myself a World of Good. We passed our Time very sweetly indeed among the Miss Mores Miss Lees, M^{rs} Jackson M^{rs} Pennington & Miles Peter Andrews a Man to me exceedingly pleasant.² Dear Siddons too, unpaid her long Arrears from Sheridan, came to her old Bath boards; where first I saw her with an Admiration to y^s Hour increasing;—& there charmed all her Audi-

¹ Piozzi had a Fit of Gout at Bath but took his Boy to School after it—through the Snow. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² It was very pretty & curious to be living at Bath y^s Year wth the very people whom I exprest fears of seeing no more in the year 1795 Page 126. M^{rs} Siddons, M^{rs} Whalley, M^{rs} Pennington, M^{rs} Jackson Miles Peter Andrews and Miss Lees made quite a brilliant Constellation of agreeable Companions; and M^r Grey came over for a little Bit—yet still one's Friends are falling round one too.—Here's poor Abate Bossi dead, the dear Marquis of Aracciel dead—M^{rs} Madox M^r Pennant & Watkin Hayman died here in Wales, & gay Leo at the last Gasp!!! *Mrs. Piozzi*.

ences into a loud Confession that after 19 Years Absence—it was in 1780,¹ the *Riot* Year I left her,—She was returned more beautiful, more brilliant, & more justly deserving that universal Applause which follows wherever She turns Her Steps—& *will* follow yet many Years I hope than ever.

I think She is not happy in her Children tho'. The eldest Son² *will* be a strolling Play^r, The second³ has bad Eyes—almost to blindness. The pretty Daughter died;⁴ & Sally seems almost entirely ruined by an Asthma w^{ch} they call Constitutional, & scarce try to remove. The little Baby my *God* Child, called Cecilia; is sick and spoild, and fretful & fragile,—her Mother has put her to Miss Lee for Education, but they are fearful that She will *not live*. Mr Piozzi's Baby,—The little Italian Boy is come over;⁵ & we have placed him with Mr Davies who keeps a University⁶ as he calls it for *Young Students* under 12 Years old—This Infant was just past 3⁷

¹ Two years later, in 1782, she appeared in London for her first great triumph.

² Henry Siddons (1774–1815), whom his mother had educated for the church. He followed the family tradition, however, and became a successful actor, making his London debut in 1801, though he may well have 'strolled' earlier. A dramatic trifle, written by him at the age of sixteen, *Modern Breakfast, or All Asleep at Noon* (1790), is dedicated to Mrs. Piozzi. A copy of it found its way into the famous collection of plays, made by his uncle, John Philip Kemble, which is now in the Huntington Library.

³ George, who went to India in 1802 or 1803, and became Collector of the Calcutta Customs.

⁴ There has been a Heap of Nonsense too talked about Lawrence the Painter making Love to *both* Mrs Siddonses Daughters; and Mrs Pennington who is of a romantic Turn, says how his Falsehood killed pretty Maria: but I believe little concerning such Stuff. I believe the Girls & Women are got into a bad Practice of making too free with Opium in these late Years—It is a perilous Practice, & may end very ill to some of them. Old Dr Harington is of my Mind; he is *shocked* at the modern *familiarity* with *Laudanum*; a rank Poyson as we *know* it is. Mrs. Piozzi. The story of Lawrence's tragic vacillation between the two girls is true enough. He first fell in love with Sally, but jilted her for Maria, and then turned back to Sally. Maria was heart-broken, and her grief undoubtedly hastened her end, though the disease of which she died was tuberculosis. She conceived such a profound distrust of Lawrence's character that on her deathbed she made Sally promise not to marry him. Sally herself died, unmarried, on March 24, 1803. The story is told in authentic detail by Mr. O. G. Knapp in *An Artist's Love Story* (1905), from the letters which passed at the time between the Siddons family and Mrs. Pennington, and between Mrs. Pennington and Lawrence. Mrs. Pennington's testimony was authentic, as she was the confidante of both sides in the unhappy affair. Mrs. Piozzi's scepticism is unjustified.

⁵ He arrived at Streatham early in December, 1798, and stayed there, in the care of Mr. Davies, until the end of the month, when Mr. Ray brought him to the Piozzis at Bath. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 573. On January 4 Mrs. Piozzi wrote to Hester, that Mr. Piozzi had taken the child up to London again, to Mr. Davies's school. Bowood Papers.

⁶ 'Streatham University' was built on ground leased from Streatham Park in 1798, and Reynold Davies reminded Mrs. Piozzi, in 1802, when he wanted to rent another field, that all the buildings that he had put up would be hers at the expiration of the lease in 1828. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 573.

⁷ His birth certificate (*Ry. Charter* 1247) shows that he was born on September 9, 1793. He was therefore five years old when he reached England.

—when he touch'd English Ground I understand;—Seems healthful, Arch, & Intelligent: but short of his Age, & rather sturdy than elegant in his Form. *He* too is named *John Salusbury*¹ in good Time! *That* never yet has been a *lucky* Name—but I hope these poor Children Piozzi's & Mostyn's, will find it a happier Appellation than my Father did; who deemed himself a most peculiar Son of *Ill Fortune*: my Uncle too *John Salusbury* Cotton,² fell from his Horse at Hockliffe & died in the Road, on the high Way—as I have heard—unnoticed for many hours—he was Brother to Sir Lynch Salusbury Cotton, who notwithstanding call'd a little Boy—his eighth Son after the same Name; & *that* John Salusbury lost his Life at 8 years old in London I remember—of the Smallpox. —My more distant Relation Mr *John Salusbury* here of Cotton Hall came to some bad End—I forget what—Sir Thomas Salusburys Widow wanted to marry him, & he—engaged to a pretty Wench he loved, refused her as I've been told. 'Twas said too, that her Ladyship's Vengeance pursued & ruined the wretched Man; but the Mode of accomplishing her Revenge has slipt my Memory.

So much for *Onomantical* Reflexions.

Here are dreadful Acc^{ts} from Italy & worse from Ireland:³ A Lady from the latter Country told Mrs Pennington y^e Winter at Bath that She had heard the fatal Bell toll for her own Execution; and Mr Piozzi's Infant Nephew from the first named Nation, when we saw Sheep's Heads in the Flesh Market—observed that *He* had seen a Basket of *Men's Heads*, & spoke on't quite familiarly. The French certainly do poyson the Principles of their Conquer'd Provinces in a surprizing Manner—They had already taught the Child we sent for over, to cry “*Vive la Nation Française! A Bas L'Italie &c.*”” and told him he should be a Soldier & learn of them to *damn the dirty Germans*. It is wonderful!!!! at 3 years old $\frac{1}{2}$ —no more!

Since I left Wales—what a Diminution, what Deaths among my Old & among my new Acquaintance. Poor Pennant the Naturalist⁴—sweet Mr^s Madox of Vronew;⁵ Merry!⁶ the famous—the cele-

¹ He had two brothers, Pietro, and Giovanni Maria, and a sister, Cecilia Margarita, named in compliment to Cecilia Thrale. Mr. Piozzi left legacies to all of them in his will. *Ry. Charter* 1249.

² See above, p. 276, n. 4.

³ Lord Cornwallis's crushing of the remnants of the Irish Rebellion of 1798.

⁴ Died at Downing on December 16, 1798. *Gent. Mag.* lxxviii. 1090. Mrs. Piozzi had intended to dedicate her *Retrospection* to him (see her Introduction, p. xi).

⁵ Died at Bath on January 3, 1799 (*Gent. Mag.* lxxix. 80), as a result of a miscarriage brought on by 'scrawling over our Welsh Mountains last Year for a Frolic with Lady Stowell'. Bowood Papers, letter of January 4, 1799.

⁶ Died at Baltimore, Maryland, on December 14, 1798. He had been forced to allow his

brated—the hapless della Crusca; and Seward¹ I am much afraid is gone by now. It has I think been an exceeding sickly Season every where; The Yellow fever was most undoubtedly at Bristol Bath & Liverpool: but those severe Snows w^{ch} fell, checked its Progress; & poor Doctor Fraser was half hooted out of Bath by the Tradespeople & Lodging house Folks, for having hastily pronounced some Boy at old Morgan's Grammar School under Influence of a *malignant & contagious* Disease.² Old M^r Graves of Claverton however—Authour of the *Spiritual Quixote*, & of some other light Pieces of Literature—still lives, and is sprightly still—& hearing of Some Attack on H: L: Piozzi by M^r Gifford I *believe*, he wrote me these good natured Verses which when one reflects y^t they are composed by Shenstone's M^r Graves known to the World so *many* Years ago, are curious & pretty.

Facit Indignatio Versus.³

From earliest Youth the Love of Science taught,
Her Mind beyond her Sex with Learning fraught;
Thro' Life by Men of Sense and Worth caress'd,
And long with Johnson's valu'd Friendship bless'd—
Who writes herself with Elegance & Ease,
Teaching the dryest Subjects how to please;
In liberal Acts her Affluent Wealth employs,
And midst her Friends with Dignity enjoys;
Perish the Pedant Wit who bent to Shine,
Aims his Malignant Darts at Worth like Thine,
Whose polish'd Shield repels th' intended Wound
While Leaden Shafts fall blunted to the Ground

M^r Gray of Farringdon came to Bath purposely on a Visit to *me* I believe; his Curiosity was excited by what he had heard of *Retro-spection*: I read him what I could of it—& should be glad to get his Corrections before we print—We must shut up this Farrago now & *mind the great Affair*.

M^r Gray thinks the World is winding up, he expects Rome to burn *now soon*; but I fancy the Emperor must 1st be extinguished—

wife, Elizabeth Brunton, to accept a theatrical engagement in Philadelphia in 1796, and they had remained in America.

¹ He did not die until April 24 of this year. *European Magazine*, xxxv. 287.

² Doctor Fraser was very imprudent, & very hasty to be sure; and had not y^e People's hunger for Amusement conquer'd their fears of y^e Plague *itself*, much harm might have been done to the Bath Folks, who live by the Pleasure hunters & the Health hunters: *They* suffer'd nothing however, no Public Place could be fuller, & tho numberless Knockers were ty'd up—We all resolutely *said & swore*, y^t nothing *particular* was the matter. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ Juvenal, *Satires* 1. 79. For *versus* read *versum*. The MS. of these verses was found at Bachygraig in 1936, and now belongs to Mr. J. L. Clifford.

& the Pope die: Naples is revolutionized, and poor dear Italy completely destroyed & plunder'd. Mr Gray's Notion has been long y^t ev'ry thing is going, but Hannah More says there will be even yet a *Crane-Neck Turn* as She calls it—Mr Piozzi expects all to be restored, & says very quietly *Il Vento è forte—ma cambierà*. I wonder at their entertaining Hopes so unlikely.

Miss Thrale wrote to me while at Bath on literary Subjects once or twice—the other Girls never, on any Subject.

M^{rs} Wynne & Miss Mostyn—Mother & Sister to Cecy's Husband, turned their backs upon me at Bath. What car'd I?

I saw a droll Thing at Bath—a Man so impatient to shew himself off as a Poet—y^t he wrote his Wife's Epitaph & gave *it me*—while the Woman is yet alive & well. *Pray* read 'em says the Author; they are good Lines, *better* than any of Pope's: *pray* read them, & stuff the following Nonsense into my hand.

In pray'r devout, attentive to the Word,
She lov'd to hear the Precepts of her Lord.
In Doctrine sound, in Knowledge quick She grew,
Her Heart experienc'd all the Truths She knew.
As Wife, as Mother, Relative or Friend,
She drew a Pattern worthy to attend;
By Works She show'd her Faith, by Action prov'd
No vain Professor to the God She lov'd:
Blest Saint! Thou gladly fledst to Jesus' Breast,
I too shall follow and partake thy Rest.

““Ah Madam! (says The Crackbrain'd Writer of these Lines—)
—How is our poor King surrounded by Sycophants—Interested
Creatures who seek only their own Emolument—They give him
bad Counsel Mad'm they give him bad Advice: But if *I* could get
at y^e Speech of him, could *I* once lay hold of him—One time at
Weymouth I did watch him on y^e Esplanade & *then* I prepar'd
myself thus to address him—Sir!—I was about to say to him—Sir!
May your Majesty of y^r Clemency be pleased to hear me these few
Important Words—My Wife is distantly related to A Man in your
Stables, & *he* keeps 30⁶ o' Year from her: now if your Majesty
would speak to The Person, we should be put soon in Possession of
the Money” ”—I could listen to no more for laughing.

Brynbella 14 March 1799.] The Three years & a half are now
more than accomplished since Collot D'Herbois drag'd the Scrip-
tures at an Ass's Tail thro' Lyons, giving y^e Animal drink beside
out of y^e Sacramental Cup. I *thought* (see Page 59)¹ that the

¹ See above, p. 384.

Prophecy of the death of y^e Witnesses was then fulfilled—& I *thought* that in 3 Years $\frac{1}{2}$ some extraordinary Resuscitation of the Gospel Doctrines would take place¹—but either I am mistaken,—or blinded like the Men who walked to Emmaus; & said they *thought* & they *hoped* he was come who should deliver Israel—Those Men only *fancied* themselves *mistaken indeed*; for all *was* accomplished, tho' wthout divine Interference they could not *make it out*—I verily *did* once believe the Jews would have been called by *now*:² but perhaps the Turkish Empire must end first; & *then*—they *will*—like their own excluded Lepers at Samaria's Gate, say ““Why sit we here””³ &c. and justly, for when all Mankind are set at Complete Liberty, why sh^d not *they* use the new Privilege, & walk away in Congregated Troops to their own Land? People will hardly wonder if they do!

I think the Roman & Turkish Empires both are going: *I think so*. but I had more need think of my great Book & prepare for the Time of Publication the hour approaches *now*; in A Year & half I must (if alive) take it with me quite finished to London—for in March 1801 It should be out—& he who runs against Time, has an Antagonist not subject (like himself) to Casualties.⁴

I will be diligent this Summer & the next.

5: May. 1799] Unequaled—Unexampled Spring! If Spring it may be called

When Winter lingring chills the Lap of May.⁵

I have looked back to see how it was in 1795—but *that* Weather was heavenly to *this*. No grass grows at all, Sharp cutting Frosts and steady Continuance of Cold operates so that no Duck will sit—no Bird will sing. The poor Farmers Horses drop down dead in the Carts, unable to drag Weight for want of Food—Cattle perish, & Sheep run from their Lambs—100 Ewes perished in the Neighbourhood of Abergelley from the Severity of this un-

¹ Mr King's Books have led many People to think the concluding Scenes are nigh at hand.—He is a great Scholar certainly—but his notions and my own lye very distant.—Their Sources—at least: The designation seems to be nearly the Same: but his Philosophy revolts me—his Pink Stars, and blue Stars, &c &c. *Mrs. Piozzi*. For Mr. King, see above, p. 990, n. 1.

² My Letters from London are full of a new City found in Africa, Houssa its Name: populous & civilized—do they *eat Pork* there? says H:L:P. Houssa was founded by a Barbarous Chief in the 13: Century Longuerue says. always Mahometan of Course—no Jews will be found there silly H:L:P. The Discovery of y^e new World in Africa seems a strange Thing—I cannot get to understand what Language the people speak—have we dug out the ten lost Tribes at last? I hope so. We have dug out *nothing*. Mungo Parke's Book tells not a Word or a Thing y^t has not been known these 40 years ay 70 years for that matter. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See Mungo Park's *Travels in . . . Africa* (1799), chap. 11. ³ 2 Kings, vii. 3.

⁴ Quoted from Johnson's *Lives*, iii. 117.

⁵ Goldsmith, *The Traveller*, l. 172.

parallel'd Season—What will become of us? M^r Pitt cares not—he has a Majority in y^e House—indeed in y^e Nation, for carrying on y^e War: and the Allied Armies on the Continent take heart too, & seem resolved to drive the french from Italy—L^d Bridports Fleet & theirs are in Sight of each other, & we expect a Victory abroad if we *do* starve at Home. Well! I am of King David's Mind: any thing rather than flee before our Enemies—let us as he says fall into the Hands of God, not into the Hands of Men—but I really expect a famine. These long Days wth Howling Winds like Nov^r & no Leaves out—no, not a Horse Chesnut,—no, not an Apple Blossom—is so terrifying, my Courage begins to give way.—I did see 3 Swallows skimming over the Water in Llannerck Park one day last Week but never more Swallow nor Cuckoo did I hear. The primroses & Violets peep out—and the Tacamahacs try to push—but nothing else makes the *Smallest Attempt*. There will not be *one Oak Leaf out* on the 29th if it goes on so. A bad Omen for Kings!!! but I must mind my big Book—keep my own Poor round about here from dying before our Eyes if I can, & finish my *Retrospection* the Time is drawing on.

4 June 1799 Brynbella is so *very* remarkable I *must* mention it: After y^e longest Winter & coldest Spring & sickliest Season possible—The Hay at a *Peny* o' Pound—the Beef at 10^d the Mutton at 8^d in Denbigh Market here has been 20 Hours of a Storm such as perhaps one *may* have seen in Nov. or Dec^r but Scarcely.—Such a Kings Birthday since George y^e 3^d's Reign is *unexampled*! It blows, rains, hails, everything—The Caernarvonshire Mountains are white with Snow—The Oaks just getting a Brown Tint on them, but even the Willows so backward the Buds or Green Goslings—as people call em—hang on still.—Horse Chesnuts & Sycamores blighted,—no Ash putting out a Leaf. What will become of us? Swaroff² drives the French from Italy, & M^r Piozzi is content—So is M^r Pitt perhaps: but We shall wish y^e Mountain to fall on us perhaps in Preference of what's to come. I apprehend somewhat Dreadful.

No Poultry to be seen—no Flocks of young Geese—no Ducks hatch,—no Hens sit—I have six Turkeys to my own Amazement but I trust they will all Die.

12: June Brynbella—1799] We have got Rebecca³ here the

¹ The date of Charles II's death, when oak-leaves were worn.

² i.e. Swaroff.

³ Rebeca has been with us this Week he is a great Genius for Chiaro Oscuro: & his Head as imbu'd with Raffaele as Ciprianis head was with Guido Rheni. I have had Dear M^r Gray here, he is a great Scholar & a wise Man, We saw something of his Temper too—for S^r Tho^s Charges

wonderful Artist for Chiaro Oscuro, he is a Genius of the 1st Rate; his Imitations of the Antique are truly astonishing:—with a Bit of burn'd Paper he produces an amazing Effect—This Head seems done by Guercino—The Scarabocchio was to show me how Light & Shade should be placed.

Summer came after the horrid Storm upon the 4th & tis fine Weather now—just like *May*: Lilacs & Laburnums coming out, & Primroses *not gone*. Pease *last year* on the Kings Birthday were 3^s o'Pint, *Three Shillings*:—*this Year* they were at *four Guineas*. I must write it in *Letters*, or I should myself think I had mistaken. Miss Thrale has been ill—I fear She frets—yet I know not what should fret her. maybe She lends Mostyn her Money & he flings it away. She wanted always to separate Cecilia from *me* & now we *are* separated—Susan & Sophy wanted to separate Cecilia from Mostyn's Mother,—If we could but get her from *that Mr Wynne* they said I remember. Well now Cecilia never sees either Mr^s Wynne or Mr^s Piozzi, they should be happy & not *fret*—They wanted to make a *fine Ton Man* of their Brother in Law, & I suppose He thought a Spendthrift was a *fine Ton Man*: The Lad had no Notion of flinging away his Money till he *haunted their Society*: but Mr^s Choldmondeley used to say—Durant would *be gay if he could*, but he can do nothing towards it except unbuttoning his Waste Coat: so I trust Mostyn would be *fine if he could*—(to please the Ladies)—but can do nothing tow'rds it, except *unbuttoning his Purse*. They may fill it again if they will, *Son Padrone*.

Miss Thrale is better, & going on a Trip to Scotland—not a Marriage Trip but to see y^e Country; She's right enough: it's an exceedingly interesting Journey. wherever She goes, God bless her.[†]

Rex Lex et Pontifex!

A Toast no honest heart rejects;
The King in Safety all protects,
The Church to future Bliss directs,
But Knaves who plot our State to vex,
May Law provide for all their Necks!

a Youth of 18 who is wth him for Instruction try'd it often—it is a very good Temper. My esteem of Mr Gray is much encreased by our nearer Acquaintance. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Biagio Rebecca was an Italian painter domiciled in England, who was noted for his decorative imitations of antique wall-paintings. For Mr. Gray, see above, p. 938 n. 3.

[†] Her companion on the trip was the Hon. Mrs. S. Murray, of Kensington (afterwards Mrs. Aust), who wrote an account of it in a book entitled *A Companion and Useful Guide to the Beauties of Scotland* (1799–1803), to which Mrs. Piozzi refers in a letter to Hester written on January 6, 1802: 'People tell me Your Tour thro' Scotland has been written by Mrs. Murray . . . but I can't get the Book; & would run a long way for it too, even in this *Dirt*.' Bowood Papers.

This is the prettiest Jeu de Mots I have heard—We expect the Abbé Sieyès¹ to be Dictator of France soon.² [1 July 1799

Umbra tegit lapsas³ præsentique imminet Horæ,
Dum Lux, dum lucis semita—Virtus agat.

'Ere yet the threat'ning Shade oerspread the Hour,
Hasten bright Virtue and exert thy Pow'r.

This was M^r Gray's Motto for our Sundial at Brynbella—'Tis a very neat one—M^r Gray is a valuable Acquaintance; he gave us a Week of his Company here this June: M^r Piozzi was confined all the while with the Gout indeed, & y^t was bad.

They tell me good old M^r Jones is dying at last: We shall lose a true Friend if so it be: To be sure M^r Jones was no Hero like Swarroff nor no Orator like Burke: but living rich, & living long are two great Distinctions—The following Lines came into my Head as excellent for his Epitaph—& they would do for *no body else*.

No Battles won or Captives taken
This unassuming Stone records;
Nor Did these Limbs by Life forsaken
Compose a Man of many Words:
Yet Fortune both her Eyes unbinding
Did at his Call her Gifts bestow;
And Death was fourscore Years in finding
Where he should strike the fatal Blow.³—

One would not think it possible (yet so it is) that no fewer than 40 Words two of them of two Syllables each are comprized in the Monosyllable *Scrape* Anagrammatically & Metagrammatically—as thus. Scrap. Sap. Scape, Scar: Sear. Sea. Spear. Crape. Cape. Cap. Car, Care, Carp, Scare. Case. Spar. Spare, Space. Ape, Ace, Are, Asp, Acre. Arc. As. Era, Ear. Cesar, Caper. Rap, Rape, Race, Rase, Reap. Rasp. Pace, Par, Pea, Peas. Pare, Pear. Parse. There is another too—*Which I will not write down*.

¹ The leading member of the Directory, who later in the year plotted with Napoleon the *coup d'état* of 18 Brumaire, which overthrew the Directory and raised Napoleon to power.

² The Democrats drink a health difficult to comprehend A Scrag of Mutton—They mean the *Bony Part*, or *Buonaparte* the French General. *Mrs. Piozzi*. ³ Read *lapsus*.

⁴ He did not dye. *Mrs. Piozzi*. For his death, see below, p. 1080.

¶ Miss Thrale is gone to Scotland on a Party of *Pleasure* not *Matrimony*—She wd say those were no *Synonymes*. She has written to me. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

¶ The Marriage of the Electress Dowager of Bavaria Daughter to the Archduke of Milan wth Eck the German Musician is a curious Fact—what will be y^e Consequence I wonder! nothing. *Mrs. Piozzi*. The married pair quitted Germany in 1801, and lived in Paris and Nancy. Grove, *Dictionary of Music*. The Electress Dowager was Marie-Leopoldine, widow of Charles Theodore, Elector Palatine.

Mungo Park's Book in no wise answers my Expectation: What Discoveries has he made? none at all I think; he never was within 300 Miles of Tombuctoo or Houssa. All I learn by his Journey is that the Natives call the Niger the *Iolibah*, pronounce *Yolibah* I fancy: an Ethiopian Word certainly: see The Prophets *A Holibah*¹ & *Aholibama*.² The Book is une vraie Nullité.

The best Joke I have lately heard was on Mr Gunter the *Confectioner* getting so much Money last Winter—Twas a Shame says *one*, not at all replies another, He gained it by his *Desserts*. There never was so expensive or so gay a Winter known however in London as this last—a Fact all Ranks agree in.³

Never so cold so cruel a Winter neither—or one followed by so singularly bad a Summer, not one Warm Day,—*no not one*: till this 7th of Sept^r the Hay all spoild, the Corn uncut—The Fruit incapable of ripening very dreadful! & *most* dreadful People's odd appearance of Perswasion that all goes well, because Swaroff beats y^e French from Italy Nonsense!!! Nothing goes well but Apples in y^e Cyder Counties.

11th October 1799.] To *me* however—ungrateful as I am to Heaven—& worthless in its Sight—all has gone well sure. Here have I been these 36 Years a married Woman *this Day*: & never had Cause to find Fault with either of my Husbands. There was feasting at Llewenny too for Lord Kirkwalls⁴ Coming of Age this Week; & *I danced* in the *old Hall* with the *young Heir* 50 Years since I last remember to have seen it lighted up in hon^r of my own Uncle's Birthday.—

Tis odd enough too y^t on the Year I was married—it had been a remarkably Wet Year—& the 1st fine Day was that on w^{ch} I went to Church with Mr Thrale at St Anne's Soho

The 11th of Oct^r is the 1st fine Day *this Year* 1799—& we are *trying* to carry our Barley.

Miss Seward always surprises me by having less Sense than She

¹ A symbolic name for Jerusalem. See Ezek. xxiii.

² The wife of Esau. See Gen. xxxvi. 2.

³ Hannah More's fine Book about young Ladies & their Education is admirable—Incomparable! but y^e Westminster Boys I am told burned her in Effigy for writing against the Dissipation of Youth. *Mrs. Piozzi*. The book was *On Female Education* (1799).

⁴ The young lord whose birth, on October 2, 1778, had drawn a letter of congratulation from Dr. Johnson to his father, the Hon. Thomas Fitzmaurice. *Letters*, No. 596. Mr. Fitzmaurice and his wife, the Countess of Orkney, had bought old Llewenny Hall from the Cotton family.

should, somehow. Mr Chappelow was mentioning to her the famous Italian Lines ending with

pare,
Che porta Guerra e non Tributo al Mare.

& She applies them directly to the little Dove of Derbyshire—or the *Dee*¹—Lord Bless her! *They* neither carry War *nor* Tribute, poor little paltry Things, the Thought w^d be good for the Oronoko River or perhaps Volga into y^e Caspian Sea, but *to crown all* She never names the Word *Sea*, & in *that* consists all the Beauty. See *Margin*²

'Tis said now that y^e Prince of Wales says he was Married to Mrs Fitzherbert in 1784 or 85—and that he *has* no other Wife, nor *can* have another—so he bastardizes his own Child *that way*—They live together now again he & Mrs Fitzherbert, but She brings no Children.

The Duke of York none, Clarence none—Prince Augustus certainly did wed Lady Augusta Murray in St George's Church Han^r Square 4 or 5 years ago;³ the Banns were asked 3 Times and the clergyman unsuspecting who they were—*united* them—I think *irrevocably*.

They have a Boy unacknowledged, but certainly in *my* Mind Heir to the Crown, if this other Business goes on so; and the Prince of Wales will not have a Son by his Cousin, nor recognize her as his Wife—They had better make a Match between the two Babies soon as 'tis possible, & settle them *jointly* on the Throne like Will^m & Mary, but with a little more power to the Queen—just half and half would be most Equitable.—mean while & ever—*God preserve the King!*—

10: Nov^r 1799.] Meanwhile I have finished my *Retrospection* as far as the Year 1750—anybody may end it if I dye now: and any-

¹ The poem is entitled, 'Speech of the Nymph of that Brook [that flowed through the fields of the Ladies of Llangollen] which, after Heavy Rain, Becomes a Deep, Violent, and Formidable Torrent' (see Anna Seward's *Poems* [1810], iii. 315). Because Mrs. Piozzi mistook a brook flowing into a river for a river flowing into the sea, some of her criticism is unfair. See n. 2.

² Down yon wild Vales triumphant Deva borne
Pours the loud Treasures of her foaming Urn;
Yet bears my Stream as oer the Rocks it raves,
Not Tribute, but Defiance to *her Waves*.

—to *whose Waves*? does Miss Seward call old ocean a Lady? *Her waves in good Time*—The Lichfield Swan is sadly out indeed. Mrs. Piozzi.

³ The Duke of Sussex married Lady Augusta Murray, daughter to the Earl of Dunmore, in 1793, and a son was born on January 13, 1794. The King, in August 1794, declared the marriage void, according to the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act. The son, who took the surname of d'Este, filed a bill in chancery in 1831, to have his birth legitimated and his right to the throne recognized.

body may do it as Well as I have done it—God knows;—Yet when 'tis finished & prefaced &c.—I dare say 'twill sell.

Lady Eliz: Luttrell's horrible Death¹ tho' well deserved—was dreadful—She was a true Lady of y^e Bedchamber to Proserpine's Court, that She was;—but they sh^d not have let her dye so.

There is no Original Wit in the World I fancy—reading an old Play of Dryden's I found Sir Tho^s More's famous Bon Mot appropriated—'Tis a shame really to think how full y^e Books are of Plagiarism—I marked y^e Place, 'tis in the *Wild Gallant*—Loveby is going to Jayl, & says as the Chancellor did when he went to the Tower, and his Keeper express'd hope he would not be ill entertained—If I complain Master Lieutenant, there is but this thou know'st—*Turn me out of Door.*²

1 Dec^r 1799 Brynbella.] Going to Bath again for y^e Winter Months—but in very low Spirits—*Reports of a Plague*,³ & Fears of a Famine are dreadful Things. The Quartern Loaf in London is 15^d & Oatmeal *here* bears a Price high as Wheat.

Brynbella 10: March 1800.] We are returned safe from Bath where we have gained some Health & enjoy'd some Pleasure. Miss Mores & Miss Lees, & M^r Gray again—and M^{rs} Pennington & A long &c. but no Siddons have contributed to our amusement, & we to theirs. Shrewsbury & Llangollen entertained us on our Way home; & we have y^e Happiness of having fed 30 poor Families

¹ Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, sister to the Duchess of Cumberland, had been imprisoned in November 1797 in the King's Bench Prison, for huge gambling debts. She effected her escape by marrying a hairdresser, confined there for a small debt, which she paid for him, thus setting him free. After he had safely left the country, she claimed immunity on the grounds that her husband was now responsible for her debts. She was obliged to live abroad, and was finally convicted of picking pockets in Augsburg, Bavaria, and condemned to clean the streets, chained to a wheelbarrow. At this juncture, she committed suicide by taking poison. *Farington Diary*, i. 221, and n.

² *The Wild Gallant*, III. ii.

³ The Plague is come from Barbary to Lisbon. Oh dreadful! America is desolated by the yellow Fever, Fine Times! I expect Pestilence in England, but nobody else does; yet I see not what Possibility there is of escaping. If we do not feel Pestilence War and Famine before the Century ends, I think 'tis nothing but miraculous Interposition of Providence y^t protects us: Probability leads us to expect all *Three*.—Oh! now y^e News papers mention Two Men's Death now y^e Alarm Bell is ringing. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

¶ I am told y^t Cecilia Mostyn is so well y^s Time y^t she went out to dine wth M^r Macnamara at Streatham y^e Day her Child was a fortnight old. Can such Things be? She returned to London at 11 o'clock at Night!!!! Shame! *Mrs. Piozzi*. This child was her second son, named Harry. The birth of a third son in 1801, named Thomas Arthur Bertie (in compliment to Bertie Greatheed), is not mentioned in *Thraliana*.

this Winter, which without us *must have perished*.¹ The Oatmeal is 2 Guineas o' Hobbet—every thing else in proportion: Some Poor people in Caernarvonshire have subsisted only on Grains & Butter-milk.² Tremendous Times!! The Soup Establishment however is a Good one, & rich ffolks *do* appear to take no small pains to keep their Cottagers from starving.³

Miss Thrales make a new Attack on our Property, & menace to take away the Oxfordshire Estate—they see we dislike Law, & take unjust Advantages. I believe they are themselves afraid of losing all their own Substance to Gov^t so they fly upon *us*.⁴ *S^t Marco manga mi, mi manga ti; e ti tu mangi un'altro*, as the Venetians used to say; but poor *S^t Marco's* Mouth is stopt now. All Englishmen's Mouths are open against Buonaparte's Insolence towrds *his Brother George* 3^d & there *are* People who say he is the Devil Incarnate, the Apollyon mentioned in Scripture: His name is Apollonio pronounced according to the Corsican Dialect *N^o Apollione*:⁵ and he does come forwards followed by a Cloud of devouring Locusts from y^e bottomless Pit—whose Stings are in their *Tails*, The Tagrag of our World, *The Democrates*:—unlike other Powers whose *Head* or *King* is the devourer.⁶

¹ Her pocket account book for 1800 shows that, between January 1 and the end of May, the butcher's bill for their own table was £48. 8s. and 'Meat for the Poor' was £7. 12s. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 616, 1.

² They have unthatch'd their houses in some Parts of Wales to fodder their Cattle. how dreadful!!! The Quatern Loaf in London 18^d—unheard of Horror!! yet every body is quiet, & at Bath every body was Gay. never so many Diamonds at Tyson's Ball as this last Season. We had here in Wales on the fast Day, a slight Shock of Earthquake. very shocking Times all together!!! *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ Mr. Piozzi was appointed Overseer of the Poor for the parish of Dymherchion on April 22 of this year, and, to the annoyance of the Dean of St. Asaph's, tried to evade the duty. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 557.

⁴ They know M^r Piozzi will be advised *not* to contend for a Life Property in a Woman y^t their Unkindness with help to Kill, & then away goes the Estate:—& my Husband has the Lawyers Bills to pay. It ended in nothing. They *could* not take my 400^l o' Year from me: The Endeavour was fruitless as cruel. we lose only y^e Arrears & 50^l per Ann. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Under the terms of her marriage settlement, the Oxfordshire estate (called 'The Manor or Lordship of Preston Crowmarsh, otherwise Crowmarsh Battle') was to be held in trust for her; during Mr. Thrale's life she was to receive £200 a year from its rent, and after his death £400 yearly. *Ry. Charter* 1236. The title to the property was Hester's, under her father's will, and she had apparently paid her mother the entire rent (which had at first amounted to £420 a year, and after 1795 to £450), until 1795, when she disputed the legality of her mother's claim. Bowood Papers; *Ry. Eng. MS.* 577. She was finally persuaded to withdraw her own claim, and agreed to give her mother the £400 due to her under the terms of her marriage settlement, but kept the additional rent of £50. *Pennington Correspondence*, p. 193. Cf. above, pp. 846-7.

⁵ This fanciful identity was expounded in *Retrospection* (ii. 524), and ridiculed by the *Critical Review*. See below, p. 1027, n. 2.

⁶ There is talk of Abbè Sieyes having a real or fictitious Dauphin to produce, & 'tis likely enough! *Mrs. Piozzi*.

BuonaParte goes to Mass now, he is a consummate Hypocrite. after driving away the Pope to perish in Misery, he goes to Mass: after formally renouncing Jesus Christ he assists at the Communion, after overturning the Altars in every Christian State, he takes his Seat gravely in a Christian Church; after overturning all thrones in Europe He calls George 3^d of England his Brother—& will I suppose make himself King of France. He is to sell us *Corn* they tell me; Such Commerce is surely dangerous:—The Plague, w^{ch} He brought from Syria, & is now confined by a Cordon of Troops among the Southern Cantonments of France, may come to us in a Sack that brings Wheat—let us not eat from his Hand at least; I like better to starve.—

27: Ap^l 1800.] The Spring this year is like another Spring, but People are half starved for all *that*. the Quartern Loaf in London 18^d Beef 20^d $\frac{3}{4}$ Mutton 1^s—how dreadful!

I saw in an old Annual Register—looking for Things of a very different Nature—an Acc^t of a Contract which Hen: Thrale Esq^r had with Gov^t. It is a very strange Thing indeed. because Sir P: J: Clerke was with Lady Corbet & me, & M^r Devaynes, canvassing for him the *last Election*,¹ & Sir Philip had *then* a Bill upon y^e Stocks to keep out *Contractors*.² Besides when M^r Thrale died no Money was found—What could go with the Profits?? It is exceedingly mysterious. Perkins knew perhaps,—perhaps the Ladies—& I need not care certainly—but 'tis odd. Murphy always wonder'd y^t no more Cash was found at the Bankers when he died. Murphy said he had a Contract.

We had an Earthquake here in May—the 1st Week it was very perceptible in Carnarvonshire & Anglesea. & M^{rs} Griffith of Caerhên was frighted at *the Noise* jumpd out of Bed, & ran out in her Night Dress.—

The Sun was observed at Shrewsbury to go backwards at setting time upon Trinity Sunday 1800. M^r Lloyd of Wygfair says the Sun went back *apparently* upon Trinity Sunday Even^g three Diameters of himself. The Anglesea Folks were frighted & those in Caernarvons—*We* never observed *this* Trick of Electricity.

15 July 1800.] Here's a Report of the Prince of Wales having made all up with M^{rs} Fitzherbert, & meaning to receive her at

¹ See above, p. 436.

² Designed to prevent members of Parliament from securing government contracts which had not been openly bid for. It was first brought up in 1780, but was not passed until 1782. *Annual Register*, XXIII. i. 153; XXV. i. 308.

Carlton House after turning out his Wife the Princess of Brunswick. The late Attempt upon y^e Kings Life was a curious one—That by Hadfield¹ the real or pretended Lunatic.² I suppose M^{rs} Fitzherbert is at bottom of all these Plots, for no one has so much Interest as herself in the King's Death: & I remember Abbè Bettolini said at Milan when I was there, That Peg Nicholson³ was an Agent of hers. The Catholics always inimical to his House & Family, consider this Lady as an Instrument of restoring their Perswasion to its ancient Footing here—& these Monastic Institution Bills &c—She is the Supporter of. her Maid rules her entirely—her Maid is the Widow of Billy Strickland⁴—She was some Man's kept Mistress when y^t Boy married her.

She is a steady & *bigotted* Papist, & very clever.

I have now nearly completed my *Retrospection*. The Difficulty will be to sell it; but we must hope for the best. M^r Chappelow is a busy and good humoured Friend. I think 'tis worth 1000^d I really *think it is*.

It was common in France always to make a Joke of their own Misery: Le Prince de Guemenés⁵ Brother hearing of the Bankruptcy—cried out *La Mi Re La mi la*. meaning the *Singing* Girl Mirè whom he kept. *La Mirè l'a mis là*. a good *Jeu de Mots* enough.

The Hay is all got in here 28th July 1800. very early for this Part of y^e World, & very fine Hay. Corn is turning colour apace, & a good Harvest Season is expected. Plenty will not very easily be the Consequence tho', as the Crops are exceedingly thin & light, & no old Stock on hand. Oats are today at a Guinea o' Hobbet, *now*: & we pay a Shilling for a Lemon, every Article so increased—'tis terrifying. I guess not why: our Trade prospers, our Fleets come in safe, our Sun shines—& I should *think* our People did not encrease too much during the War, yet they certainly have not Meat enough.

15: Aug: 1800 Brynbella.] Very fine Weather—remarkably hot

¹ James Hadfield fired upon the King while he bowed to the audience, before taking his seat in the royal box, at a performance of *She Would and She Would Not*, at Drury Lane, on May 15. He was acquitted on June 26, on the grounds of insanity. *Gent. Mag.* lxx. 478, 581. Susan and Sophia Thrale were witnesses of the shooting. *Pennington Correspondence*, p. 196.

² The King has escap'd another attempt to assassinate him! How Mercifull! but they bring in y^s Hadfield a Lunatic I find. Mad or wise, y^e Attempt was very dreadful. *Mrs. Piozzi*. The note is a repetition of the text, not an allusion to a second attempt on the King's life.

³ A servant-girl who attempted to stab King George on August 2, 1786. She too was judged insane, and was sent to Bedlam.

⁴ Mrs. Strickland's second son, by her first husband.

⁵ Who broke for 28,000,000 livres, in 1782. Walpole, *Letters*, xii. 364.

& dry; the Shrubs languishing for Rain, the Edgrew¹ all burn'd up—a fire in the upper Country amongst the Heaths, & they can't extinguish it for want of Water. God keep it from catching a Colliery.

The Harvest is good, but the Crops light; & the People hungry —& Corn keeps at a vast Price—so does every thing. The Mountains are all on Fire towards Llangollen; We can smell the Burning Turf here at Brynbella, 'tis dreadful.

La Revolution Française makes by Metagram—but you must take *Veto* out first;—*Un Corse la finira*.² Solemnity—Yes, Milton.

Opposition—the Word Opposition I mean,—makes *O poison Pit*. Well then! said I, it *fits him to a T*. What is Majesty without its Exteriors?—a jest.³

M^{rs} Fitzherbert will not converse with the Prince of Wales now, unless a Third Person (of her own chusing) is in the Room. They call the Lady She pitches on for this purpose—*The sunk Fence* comically enough.

Lord Kirkwall⁴—our Neighbour—is going to marry Miss Ormsby⁵—dear Miss Owen's Cousin Heir and Friend. It is a Match universally *approved*. Let us now see the Felicity of a Union

¹ The after-growth of grass.

² When will the Reign of Buonaparte end? I expect to hear hourly of his Assassination either by his Brother or some bold Jacobin: That Sect is in full force yet, and even increasing; how then can his Power stand?—I sh^d not wonder for my own part if Abbe Sieyes was to produce a real or fictitious Louis Charles, a Perkin Warbeck. If Lucien Buonaparte should emulate Timoleon now, it would be quite in Character. Had not all the old sound Expositors made out the Impostor Mahomet to be Apollyon one sh^d really be attributing the Character to Buonaparte, who wears his Name, & who alone of all recorded Conquerors, ever did wear it:—who is more Destroyer than Conqueror, & who was preceded by the Creatures described in Prophetic Language as Animals with Hair like the Hair of Women, Poissardes:—and Teeth like the Teeth of Lyons. Kleber killed and Menou poisoned—Europeans turning Turks, and shamelessly calling themselves Haly or Abdallah!!! Menou recovers, & is Abdalla Menou. *Mrs. Piozzi*. General Kleber, whom Napoleon left in charge of the Egyptian expedition when he returned to France in August 1799, was killed by a fanatical Muslim on June 14, 1800. General Menou succeeded to his command, and was converted to Islam after marriage with an Egyptian lady.

³ Parliament makes by Metagram Partial Men. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁴ Lord Henry Petty is a nice young Man. more Information than his Cousin of Llewenny—less Arrogance than Mr Smyth. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Lord Henry Petty, later 3rd Marquess of Lansdowne and 4th Earl of Kerry, was the second son of the Earl of Shelburne, Lord Kirkwall's uncle. He became Chancellor of the Exchequer at the age of twenty-six.

⁵ Mary Jane Ormsby, daughter of Margaret Owen, of Porkington, Salop (Miss Owen's first cousin), and of Owen Ormsby, Esq., of Sligo. Through her mother she inherited the Godolphin estate. Miss Ormsby actually married William Gore, and founded the Ormsby-Gore family. Burke, *History of Commoners*, i. 85.

made for, by, & with the Consent & Approbation of all the People who know nothing, & need to care nothing Concerning the Matter.

Selden says¹ of all a Man's Actions his Choice of a Wife is that which least influences the Happiness of others—Yet is that Choice adds he—the Thing they most disturb themselves & him about. 'Tis very true. I married once against my Father's Liking—& I did very well; and once I married against *every* one's Liking, and I did very well. Let us see how this Boy & Girl will do: They are good Young People—but have not (I suppose) a Touch of Preference for each other's Company except the Desire of pleasing the *World*. Mr Richardson and Mrs Thompson as I call them.²

A Spirit of Defiance towrds the Aggregate of Society, is however, a worse Spirit (of the two) than the other artificial Desire of complying with the Worlds opinion: *I never* married in Defiance;—my Father's death freed me from Obedience to *his* Commands; & in my *first* Connection I obeyed my Mother, & my Uncle—my nearest Friends.—When I had *no* Parent, nor *no* Friend, nor *no* disinterested & rational Adviser, *I pleased myself*: but not without a long & painful Hesitation, teizing my Temper, & ruining my Health—for 3 Years and $\frac{1}{2}$.

Unde Derivatur *Hurdle*? from *Haridelle* French I suppose—Quere if the cant Word *Haridan* for a bad Woman does not derive from the same: a Hussey fit to be dragged upon a *hurdle*.³

Unde Derivatur *Chowse*—a Cheat? from *Xiaxs* Chiauss I fancy—They were Interpreters Dragomans Druggermen—and said one thing for another: but I won't be *Choused* says John Bull in Ben Jonson's Time particularly. This perhaps is well known to every body else—I poor Ignorant Booby have just found it out.—if so it be after all.⁴

20: Aug: 1800 Brynbella.] I have just found out—a worse Thing—an Indurated Gland in the *Mammelle droite*; a Sentence of Death I take it:—I shall then follow my poor Mother Step by Step: may I but arrive where She is in Bliss eternal! I told it Mr Piozzi,

¹ *Table-talk*, 'Marriage'.

² This Marriage lingered & died, & never took Effect. 1801. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ *Hurdle* derives from OE. *hyrdel*, meaning 'wickerwork'; *Haridan*, from Fr. *haridelle*, meaning 'a worn-out horse'. *O.E.D.*

⁴ Unde Derivatur the old Word *Kirtle*? I see Clavigero calls the short Mexican cloke a *Cuertil* in Spanish Phraseology—probably from *that* Word came *ours*. unde Derivatur *Trice*? qu: if not from one, two *three* & away; corrupt from *Thrice*. *Mrs. Piozzi*. *Kirtle* comes from OE. *cyrtel*; *trice*, from the old verb, *trice*, meaning 'to tug' or 'to pluck'. *O.E.D.*

& he said it was a Joke—or Insanity—rather than an incipient Cancer. since he is contented, so will I be contented; I will tell nobody about it at all.

If I mentioned it—or shewed it our neighbring Surgeon Mr Moore, why The Fact must be either true or false—If true—no Mr Moore can cure it—& the Alarm would be given, how Mrs Piozzi has a Schirrhus Tumour & cannot live long—and *the Ladies* would be looking out for their long-expected Prey, & all would be vexation, and all the vexation would be superadded to the Agony—that Agony irremediable, for at my Age, cutting is Nonsense; the Complaint's Hereditary.¹ If 'tis *not* true, as I am not yet *quite sure*; The People would say that I had lost my Senses.

At all Events Silence is the best & wisest Measure,—& finish my Book *Retrospection*.

Here lies pretty Charlotte
Who sure was no Harlot
But died in her Virginity;
At the Age of fifteen
A Strange Thing to be seen
In all this Vicinity.

Epitaph on a Girl's Tombstone at Bristol; It was Doctor Randolph repeated it to *me*, he read it there. Mrs Randolph & He are wonderfully amiable People. *Peace* is coming I believe but no Quiet: The Distress for Bread is dreadful: but as Victory gains us no Advantage abroad, so a fine Harvest produces us no Plenty at Home I see. Tis an Age of Contradictions, of Exultations of Seditions. [12: Sept^r 1800 Brynbella.

The Time is fast approaching that we are to take—for purpose of leaving pretty dear Brynbella for six Months—they will seem sixteen to me, who hate to live, & dread to dye at Distance from this Darling Spot. *These Days* were always consecrated to Mirth, & we have been happy & merry here. Mr Piozzi waked me with y^e Organ & sung me to rest at his Forte piano and drank to *Queeney's* Health & Johnson's Memory.² Wonderful Weather! hot as July *ought* to be, yet not dry; but sweet warm Showrs & the Grass growing, & young Turkeys hatching, like Spring; a plentiful Harvest—Yet Corn shamefully high prized: Riots in every Town, & Discontent in every heart. No Success makes us better Terms for Peace,

¹ Phytolacca or Pokeweed is a domestic Plant in Virginia and New York, grows in all their Plantations. The Juice squeez'd & set in a *Peewter* dish in y^e Sun till thick, *cures Cancers*. Mrs. Piozzi.

² 17th & 18th of Sept^r Brynbella. Mrs. Piozzi. These were Queeney's and Johnson's birthdays.

no Opulence gives us better Chance for Plenty—Strange awful Times!¹

I carry my Retrospection to the London Market next Month & make a Visit to Lord & Lady Bradford on our Way.

Mr Piozzi has got Gout again,—*so the Journey is defer'd..*

On the first Rank of Gods enroll'd

Immortal Neptune you behold

Whilst Earth encircled owns his Reign

Who triumphs o'er the Azure Main.

No Land can shun that dangerous Pow'r

Which shakes their Ill-protected Shore,

Or mid my Waves o'erwhelmed & blind

An Unpermitted safety find.

The French are now quoting these Lines *again*. They were written by Moliere² in Louis 14ze's day anticipating Success against England.

They want A Maritime Armistice, They are in the right:—if we grant it, we are undone—*England certainly*; & I think all Europe.

The English are like their own Bull Dogs—just.—Here is no Corn except at high Price, & out they all fly, & burn one another's stacks of Wheat & Barley—Fools as they are! for what?—injuring their innocent Companions, because *they* are hurt or frightened—The Calamity is I verily believe Irremediable. Trade has swallowed up her own Sons like Time—There is so vast a Glut of Money in the Nation Provisions *must* be dear. but if you take a Bulldog in a Coach be the Animal never so Tame—if any Accident upsets the Carriage,

¹ I hear there is a Plague in Spain—a new Disease never observed before. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

² The original is not found among Molière's acknowledged or attributed poems.

¶ Advise your Friend Grave Man of Art,
I find a strange unusual Smart;
'Tis *here*; fierce Symptoms at my Heart
Discover.

Tis Pleasure Pain, a mixt degree,
My Pulse examine, here's your fee,
What think you now your Friend can be?
A Lover.

A Lover! 'tis my Case too sure,
But ease me straight, Ill not endure,
Prescribe, I'll follow close the Cure.
Take Hope.

But should She—spite of Speech, or Pen
Prove coy, or false with other Men;
Ah Doctor! what expedient Then?
A Rope. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

this Creature seizes on your Throat directly—Thinking 'tis all your Fault.

An Orator in the London Livery having solemnly called for Damnation on the forestallers was saluted wth bursts of Applause: A Grand Merit truly to curse one's Neighbours; but y^e Wrath of Man worketh not the Righteousness of God.¹ They should take other methods of serving y^e Poor, abate their own Expences & feed the Sufferers wth their Superfluities.

Brynbella 10: Oct^r 1800.] This Night the Anniversary of that which I pass'd in Dean Street Soho—before my first Wedding Day 37 Years ago—I am passing at M^r Piozzi's Bedside. he is a Martyr to the Gout, and 'tis matter of strange Reflexion—to be sure—that the health of Two strong robust well-made Men should apparently give way before the Constitution of a little Woman so much *their* Inferior in nicety of Proportion and personal Beauty. Poor M^r Thrale² outlived in a Manner Body & Mind both; & died from repeated Attacks of a uncontrollable Palsy or Apoplexy—I hardly *yet* know by w^{ch} Name it should be called: my present Husband if he lives seven Years must necessarily be a complete & perfect Cripple.—Hands & Feet wholly obstructed by Chalk stones in a surprizing Manner. I pass'd 17 Years & a half with my first Husband however, & never wished I had remained unmarried, or prefer'd any mortal Man to him: I have now spent 16 Years & a half almost with M^r Piozzi, & every Creature has considered us a Model of Conjugal Felicity. My own Nerves are shaken certainly by the rough Winds of So long an Existence, yet I sometimes fancy—seeing him so Ill—that I shall dye at last a Solitary Widow.—The Rains have extinguish'd our partial Conflagration after a great deal of Damage done to Sir Watkin's³ Estates by the Burning Turf.

Brynbella 7: April 1801.] In a few Days after the last Paragraph was written, we set out for London—the two 4^{to} Volumes of Retrospection in our Hand. Stopping at L^d & Lady Bradford's made an agreeable break in the Journey; & there was a M^r Dickenson there

¹ We often read & hear of Gods Revenge 'gainst Murderers, but somehow they are English Murderers always: Carnot & Tallien sleep free, & fearless of vindictive Justice: Spaniards and Portugeze and above all Italians wipe up the blood, and dream not of accounting for it.—Why is y^s so? Discede. Parisii. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

² The Story of M^r Thrale's being a Contractor at the very Moment when He was canvass'd for, by a Member who was bringing in a Bill for purpose of keeping Contractors *out* is still a Mystery to me; I comprehend it not, see Margin 127 & See Page 189. and yet cannot keep the Fact out of my head, nor its Truth out of my Credence. *Mrs. Piozzi.* See above, pp. 939, 1004.

³ Probably Sir Watkin Williams Wynn.

of whom much I think might have been learned, had we been able to spend more Time in his Company.—

A flashy Mr Vernon too, who had seen all the four Continents & many Islands of our Globe; & said he prefer'd Terçera to any Place he ever *did* see, as a mere Country—was a pleasing Companion enough—he did not appear aware till I told him tho', that the Açores were so called from the Plovers found in them, or y^t Terçera was the 3^d discover'd. Lady Bradford is an exemplary Creature—& rules her Household in the Fear & Love of God—her Children promise well too, and if my Lord had any Inclination for flashing out like his Mother—Good Principles & strong Necessity would restrain it—for they have a very confined Income. Well! our next Flight was to Dear old Oxford,¹ ever new and charming in my Eyes; and Mr Gray got me a vast deal of respectful Attention & I was petted & fondled—& as Sir Epicure Mammon wish'd to be—I was flatter'd by Grave Divines;² tho' by no means in Possession or *hope* of the Philosophers Stone—w^{ch} Retrospection will never produce me. At Streatham Park, our long not tedious Journey came to an End. Mr Giles was not at home, but had so provided for our Reception that it seemed as if we *were* at home; & we sent for Mr Davies & little Dear,³ & behaved as we would have done, had the Place been still our own.—A Billiard Table somewhat crouds up

¹ I saw a curious Thing at Oxford—Ireland's Imposture; bound & placed near those MSS w^{ch} contained Autographs of Queen Elizabeths Hand Writing no more like those he produced to the public Eye than are these Characters like those of Carlo Borromeo.—strange & unparallel'd Impudence! One of the Gentlemen at Oxford shewed me in the Bodleian Library a very curious Book of natural History presented to The Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus—it was Manuscript, and the Drawings Coloured from Nature of singular & surprising Beauty. Another made me read in Sonnini what I knew not before, that *Lilies* were Emblems—*general* Emblems of Command—long before y^e French King adopted 'em. They are to be found said he on many Tombs of old Egyptian Sovereigns; If so—& I believe the fact is true—how curious becomes the Reflexion y^t France who first took these Emblems should be first to lay them down—& that by an odd Combination of Circumstances, England should hasten to erase them from her Armorial Bearings in the Year 1801? very strange! & worthy of Attention sure. 1000 Things induce me now to believe Sonnini's Assertion, & principally the Derivation of the word Susan—a Lilly—Shushan the Metropolis, & Residence of Royalty was doubtless so named from the *Lilly* Ensign of supreme Command—& an unconscious tho' faint Remembrance of all this may be trac'd in the Notion of many old Xtian painters, who are ever employing their Saints to present our infant Saviour with a Lilly, not as I once suppos'd—because it properly enough represented purity & Innocence, but because it was consider'd as a Sceptre or Emblem of Sovereign Sway: Jesus himself connects Solomon's Glory with that of this particular flower, when speaking wth those to whom such an Allusion was probably familiar—but it never struck me till since I read Sonnini's book. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See his *Voyage dans la haute et dans la basse Égypte* (1799).

² See Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, II. ii. 59–60.

³ Mr. Piozzi's nephew.

the Library—else everything appeared changed rather for the better than the worse—Books of enormous Value drove my old *Rums* behind them, & for Collections of curious engravings—Oriental Landshapes, Chinese Dresses & Customs, fine Holbein Heads & exquisite Specimens of Natural History: we must I think go to Peter Giles the Cornfactor, & his Friend Mr Ewen—a broken Apothecary as I understand; who purchases & arranges Things for him, with very solid Judgement & very excellent Taste.

Since *I* was connected with Men in Trade,—or in the Commercial *Line* as the present wretched Phrase is; they are most exceedingly *improved* in their Desire of *Improvement*—yet 'tis not wholly for Improvement neither that they collect these Books & Prints and Rareties. There is a Spirit of Emulation among the rich ones, who shall possess the finest Things of *every* Sort, & since Mr Giles does *not* (as I have heard Mr Thrale say *he* did)—regulate his Taste of Women by the Rule of which Girl was most *in Fashion*: He sleeps wth a fat Housekeeper at home—& commits the Choice of his *dead Friends*, instead of his *living Mistresses*, to Fancy of a Person upon whose Skill in Selection he relies. The Voyages are bound with a Curiosity of Elegance wholly new to me; a *Ship* upon the Back of each Volume going out, or coming home—*So* beautiful!

But not the House only, the Garden gains surprisingly by our Tenants heavy Purse & liberal Hand; He has new planted the Espaliers—new clothed the Wall & even brought Earth at an immense Expence to promote the Growth of Trees he takes no visible Delight in—any more than the Books—& I think rather *less* of the *two*. He goes not round His Plantations twice in a Season—lives in London getting Money all Morn^s and comes home on a Saturday to drink hard & play Billiards till 5 or 6 o'Clock o' Monday—when the earliest Workman's Bell rings not till *he* has been arrived in Town some Moments, & been busied in the Corn Market:—leaving old Streatham Park a *Brothel* for his Servants: each of whom is a Relation: Brother, Sister, Niece or Nephew to the fat Bedfellow who stays behind, when better Sport offers not;—& whose *Absence* is much desired by *her Family*—who follow her with Curses to the Door.¹

¹ We spent every Saturday Sunday & Monday almost at our old House—& wth our new Friends in Surrey; but the rest of y^e Week I worked at correcting the Press, & Sometimes Dined at old Mr Jones's, sometimes at Mr^s Vaughan's, Lord Deerhursts, Mr^s Siddons's &c Lanzoni an Italian Friend—mentioned perhaps somewhere in this Thraliana; is a married Man now, & is lately returned from Rome with his Wife—a Flemish Protestant—how

So live the Rich Men of England!—& so I lived with them! & shared in the good Dinners given by the Master of the House: whether Business carried him to London, or desire of Pleasure in our Company brought him back into the Country wth seem'd always as if illumined by *his* Return, who I believe *cannot* be ill-humour'd even for an Instant. Never did my Eyes contemplate a Character of such perennial Sweetness without Insipidity: for M^r Giles is no polish'd or varnish'd Mortal, but endow'd with a Temper desirous of Enjoyment, & willing to find it in every thing that offers. *My* Time pass'd much less unpleasantly in his—& his *coarse Friends'* Society, than my own *fine* friends could easily perswade themselves to believe;—but He really so liked our being there, & it was so convenient in Point of Expence—I made myself very happy, & let him the Place again most willingly for six Years more,¹ & he is to pay any new Taxes which may be *put on*, while we go forward as accountable for the old ones—his Rent 550^l 0^s Year.

But we were forced to leave this sweet Retreat when Stockdale and I agreed about *Retrospection*—& 'twas at Brunet's Hotel

Interesting! how curious were the Tales She told! for tho' become democrats in a certain Manner—They respect Order in *this* Country; & we used when dining at their pretty House in Somers Town, to meet very genteel Foreigners &c. by *their* Acc^{ts} the Situation of Italy is beyond credibility desperate: Gangs of Native Banditti filling their pretty Country & frighting peaceful Inhabitants out of their Money, Corn & so forth under pretence of opposing y^e French—to whom *they* were obliged to cling for safety: while pretended Miracles were produced by Priests in order to drain every Aristocratic Purse, and make Old Follies more hideous even than the new ones. M^{rs} Lanzoni said for Example that some Fanatic in Perugia standing over against a Figure of y^e blessed Virgin one Day,—& repeating wth just Horror & Detestation some Impious Frolic committed by a young French Officer—perswaded himself & a Companion in the Room, y^t moved by his Tale—the Figure rolled her Eyes. no more was necessary;—A Mob soon collecting forced down the Doors, & tore out this Madonna—carried her in crazy Triumph thro' the Streets, calling for Contributions to build her a Chapel:—Women were seen with Ropes round their Necks, dragging heavy Stones for y^s strange sudden Purpose; nor did the Night give Rest to their wild Labours. No Bacchanalian Feast ever was madder than She described this Uproar—while Viva la Madonna! resounded thro' th' affrighted Town: & even *good* People were forced to fly their habitations, or call Republican Troops to keep the Peace of the City—Poor M^{rs} Lanzoni's Troubles & Terrors ended not wth Italy. as She came home thro' Germany, I heard her say the Stench of dead Men's bodies almost killed her. They were piled on each Side y^e Road like Pieces of Wood in a Timber Yard. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

¹ Mr. Giles gave up Streatham in May 1807, being unwilling to pay the increased rent Mrs. Piozzi then asked, to offset the new war taxes. Mr. Gillon let it for her, to a Mr. Abraham Atkins, for seven years, at a rent of £500, he to pay all the taxes except the property tax. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 579 (letters of April, 1806, to May, 1807). The remaining tenants, in Mrs. Piozzi's lifetime, were Count Lieven, the Russian ambassador (who cancelled his lease on March 14, 1815, because the rent of £600 proved too high for him), and a Mr. Elliott, who rented the unfurnished house at a rent of £260, after the sale of its contents in May 1816. Bowood Papers (letter of July 1815); Mrs. Piozzi's pocket diary for 1816 (in the possession of Mr. J. L. Clifford).

Leicester Fields that I corrected the Press,—numerous as are the Typographical Errors,¹ a Vexation imputable chiefly to an uproar among the Printers who refused to work, while we—chained to a Moment—made more Efforts to gain Praise by our quick Dispatch, than colder Accuracy; & the 4ths came forth New Years Day.² I had not spent a New Years Day in our Metropolis for many a Twelvemonth, and on the 1st of Jan: 1801 We dined in Company of kind M^r Gillon³ at Stockdale's house Piccadilly. The Man's ineffable Delight when that diligent Friend produc'd his List of demands for 92 Copies, was even comically pleasant; & he said it took away his very Breath & Appetite. *Mine* w^d have been better I believe, had not My husband suffer'd himself to be perswaded that *Lady Salusbury* would in Consequence of our sending *her* this Work as a Present—remit all past Malice, & embrace the Author: I guess not why he thought so; but Lady Eleanor Butler,⁴ Lord Deerhurst, & above all M^r Gillon thought it a good Measure—and I would not oppose it. We sent her the Book of Coarse, & She returned it by the Serv^t. N[']importe!! I deserv'd such Treatment, when I provoked it by such Meanness.⁵

Miss Thrales came once to our Hotel, and we dined twice With Them at their own house, whence they went on to finish the Year at Brighthelmston. I tript about the Streets in their Company two or three Times whilst they remained in London & we parted—(probably for the last time)—at y^e Lodgings of Miss Hervey the

¹ In 1815 she wrote to Sir James Fellowes: 'Send the *Retrospection* . . . that I may correct the gross & numerous Mistakes. I believe in my Heart that in the 1000 Pages there are more than 1000 Errors.' Broadley, p. 57.

² Under the title *Retrospection; or a Review of the Most Striking and Important Events, Characters, Situations, and their Consequences, which the Last Eighteen Hundred Years have Presented to the View of Mankind*; in two volumes.

³ John Gillon, a wealthy Dominican sugar planter, who in his youth had been befriended by Mr. Thrale, and considered himself ever after under obligation for that kindness, as he wrote to Mrs. Piozzi on January 30, 1808. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 579. He is probably identical with the Mr. Gillon who dined at the Thrales with Boswell and Dr. Johnson on April 8, 1775, and whom Boswell called 'a nephew of Gillon of Walhouse's'. *Boswell Papers*, x. 199. He was acting as confidential business adviser to Mrs. Piozzi. See above, p. 973, n. 4.

⁴ Cf. above, p. 957, n. 2.

⁵ This is the Letter I sent her—with *Retrospection*. Lady Salusbury will with Difficulty recognize in the Portrait accompanying y^s Letter any Features of y^e Girl with whom She once was pleased, or of the Woman with whom She once was offended. But since Time's Wing has swept away all which stood between them 40 Years ago, let it in Gods Name sweep away all Remembrance of Offence too: for why when the Figures are remov'd, Sh^d the Cobwebs w^{ch} clung to them remain? To the many *Manuscript* Trifles written by the same hand then—when both were Young; Let Lady Salusbury good naturedly add her Acceptance of *this Book* presented by the Authour H:L:Piozzi. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Lady Salusbury sent back the letter (as well as the book), and it survives in *Ry. Eng. MS.* 533.

Nyctalope, an Albinos shown for a Show this Winter, with white Hair & Red Eyes like a Rabbet; yet far from frightful, & even approaching to prettiness. My Bargain with Stockdale¹ pleas'd nobody I think, & has no Claim to please *me*—but Mr Piozzi saw no Appearance of any Bidder giving 1000^l for the Book, & if Robinson² ever had such Intentions—as Davies & I *believe* he had—a Visit to Bath freed him from all his Spirit of Enterprize, while his renunciation of the Book cured us of hoping to do better as the Phrase is—so Stockdale bears me harmless of Expence—and then we share the *Profits*—which will be *none*.³

If Harriet Lee as my Husband suspects, played Snake in the Grass; & hinder'd her old friend of Paternoster Row from purchasing my Volumes—Punishment is already come upon the Belvedere; for instead of making merry this Year as usual, we always observ'd *that* House to have a Cloud hang on it—and there was Talk of a contagious Disorder in their School beside.

I had more Pleasure from the Bath Society *this* Spring than ever, some how;—let alone the Lees—Miss Mores & Lady Hesketh, Mr^s De Luc and Miss Case—The Randolphs & Harriet Bowdler⁴ all seemed proud to love and court the Authour of Retrospection. Mr Piozzi was in high Looks & Voice, & charmed all Ears & never was ill an hour, & I—was never well—but it don't signify. My Master will soon pay up all his Debts, & have a clear Income, & then *he* will be easy—whether I live or dye. The Ladies cannot be *supposed* to care, & when Husband & Children are indifferent—why or how indeed can *I* be interested in an Existence now useless to those I best love, & most desire to serve?

The King's Health become of weightier Consequence every day since he was ill 13 Years ago—has been Shaken by Storms of State: They will soon break that dear Creature's Heart—and then—all's over. His Successor will emancipate the Romanists directly—acknowledge a prior Marriage with Fitzherbert—send Home his

¹ The text of the agreement is dated November 3, 1800. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 557.

² George Robinson, who had brought out her *British Synonymy*. She offered him *Retrospection* in June 1800, but he refused to publish it, on the grounds of his own ill-health, and the book's length. *Pennington Correspondence*, p. 195.

³ By February 26, 1801, Gillon wrote to her that only 425 copies had been sold, although Stockdale had told Mrs. Piozzi, before she left for Bath, that 500 had been disposed of—a lie, as he admitted to Mr. Gillon, to stimulate trade. By July 23, however, the 500 copies had been sold. When the year's account was settled, on the following January 23, Mrs. Piozzi received, after deductions for the copies which she had given away, £99. 3s. 5d. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 578.

⁴ Sister to Thomas Bowdler, the Shakespearian expurgator.

Cousin Queen uncrown'd, & bastardize the Baby She has brought us. but nearer Evils yet threaten our Land, while Famine stares us in the Face with hollow Eyes; & Thraliana has to record its Writer's eating Bread in 1801 at 2 *Shillings and 4^d*—the *Quartern Loaf*. Eggs four for one Shilling only in Bath Market, and Beef Mutton &c the *coarse Pieces*, 9^d 0' Pound Veal at 11^d $\frac{1}{2}$ God mend all!!!

Brynbella 7: April 1801.] See Page 24¹ of this Analect Book—Green Geese, dry-pick'd, beautiful; fit for y^e first Nobleman's Table were to be bought *this* Year in *February* (I saw them) of Heming the Poulterer in Wade's Passage Bath at *five Shillings each*: Sea Kale & Laver—once high prized Dainties, were exceedingly moderate—& Asparagus—for which in old Days I have given 15^s 0' Hundred would scarce fetch 7. Lamb—House Lamb worth a Guinea the Quarter in 1770, might y^s Spring be had for 8 shillings only—Jan^y Roses half a Crown a piece—I remember my own Bouquet 20 Years ago being valued at five Guineas—What does M^{rs} Piozzi infer from all this? exclaims the Reader of these Anecdotes;

She infers the Increase of Luxury & ruin of the Poor—when every thing is made smooth to the *Rich*, & every thing made rough to *them*: when Articles of Voluptuous Enjoyment are grown Plenty, & the Necessaries of Life are grown scarce.²

What Inference would you have her make?

M^{rs} Lanzoni's³ Acc^t of the Behaviour of the Trasteverine⁴ & other

¹ See above, p. 858.

² our Barley here is at so great a Price the Poor cannot purchase.—What will be the End of such Calamities?—Rebellion?—no, not while the King lives I think—The Nation Knows his Love for poor old England. a very fine Spring & great Appearance of future Plenty—keep us quiet hitherto. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ I hope Lanzoni & his Wife will come to Brynbella y^s Summer, She is very charming—her Idea of y^e Dead Men piled up like Toasts sent in with chocolate made me almost laugh. Look to y^e Margin of 194 & 195. M^{rs} Lanzoni said y^e Way Buonapartes People took when they saw a quiet moderate Man in any Town, was to make him *Nolens volens* a Municipal Officer, and put the Place under his Protection—pretending that *then* the Italians could find no fault—but such a Man was in the End sure to be torn in Pieces—oftenest by hand of the *Miracalisti* So they called those of the ancien Regime—but sometimes by the Republicans when He was suspected of protecting a Girl *they* wanted, or a Shop *they* wished to plunder. Her Terror lest Lanzoni should be made Municipal Officer at Perugia—his own Town—very near cost the hapless Lady her Life I think. M^r Drake the Minister who married Miss Mackworth told me *of his own Knowledge* how at a Village in y^e Brescian Territory a young woman Wife to a Shoemaker had refused—somewhat coquettishly the Addresses of a Republican Subaltern: She was in Jest—but the Fellow in serious Earnest, left her only y^e Choice between Compliance & *Death*. She chose the last & cried aloud *Vendetta!* when seeing his Child expiring under the Parisian's Sword her Father came from Work arm'd with a Pitchfork, & nail'd him to y^e Earth.—more Peasants now fell on y^e Invaders, but Buonaparte flew to their Assistance, burned the whole Village with its Inhabitants, & set up a Pillar to warn all Italy that Frenchmen would be obeyed. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁴ i.e. Italians beyond the Tiber.

Italians upon approach of French Troops whom they justly enough termed *L'Armata degl' Increduli* reminds one instantly of the Prophecy & Visions in St John who saw ““the Kingdom of the Beast full of *Darkness* & the People gnawing their Tongues for Pain—yet never repenting them of their Deeds””¹ on the contrary as it appears, the Spirit of Idolatry & Murder never so raged at Rome as in those Moments, when Apprehension terrified, & Vengeance stimulated their palpitating Hearts to Actions nearly frantic. On hearing the Republicans were at hand, 3000 Men and Women self devoted, rush'd to the Vatican swearing to defend their Prince & *Household Gods*; shrieking as they brandish'd a variety of Weapons—Viva la Madonna! Viven i Santi tutti—Abasso gl'Increduli—among w^{ch} Description many peaceful Inhabitants of the City being unhappily number'd; horrible Assassinations & sanguinary Tumults filled the Streets, w^{ch} the Pope only could calm by commanding & even *requesting* them to be quiet & make no Resistance—. To these Informations from M^{rs} Lanzoni a *Protestant*, who saw the People prostrate before every little wretched Image with that Indignant Spirit She could scarce repress even in relating their Follies—I will add the Tales told by a M^r *Logie* to me when at Bath this Spring, & after y^t try to forget other Nation's Agony in our own.

M^r Logie then, *said* he was by Extraction a Scotchman Son to a Calvinistic Minister of the Gospel who acted as Chaplain in our Garrison at Gibraltar 48 Years ago—That he was born a Spaniard of Course; & some how or other found his way to Italy, where Pius sextus took *Compassion* upon him—& made him a *Christian*. Those were his Words to M^r Piozzi in *my* hearing, of whose *Catholicism*—(being married with an Italian) he had then *no Doubts*. That Pius sextus when inaugurated continued his Kindness, & at length made him Gentleman of his Bedchamber, & Captⁿ in these last Days of his Body Guard—That *he* was the very *Man* who helped the Pope on with his Night Gown for the last Time he wore it in his own Palace,² whence the French Soldiers dragg'd him with *one Arm* only in *one Sleeve*, such was their Haste; while others tore the Blisters off his Legs in order to get Stockings drawn on upon them, Such *was* their Brutality. Women of Quality shrieking under the Grasp of rough Republican Troops—however, he described as affecting the *quondam* Sovereign even beyond his own sufferings—& he charged M^r Logie to save *them* if possible, & leave *him* to his Fate. Accordingly under Care of this Man, *did* certainly come to England & to Bath

¹ Rev. xvi. 10.² See above, p. 988 & n. 1.

where I saw her, a very beautiful & highbred Lady: who many Friends fancied was a Niece or natural Daughter of unhappy Braschi, & who told me She had made artificial Flow'rs for her Living at Brighthelmston, but that M^r Logie's Relations having given him 4000^l They had with that Money got her Diamonds out of Pawn, & I saw her wear them at Bath; & play $\frac{1}{2}$ Guinea Whist with true Italian Imprudence.¹—*His* earnestness to get her home tho', was striking & unremitted; and I suppose they have sail'd before now.² What struck me more indeed than *their own Story*, which included numberless incoherencies, was her Acc^t w^{ch} I *could* not disbelieve, concerning the Destination of Palazzo Colonna *turn'd into a Stable* for the Frenchmen's horses—whilst Provender was brought thither by Asses in Baskets &c.

St Peter's Church—stript of its Silver Lamps &c—had a *Fair* in it She told me; and every Bit of Gold Silver & Bronze was carried away *leaving no Trace*. Nuns, Princesses, Peasants were alike disregarded; & those who could not work for the Soldiers or make themselves personal favourites with some Superior Officer, starved, & *died* of Hunger Grief & Woe.

¹ All y^s is very strange though, & perhaps more strange than true. for how sh^d Our regiments take for Chaplain a Dissenting Teacher in the 1st Place? & in the 2^d Place how should the Pope surrounded by his own Nobility commit his Person to the Care of a Foreigner of no Extraction? very hard to believe indeed—harder still to suppose this low Fellow *really married* wth a Lady of her high Appearance—Women do not chuse for *themselves* in Italy 'tis well known—& no Woman w^d have *chosen* M^r Logie, ugly & Old & sickly as he is. I never yet could find out who they were, but have some Idea She was a Lady of Consequence trusted in the hurry to y^s Man's Care, who seems a most *Obsequious* Admirer of her Beauty & Accomplishments, & careful to refuse her nothing—save Permission to remain in England w^{ch} She appears to like—& *he* to *abhor*. The Sight said he to M^r Piozzi of these Anglican Priests are Death to me; God send us home! that I may at least save my Soul. They both speak a little English but She does every thing with Grace & Elegance—*He* seems a vulgar Fellow some how; & She calls him Thomas or Signor Tomaso so oddly! & he looks up to her with such repress'd Admiration, and venerating Regard. I do not believe that they are Man & Wife for my own Part; altho' they *say* they are, but when they *do* say it, they look at one another & laugh. She is 24 years old I understand—*he*—*double* that Age: an unprecedented Thing *even that* in Italy: & there was no Appearance of Jealousy at all, tho' She was seldom out of his Sight. They were a mysterious Couple. That M^{rs} Logie was the Pope's Daughter I do not believe; He never had but one Child, & She was by la Falconieri—a Daughter—& every body knows he married her to Duke Braschi—& She became his Niece by Marriage. His Brothers had no Daughter—& he himself had no Sister—a Pope's Relations are always better known, because more attentively watch'd than any one's Relations; on Acc^t of the ever dreaded Nepotism for w^{ch} this Sovereign was particularly censured. I do not myself fancy She was any Kin to the Family, unless She was a *natural Child* bred in a Convent, & put in perhaps Slyly & secretly just before he came to the Chair. I often imagined that She came out of some religious Retreat.—The Artificial Flow^{rs} that She made were actual *Nun's Work*. *Mrs. Piozzi*. The Duke Braschi alluded to in this note was Duke Louis Braschi-Onesti, son of Pius VI's sister. He married Costanza Falconieri.

² 9: Apr^l 1801. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

Women of the very first rank were haul'd about—& vomited over by beastly fellows who understood not who or what they were; & throwing themselves into the Arms of some one that could speak the Language of their Conquerors, & who would capitulate for 'em by promising what Influence they had over a Daughter Sister &c—seemed the only Mode of purchasing a wretched Existence from these new Vandals. Duchess Braschi had 2^s 6^d English assign'd her per Week, Princess Borghese received a Mess of Rice every *day*—& a *horn* Spoon to eat it with—*Her* Husband had been one of the Democrates who wrote repeatedly Letters of Invitation to Buonaparte!!!! Arm'd against themselves, these Madmen called Affliction on their own Heads; which surprized *no* heads *but theirs* when it arrived.

From similar Horrors Libera nos Domine!

Mr Dobbs¹ of Ireland must be quite a Lunatic surely; he says Jesus Christ is coming to *Armagh* to judge the World in the Valley of *Armagheddon*.

Thomas comes from *Thaumas*, *Wonder* I suppose;²—*Thaumantia*³ was the Goddess of the Rainbow, the *wonder* of the Postdeluvian World. Saint *Thomas* was that Disciple on whom his Lord's Resurrection impress'd most *Wonder* as it appears—Thomas means a *Twin* as Didymus does;—but a *Twin* was a *Wonder*

The *Bear* and ragged *Staff*—Old Armorial Bearing of the Neville's—were claimed by The Earls of Salisbury & Warwick as related to the Roman Families *Colonna* & *Ursino*, The Pillar & the Bear.—Unde derivatur Enos? *e'nos* In Darkness—Old Celtic & Welsh I believe.⁴ Unde derivatur Piccadilly? Is it not from Pickadill Dutch? a Word meaning the *Hem* or Edge, or extreme End of a Garment? Lord Burlington built his House at the *very Verge* of London, that no one *could* go beyond him he said—& shut up all

¹ Francis Dobbs, member of the Irish Parliament, and author of *A Concise View . . . of the Great Predictions in the Sacred Writings* . . . (1801).

² *Θωμάς* in Greek became, in turn, Latin 'Thomas'.

³ Iris was called 'Thaumantias', daughter of Thaumas.

⁴ This derivation of the name of Adam's grandson from Welsh (*nos* means 'night' in Welsh), is most surprising.

¶ People are kindly disposed to Mr Thrale's Family; sev^l at Bath y^e year seeing unchained Dividends in his Name, ran to apprise me of y^e Circumstance: Mr Gillon says it will be no advantage to the Ladies but people showed their Good Will. *Mrs. Piozzci*.

¶ I heard a Thrush sing at Streatham Park y^e Year on the 16: of Jan quite Plain—& the Elder Leaves were all out in y^e Environs of Bath 1: Feb 1801. and now y^e 12th of April here is a deep Snow upon the Ground—& Easter looking more cold, & wretched than did Xmas. *Mrs. Piozzci*.

on the Town side by a Port Cocher—building his best Rooms to the Country.¹

I have found out what Riches are good for, they are excellent for keeping Men in *good humour*: I never saw such *good humour'd* People as M^r Giles & his gay Neighbours M^r Keymer and M^r Borrodale—all bursting with Money so. Vulgar, & merry, & jocular, yet never quarrelsome—tho' I think *always* drunk—are the People round Streatham Park. When we got to Bath—There was dear M^{rs} Pennington—elegant, pleasing; fluent in Words, & rich in Sentiment—but peevish—bitter, and spurting out an Asperity of Thought incredible—only because She has not Money enough—as it appears. [Brynbella 13: Apr¹ 1801.

Let us erase the Opinion at Bottom of Page 58.² or confess that *Gentlemen* alone are sour'd by Wealth—not Traffickers.—

Doctor Wynne is married to *some* Woman,³ & I suppose means to redeem his Character, & be Lord Newborough;⁴ & have a family—see Page 107.⁵ I thought he had in the *Indian* Phrase *lost his Cast*, and become *Pariáh*;—so *they* call those Wretches y^t live exiled from Society—but Doctor William Wynne is no *Pariáh* at all: I met him at Hannah More's where if received, we are perhaps to consider every thing as forgiv'n,—or say 'Twas all a *Lye*: & the Man—*Immaculate*. better so, better so:—I'm sure *I* will tell no Tales against a Cousin & Countryman; why should he not redeem his Rank among Men if he *can* poor Devil?!!

An Animal of the same kind got into our Family before we were aware once—as a Servant—When suspected we turned him out, tho' a very good Serv^t & *God bless nasty Beast!* said M^r Piozzi at parting wth him.⁶

Well! here's Lord Nelson's *new* Victory⁷—he is le Roi des *Cœurs* as well as le Roy des *Picques*. The beaten Danes dote on him:⁸ I suppose he will add the Order of the *Elephant* to his other Plumes,

¹ The street took its name from Pickadilly Hall, so-called either because it was the outermost house (as Mrs. Piozzi conjectures) or because the tailor who built it made his money from 'pickadilles'—the name given in the seventeenth century to the broad collars then fashionable, on which a 'pickadill', or border of cut-work, was sewn. *O.E.D.*

² See above, p. 883.

³ He took the surname of Coytmore, and married Eliza Bellingham, an Irish widow.

⁴ He *can't* be Lord Newborough—he may be Sir W^m Wynn. *Mrs. Piozzi*. His uncle, Lord Newborough, was succeeded by his own son in 1807.

⁵ See above, p. 922.

⁶ I say the Same of Dr Wynne: God bless nasty beast! Oh! he has been *tried* now & got safe. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁷ Over the Danes at Copenhagen, on April 1.

⁸ This Man resembles Sir Artegaal in Spenser who goes out to thwart the Operations of Grantorto, and restore fair Irene meaning Peace to the World. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See *Faerie Queene*, Bk. 5.

now Prince Alexis or Alexander reigns in Russia, & *that* will be appropriate because His Flag was borne by the Ship named Elephant.—The Title of *Bronte*¹ has been well earned God knows—like the *Cyclops* in ancient Times he ceases not *to work in Fire*.²

Nilo est Honor
Horatio Nelson

Metagram.

Masquerade.
Mad as queer.

Presbyterian.
Best in Prayer.

Mr Piozzi is very angry with me when I say I remember old Leveridge the Tenor or perhaps Bass Singer of ancient Days—It makes him quite mad to think I acknowledge a lapse of so many Years; yet that I *do* remember the Man is a Fact. Why good Heav'n! says my Master—That Man's Name is in the Spectator; & so it *is*, 7th Vol N^o 541³ the Date 1712. A Young Singer *then* most likely; & I was at his Benefit when a very old one. The Audience insisted on an old Air being performed of which I recollect both Words & Music—it was *twice* Encored, and my Uncle who took Care of me, sayd Leveridge was fourscore years old *then*—I was *seven* perhaps⁴—Sir D'anvers Osborne & Sir Tho^s Salusbury had me in charge I know, & we *sate in the Pit*: My Mother was wth Lady Frances Burgoyne in the Front Box.—

Tho' envious old Age strives in vain to impair me
And make me the Sport of the Wanton and Gay;
My Courage keeps warm, tho' Life's Winter should wear me
And still gives me Spirits to do what I may.

Then Venus fly fetch me some Damsel of Beauty
And Bacchus come bring me the cherishing Glass;
Silenus tho' Gray—shall to both do his Duty
And now clasp the Bottle and now clasp the Lass.

¹ Duke of Bronté in Sicily—a title bestowed on him in 1799 by the King of Naples.

² Sir Wm Hamilton says—& *he* knows,—y^t the Wells & Springs all over the Territory of Naples give Notice before an Eruption of Vesuvius by their sudden Stoppage—many dripping where they used to flow; and others not yielding any Water at all. This is curious chiefly because fictitious Esdras tells us in the Apocrypha y^t the Wells shall be dry, & the Fountains cease to *run* before the Conflagration. Dr Tho^s Burnet expects the same Phenomenon. Sir William Hamilton is good evidence again, because an Unbeliever. It is Sr William Hamilton's Mother Lady Jane, who is mention'd in the Tatler N^o 52. where *Delamira resigns her Fan*. Mrs. Piozzi. Sir William Hamilton, archaeologist, and English ambassador at Naples for many years, and husband to the famous Emma, was uncle to Mrs. Piozzi's friend, Jane Hamilton Holman. His mother, Lady Jane Hamilton, was a daughter of the Earl of Abercorn, married Lord Archibald Hamilton, the seventh son of William, 3rd Duke of Hamilton, and was a favourite of Frederick, Prince of Wales. Probably Mrs. Piozzi met Sir William when she was in Naples in 1785 and 1786, and this observation may be a reminiscence of his spoken word; it does not appear in his book on volcanoes, *Campi Phlogreæ* (1776).

³ In an appended advertisement of Handel's *Faithful Shepherd*, in the original edition.

⁴ He is supposed to have been born in 1670, in which case he would have been eighty in 1750, when Hester Salusbury was nine.

Sophia Lee's Verses on Love are pretty—& form a Fair Contrast to these

1.

Say what is Love? a fond Day-Dream,
Where nothing is,—but all things seem;
Where Souls in tender Trances dye
And Passion feeds upon the Eye.

2.

A Thought can sooth, a Thought alarms,
A Sigh, a Fear, a Folly charms,
Why Reason? why such Slumbers break,
Ah Spare the Agony to wake.

1: May 1801] The Holy Scriptures are the true *Sun Dial*; The Church is a *Clock* set the best we can—but liable to Error now & then—be it what Church it will.

The River Euphrates is the only River of the four which surrounded Eden I believe, the Name of which was not lost at the Deluge: We have Euphrates still. & whilst every Eye is once more looking tow'rd the East for Accomplishment of old Prophecies, Mr Whalley professes his firm Perswasion y^t the Jews will pass over it *dry shod* by a positive & immediate Miracle as they did 3300 Years ago over the red Sea.¹ Nay *then* said I, every body would lay down their Knife & fork & fall on their Knees—& expect the World's End to follow; nor could our Saviour's second Coming be justly compar'd wth the sudden Appearance of Thieves in the Night—all Europe at least would prepare for 't. *Nobody* replied Mr^s Pennington in *England* would prepare for it; except perhaps half a Dozen old Maiden Ladies & as many solitary Clergymen in remote Provinces, & *they* would be laughed at. The Men of Lucrative Employment would crowd the Exchange, & be busied in Insurances; Levee Hunters must keep on appearing in their Places—Balls & Card Tables w^d be frequented as usual—& the Master

¹ I propos to the drying up *Euphrates* There is a Passage in Plutarch—see y^e Life of Lucullus that militates in favour of Mr Whalley's Opinion That they will go over dry shod. Vid. Sauvin. I want the true Meaning of y^e Word Euphrates—something of Clairvoyant I suppose, but no Book tells me; and the People one asks are so perverse always, they *will* not give one a rational Answer. I will make Enquiry at Oxford about *Pilpay*.—There is a curious Fable of his writing in Gil Blas. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Plutarch tells of the sudden subsiding of the Euphrates to allow Lucullus's army to pass, in his campaign against Tigranes, in 69 B.C. Pilpay was the Brahmin fabulist, who wrote in Sanskrit.

¶ The weather is much alter'd—very dry—with an exceedingly hot Sun & Parching Wind: many People sick of Fevers but the Grass grows yet, & the Corn looks *pretty well*. Poultry come forward finely & Provision is falling. Yet strange Commotions are talked of—& Jacobinism ceases not to prosper. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

of the Ceremonies at a public Watering Place, would (as now) watch the Names upon his Book, & fret if there were more upon the Rector's List.

Unde derivatur *Straddle*?¹ from *Stradella* a little Alley or Street in Venetian—so narrow, that a Man might put one Leg on one side the Way—and one upon the other: They call such Places *Twittens* at Brighthelmstone in Sussex.

Mr John Mostyn Curate of Denbigh mentioned Page 86² of this Volume of Nonsense, & alluded to in Retrospection: died a dreadful death y^s Spring lost in the Snow, where he perished like the Man described in Thomsons Seasons,³ but not like him regretting his Wife I believe.

Deaf & Dumb⁴ has been the fashion at the Theatre this Year.

Q'une Femme parle sans Langue
Et fasse meme une harangue

Je le crois bien:

Qu'ayant une Langue au contraire
Une Femme puisse se taire,
Je n'en crois rien.

Che una Donna parlando si distingua
E tratti una Causa senza Lingua

Non ci ho difficoltà:

Ma che la Lingua avendo
Possa starsi tacendo

No'l credo in Verità.—

That Girls should talk without a Tongue
I hold it far less strange than wrong;
'Twere wiser tho' methinks to teach
Them Silence, when they've use of Speech.⁵

Virgili duo sunt—alter Maro tu Polydore
Alter: tu mendax, ille Poeta fuit.

Two Virgils here dispute the Ground
Thou youngest take the higher:
Maro a Fabulist was found
But Polydore's a Lyar.—

¹ A frequentative form of *stride*. *O.E.D.*

² See above, p. 905 & n. 1.

³ *Winter*, ll. 276–310.

⁴ A translation of M. Bouilly's play about the life of the Abbé de l'Épée, and his work for the deaf and dumb, made by 'Mr. Herbert Hill', possibly Thomas Holcroft, with assistance from Kemble. Baker, *Biographia Dramatica*, ii. 154–5. It was played at Drury Lane, for twelve nights in March, and for seven nights in April. *Gent. Mag.* lxxi. 382.

⁵ Marriage *may* be happy says a Book I read the other day, provided the Man be deaf or his Wife dumb. The book was Chevreau. in Former Days, There was a great Ado about Scolding Wives; but I believe the Fashion is obsolete: I do not think the Women *Scold* much now, in 1801. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

Two Virgils have been known to Fame
 For various powrs of Diction;
 For Falsehood Polydore we name,
 Immortal Maro—Fiction.

Je dis tous Jours du Bien de toi
 Tu dis tous jours du Mal de moi,
 Mais je ne sçais quel Malheur est le notre,
 On ne nous croit ni l'un ni l'autre.

Tu ognor dici mal di Me,
 Ed Io sempre ben di Te,
 Ma capir non so'l perchè—
 Nessuno vuol prestarci Fè.

Here is a pretty Book concerning the Prolongation of Life come out from the *German* of Hufeland¹—not Atheistical or wicked as I see—& that's a Wonder—in these Days. he tells of the French Notion how there is Doucè Voluptè in self Murder,² and *informs* me (for I had not heard before) of the new Poysons Acqua Toffana, and Succession Powder³—'tis new to *me* likewise, the pretty Theory of one's heart lessening as one grows old, and the Earthy Particles encreasing till one turns all into Earth—even before being put into the Grave—*very pretty!*—The Polypragmosine⁴ is pedantic enough, but something like true too; A Spirit of restless Enterprize with a Greek Name. Well! they must go to the *old Schools* for *new fancies* says the *Irishman* wisely: the best part of this Book is from Macrobius. A story of the Man who studying under Boerhaave thought he had all the Disorders he saw & heard of,⁵ is amusing—This Student (says he) became a living Commentary on Medicine—but was obliged to relinquish his Desire of understanding the Science, as in his Case Knowledge could only be purchased by Madness.

That a slow Pulse indicates Long Life⁶ is most particular[ly] inter-

¹ *The Art of Prolonging Life*, first translated in 1797, from Hufeland's *Kunst das menschliche Leben zu verlängern* (1796).

² *Op. cit.* ii. 34-5.

³ I wonder what Succession Powder is!! Powder to hinder People from having Succession perhaps. I never had a Taste for poking into Filth for Intelligence, & so have miss'd a good Deal. Mrs Siddons shew'd me once an advertised Lotion at a Bath Toy Shop: do you [know] what 'tis for? said She—for y^e Complexion I replied. She laugh'd at my Simpli[city]. Mrs. Piozzi. See *ibid.*, p. 39 for the reference to succession powder.

⁴ Hufeland (*ibid.*, p. 55) cites, among other means of shortening life, 'that unfortunate spirit of restless enterprise (polypragmosine), which at present subdues a great part of the human race'.

⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 71-2.

⁶ *Ibid.* i. 221.

¶ See Margin of Page 203. Mr King's new Conjectures put an end to all Theories at once. Increase of Solar Attraction suddenly brought on, w^d consume the World in less Time than I could finish writing of this Period. Mrs. Piozzi. Cf. above, p. 1021, n. 2.

esting to *me* in the whole Book: but adds he, *those who fear to dye, can never live long*.¹ horresco referens. 'Tis a droll Tale too that of the wise Man asking y^e young one—Where are you going? to drown myself, is the Reply: you had better return home & read my Book on Suicide answer^d y^e Philosopher. Lord Sir! exclaims the Youth, *I have read it*: it was y^e Dulness of y^t stupid Dissertation drove me away to the River.²

Brynbell 15: May 1801] We have a Measure here—Two Bushels & $\frac{1}{2}$ —and the Country People call it a *Hobbet*. I could not for a long time think what such a strange Word could come from, but reading in y^e Archæologia 2^d Vol. Page 369 how John Potkin left 6 Bushels of Wheat to keep his *Obit* with for ever; & reflecting how in Wales the keeping of *Obits* or Burial days long outlasted such Customs in England: I thought, & am fully perswaded now that 2 Bushels & a half being the usual Quantity left *in our* Country for this Purpose—the Word has been retained, and in its corrupted State serves as a Measure³—all Grain being bought and sold hereabouts by the Hobbet.⁴

Mr Piozzi has the Gout again.

I dont know whether 'tis mention'd in this Book, but 'tis worth mentioning in *any* Book—could the manner be conveyed with the Fact—how Dr Moore once said to me. ““I am sometimes called a Sceptic by you Orthodoxists,—but I am *sure* God made the World—nay I am *sure* he made *Man* too: for my profession has led me to a little Study of Anatomy—& 'tis a clear thing y^t had any one *else* made him, The Fellow must have been as big as Pen Lomond; for there would have been no Room to put in all the little Vessels & small Parts we are composed of, in any Gyant less than 800 Feet high.””

Doctor Moore must be wonderfully happy sure in his Son's reputation. To be a Soldier is dangerous, & to be a Scholar is laborious—but *every* Man desires to be a parent of some other Man,—of *any* Man indeed, rather than of none. What then must be the Felicity of him who is Father to General Moore or Admiral

¹ Ibid. ii. 57. ² Ibid., p. 67. ³ The *O.E.D.* refers it to 'hoppet' and 'hopper'.

⁴ We call a worthless Girl or Woman Baggage—unde Derivatur? The *Academicians della Crusca* call a *Meretrice Bagascia*; & say both those bad Words are Synonymes to *Puttana*. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

¶ Ah Madam! says old Mary to the Ladies of Llangollen one Night as they were taking Observations—You *used* to talk to one another about the *belt* of *O'Brien* I remember; but I suppose it has never appear'd *since the Union*. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

Nelson! Who receive Congratulations every Day w^{ch} they have acquired without Peril & without Toil:—yet *not* wholly without Consciousness that they in some sort *do* deserve the Attentions People croud to bestow. These Gentlemen must really enjoy the purest of all Pleasure, for there is no Rivalry to cross or poyson it; Vossius¹ might see with *Surprize* a Son more Learned than himself, & Lord Chatham had he lived might have been jealous of M^r Pitt's Attainments—but M^r Nelson and Doctor Moore bred to quite different Professions, enjoy *their own* Celebrity, no less for *that* their Boys have brought home to them: and the Authour of Edward *deserved* Comfort from a well taught & wisely educated Child.² I know nothing of the other old Man, but that he sits in the Pump-room at Bath, or Theatre of London, looking his very Heart out of his Eyes with Joy at his Heroic Son's Appearance, midst a Thundering Applause that deafens less Interested spectators.

I was diverting Ennui till the Post came in by looking over Martial—& lighting on an Epigram³ the 68th I think of the 8th Book⁴ it put it in my Head to make this Ballad on the News brought from *Egypt* by the *Flora*,⁵

From Egypt old Rome in the Days of Domitian
To make her Tyrannical Emperor smile;
Fresh Roses brought over for Winter's Provision
To bloom round the Tyber as once round the Nile.

¹ Gerhard-Johann Voss, the German theologian. His son Isaac was a critic.

² Doctor Moore pretended to be angry at seeing his Face in y^e Print Shops—so angry y^t I made enquiry how y^e People came by so strong a resemblance. because he sate for the Drawing was their Reply. Ah said Miss Hamilton—this was indeed then a *Copy of his Countenance*. Miss Hamilton is M^{rs} Holman. Mrs. Piozzzi. Cf. above, p. 829. Miss Hamilton married Joseph George Holman, the actor and dramatist, in 1798. The marriage was regarded as a *mésalliance* by most of her friends.

³ Ut nova dona tibi Cæsar Nilotica tellus,
Miserat hybernas ambiciosa Rosas;
Navita derisa Pharios Memphiticus hortos
Urbis ut intravit limina prima tuæ. &c &c

the Rest I forget & will not fetch the Book to copy now; but 'tis to say how they can have Roses at *home* by artificial Warmth—and no longer need send into Africa. Mrs. Piozzzi.

⁴ It is the eightieth epigram of Bk. 6. For *derisa* read *derisit*.

⁵ General Ralph Abercromby's defeat of the French, near Alexandria, on March 21, 1801, which cost him his life. He died of wounds, on March 28.

¶ His Thoughts too seldom cast on high,
Our Bishop lov'd to cast a *Die*;
If he won Paradise at last,
The Dice were capitally cast.

These Lines are a Translation of those on L'Evêque de Langres a Bishop of *l'ancien Regime* at Paris The Lines are to be found in *Menagiana*. Mrs. Piozzzi. See *Menagiana*, i. 346.

But bold Abercrombie whom Britons confide in
His Flora sent home with far different Spoil:
 Th'invincible Army of Frenchmen deriding
 Their Standards he seiz'd on the banks of the Nile.
 Thus end the Exploits of renown'd Buonaparte
 Who fell upon Egypt with Force & with Guile;
 Throwing Dust in the Eyes of each Mussulman hearty,
 Dust—pregnant with Plagues on the Banks of the Nile.
 Of Warriors ill fated if England must tell soon
 Her losses tho' deep She'll repair in a While;
 With Moore Smith & Berry, Ball, Trowbridge & Nelson,
 A Hero we'll count for each Mouth of the Nile.

La Vie est dans le Sang, c'est une Verité
 Generalement reconnüe:
 Sur ce Principe continuë,
Suc le Sang du peuple en pleine Libertë
 Alain; tu parviendras a L'Immortalité.

These Lines were written one Night lately at Paris on the Door of a great *Functionary* who had asked his Physician very earnestly a Day or two before, concerning the real Seat of Life and the Merits of an Elixir which pretended to renew Man's worn out Existence.

If as it still is understood
 Life circulates within our Blood;
 The Public Veins may yours supply,
 Such Bloodsuckers can never dye.

How curious is the Situation of Public Affairs now all over Europe! Rome hoping Restoration under Scythian Auspices & Influence. France preparing to invade England with a Lock'd-up Fleet; & Great Britain exhausting her Strength to resist a Conflict w^{ch} her Inhabitants do not expect—& cannot possibly fear. how very odd & curious & unprecedented!—

25: July 1801.¹ Brynbella.] These Verses following were brought me to Day by Doctor Myddelton

This Circling Period of your nuptial Hour,
 Bright Sol illuminates with fervid Powr;
 Oh thus may Piozzi oft those Hours employ
 While *Retrospection*² heightens every Joy.

Tw'as a very neat Impromptu—*very* neat.

¹ Here is a blazing Summer like the last, only the Woods & Turf do not *yet* catch fire, because of y^e Rain w^{ch} has fallen; such Prospect of immense Harvest, one w^d expect would down the Hearts of the Monopolizers. Nous verrons. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² M^r Piozzi thinks y^e Critical Reviewers vex'd me; They did not vex me at all. Those few Mistakes—*real* ones w^{ch} they have pointed out, are very trifling:—about saying Colosseo for Circus is y^e worst. My Ans^r is in the Gent^s Magazine. Robson printed my complaining

17 Sept^r Brynbella] This is Dear Miss Thrals's Birthday—The brightest 17th of Sep^r which has shone since *Her Blue Eyes first open'd on the Sphere*—Thirty seven Years ago.—I was at *Prestateign* a little Bathing Place about fifteen Miles from hence, under Dysart Rock:—She was at Lowestoff in Suffolk, the whole Island between us! yet in y^e Sea I thought of her, & fancied she was in at the same Moment. North & South, East & West—It seems as if we *must* be separate; but if She is happy I am content. The Beauties of home dazzle me on my return to it always, it is so *very* beautiful; & that *Prestateign* is a melancholy Place—very romantic tho', & truly solitary with Auks & screaming Gulls—

No Neighbours but a few poor simple Clowns
Honest & Poor—

for the well-meaning Priest I doubt me whether our Dean of St Asaph will answer *the Description*—and there is no Other as I saw. no Fish, nor no poor Soul possessing a Net bigger than those made to catch Shrimps. The Ruins of Rhyddland Castle at a small distance look like the remains of Ceyx & *Alcyone's* Palace;—while their numerous Progeny, *Halcyons* & Sea fowl of every kind, Gannets & Guillemots come under one's Feet almost when bathing—fearless of Guns which no one fires at *them*.

'Tis a wild Place!! a Tale in modern Taste written among those Rocks would gain me more than *Retrospection* did

A Shipwreck in a Wintry Night—a Ladies dying Shrieks heard by the Peasants piercing the thick Air, & ending on the Blast:—a Child found by a poor Woman & bred as hers—whose gentle manners shewed in due Time superior Birth—hated of Course by all his Playfellows, and driven to pensiveness for want of Sports which seemed sufficient for his young Companions: might be the Basis

Letter which was written for *his own* perusal not y^t of y^e Publick. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Most of the reviews had good-naturedly spared her feelings, the *Monthly* confining itself to a few strictures on the inadvisable mixture of colloquialism and poetic prose in her style. The *Critical* (Ser. 2, xxxii. 28–35) had, however, come out with a forthright condemnation of the book's trifling and erroneous materials, its confused arrangement, its 'infinite of puerile errors'. 'To the learned', continues the comment, 'it must appear as a series of dreams by an old lady; and many of the errors are so gross, as not to escape the general reader, who will, of course, distrust the remainder'. The review reprints a part of the first chapter, as a specimen of the whole, then points out various specific errors. *Mrs. Piozzi's* reply appears in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July 1801 (Lxxi. 602–3), and bears every evidence of vexation, in spite of her disclaimer here. She corrected the copies of the book which she gave to various friends, and the curious may consult such a copy, given to Mr. Broadhead, which is now in the Widener Library at Harvard. Her corrections are confined, in the main, to the errors pointed out by the *Critical Reviewer*.

* exquisite Weather! warm & cheerful; no Equinoctial Storms but the Sea calm as July, the Foliage Green & Gay; the Harvest beyond hope or Calculation: Our Returns here in N: Wales 26 to 1.—reckoned quite surprizing. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

of a tender Story which in this Age where every body seeks to be agitated & shuns to be informed; would please a while;—then dully take its Turn & be forgotten.

M^{rs} Pennington¹ tells me that sweet Siddons receives anonymous Letters perpetually to destroy *her* Peace—reproaching her about dead Maria—Good Lord! what Sins are these! and without any apparent Temptation

The Clergyman who set all Shropshire in a flame with *his* Anonymous Letters to People, telling the Gentlemen that they were Cuckolded by some Servant—or some equally innocent grave Tradesman of Shrewsbury Town; writing to their *Wives* mean while, to say their Husbands all were *Sodomites*—enjoy'd these wretched Individual's Agony some Months,—Years I believe; before he was detected—but M^r John Rock brought Him to Justice, & made him pay a fine which ruined his own Lady & Children, & the Man himself—(A M^r Scott)—committed Suicide—Fine Frolics! writing Anonymous Letters.—²

Brynbella 4: Oct^r 1801.] *Once more*—have I heard *Peace* pro-

¹ *Thraliana's* last mention of her. Their friendship later suffered a falling off, starting in the early summer of 1804, and lasting for fifteen years. The estrangement began, apparently, from Mrs. Pennington's taking offence at the maid Allen's calling her a 'hanger-on' of Mrs. Piozzi, without reproof from her mistress. Mrs. Pennington then sensed a coolness in Mrs. Piozzi's manner, which she teased her, unsuccessfully, to explain. She wrote ardently reproachful letters for a while, and a tenderly forgiving one at the news of Piozzi's death, in April 1809, but after that there is a blank in their correspondence for ten years. In July 1819 chance threw them together, and their friendship was renewed and warmly continued for the last two years of Mrs. Piozzi's life. Her friend nursed her through her final illness and summoned her daughters to her death-bed. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 567, 568; *Pennington Correspondence*, pp. 268 ff.

² when the People had a Mind to kill D^r Hawkesworth with Vexation, they told in y^e News-papers y^t he was *dead* I remember;—& so he died of Grief in a Week after. Now They say Hannah More is *married* by way of plaguing *her*; perhaps She will be married in good Earnest upon y^e Same Principle. Poor Dear! Their brutal Jestings go to her heart I find. It is very cruel Sport surely—& I think extremely silly: Where is the Wit on't? *Mrs. Piozzi*. A jealous curate, one Mr. Thomas Bere, had brought charges of enthusiasm and conventicle leanings against her school for religious instruction at Blagdon, near Bristol. An investigation followed, by what Thomas Whalley, writing to Mrs. Piozzi on January 6, 1801, called a 'mixed mealy mock Court of Conscience', held in an ale-house, at which the curate engineered the dismissal of the schoolmaster. Hannah More took this as a vital blow at all her schools, and an attack on her good faith, and was so affected by it that Mr. Whalley thought her in danger of dying. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 564. A paper war followed between her detractors and defenders, of which the reported marriage, to Dr. Crossman, the rector of Blagdon (*Pennington Correspondence*, p. 230), was only one squib. The controversy ended only when Richard Beadon came to her defence after he was made Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1802.

¶ In Page 36 of y^s Vol: is mentioned wth great Seriousness a *Chalkstone* in M^r Piozzi's Toe: he is at y^s Moment become a Quarry of Chalk as Hay of Bath expressed it—his Feet & Fingers all ossified as it were, & even a small Lump on his *Ear*. He is exceedingly well though. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See above, pp. 866–7.

claimed on Earth¹—*This* Peace² is meant to be a general one—and will be so a While, no doubt.

On this Day Sunday 4: came the News—& I think it frightened away the *Swallows*: for I had watched & wonder'd they staid so late this Year—but such an Occurrence as Friendship & Treaties with a Republic & Consul of France, made me forget the *lesser Birds* in Contemplation of the *Vulture* & his Conduct. rising early to call the Serv^{ts} because of my Master's Agony—the *Gout* w^{ch} chains him to his Bed: I looked for the *Swallows*—& they were all departed this next Morn^g 5: Oct^r 1801.

People's Letters on the Peace are very amusing: every one finds it a good thing, & every body pretends to find a different Reason for finding it a good Thing.

My Reasons are

Those selfish ones which now possess all Minds in *this* Country & if in *this* Country—what other can be exempt? It will make Stocks rise,—& of Course benefit *my* Children: whose Money bought in at 57 when M^r *Thrale* died, will when *I* die—probably bring them near double.

It will make Provisions fall; feed the Poor, lessen the Rates, w^{ch} were become a Public Nuisance: & by showing how ready the King's Ministers were to make peace—put People in good Humour with them & their Master. Au reste our Estates will grow more valuable as Property is better ascertained, & Fears of Invasion are given to the Winds.

¹ Look to page 191 of this Volume in y^e Margin—Plenty comes too with the Peace. Returns of 26 for one have been common even in my Country—our Ports full of Ships loaded with Bread Corn, and our Farm Yards groaning under the Weight of the Wheat Stacks—Sure the People will be pleased now!! Sure they will! but I doubt it. Meanwhile it appears to me y^t the King & his Ministers were fully justified in withdrawing from y^e Defence of Allies who scarce desire or wish we should defend them; who hastily shut their Doors against the very Britons to whom they owe Existence—and who call the French *in* faster than we can keep 'em *out*; who looked on the Projected Invasion of England with a Wish y^t She should be found as feeble as her Neighbours in y^e hour of Tryal; & who in a Word make no Resistance & desire—like Pius sextus, that no Resistance may be *made*. In Consequence of such Conduct we shall see that What France cannot away with,—Russia will keep for herself:—awing the Northern States of Sweden & Denmark;—destroying wretched Selim & his cross leg'd Turks; & thus pave the way for the Children of Israel to return home. Such are at least my Expectations now Britain quits the Field, & finds like Cato, that when Vice prevails and Impious Men bear Sway; The Post of Honor is a private Station. Poor Burke always talked of a *Regicide* Peace, and this Peace is to be called I find *La Paix D'Amiens*. Mrs. *Pionzzi*. Her allusion is to Damians, who tried to murder Louis XV. See also Addison's *Cato*, iv. iv. 141–2.

² The Peace of Amiens, not finally concluded until the following March 25. The peace preliminaries were signed on October 1, in Downing Street, by Lord Hawkesbury for England, and M. Otto for France.

The *Aldermen* may be happy, for they will have Turtle & Pine Apples and Lime Juice Punch to swim in.—their jocund Wives—glowing in the Rubies of Ceylon:¹ and if our new Commercial Treaty with France, should be like that which Pitt some Years ago Establishd wth Louis seize—immense Advantages will accrue to England: who if She is *in haste* to pay off *some* of the Debt, may work the Gold & Silver Mines in our East Indian Island, the Paradise of this Globe—The Taprobana of Antiquity: its Superficies cover'd with Rice & Spice its Bowels pregnant with the richest Metals, & its Rocks sparkling wth y^e brightest Gems.

Oh fatal Day for Europe will those exclaim who read all this in some future *Retrospection*! oh fatal Day! when all the boasted Honour of Great Britain yielding to the suggestions of vile Avarice, suffer'd herself thus to be bought from her once gloriously avow'd Intention to restore the Balance of Power.—Where now is such Restoration to be sought?? or *When*,—as things now stand—can it be hoped for?? Beyond even the proudest Expectation of their proudest Monarch, do The French carry their positive & acknowledged Empire. Poor Italy annihilates herself before them, Spain professes Homage & begs Protection; Holland loses even her old Gothic *name* & *Belgium* is the boast of Buonaparte. The poor Emperor sees his Imperial House crumble to Ruin, & Germany secularizing her little States, provides small Mouthfuls for the general Devourer:—well pleased to Observe the new Philosophy gain ground by Gallic Promulgation.

Happy Arrangement!!! If the Bourbon Princes could read at all, and if they *would* read the holy Scriptures: I think one of the young Dukes Berry or D'Angoulesme might easily be led to Imitate Jotham in the 9th Chapter of Judges—& stand upon Mont Martyr as *he* did upon Mount Gerizzim, when he pronounced the striking Fable—first upon Record—of The Trees chusing for their Leader a *Bramble* and now (says he 19th & 20th Verses)

“If ye have indeed dealt truly with my Father's house this Day—making the Son
“of a Maid Servant to rule over you; & if ye have done well to rise up against my
“Father's house and slay threescore & ten Persons of us who loved you & ventur'd
“Life for you—Why then Rejoice ye in Abimelech, & let him also rejoice in you:—
“but if Ye have done Evil in this Thing—Let Fire come out from Abimelech &
“devour the Men of Shechem, & Let Fire come out from the Men of Shechem &
“devour Abimelech.

And so I doubt not but it will. Buonaparte is ruling a Nation not

¹ Only the islands of Trinidad and Ceylon, of all Britain's captured territories, were retained under the terms of the peace treaty.

his own between whom & himself there is *no Tye*. & tho' he has contributed much to their Aggrandisement, there are among them those who count Insurrection & Assassination to be Duties, & there can be *none* among them pleased to see one sitting in a Seat of Sovereign pow'r to which he arrived neither by Conquest, by Election, nor by Hereditary Right. voyons un peu la Suite de tout cela.

11th Oct^r Brynbella 1801.] On this Day 38 Years past went I to St Anne's Church Soho to marry my first Husband, who conducted me to Streatham Park, *then* a paltry Place indeed compared to what ~~he~~ made it afterwards: *now* am I in waiting on my second Husband whose October fit of Gout is on him, and will probably last till Winter calls to Bath. He has made *this* Place a beautiful Residence indeed, admired by all and so increased in Value—'tis astonishing. My own Health is not what it *has* been; how should it? but if any thing should contribute to lessen my *Enjoyment of Life*, nothing shall impair my *Gratitude to God Almighty*, who has kept bestowing on me Gifts of Fortune ever since I knew what fortune was; & so adorning my Situation in this World that 'tis no Wonder I dislike to quit it.

I have been married to M^r Piozzi now 17 Years and 3 Months—I was married to M^r Thrale 17 Years and 6 Months—from October 1763 to April 1781—to M^r Piozzi from July 1784 to October 1801. & never once repented either Connection;—wishing it had been otherwise; *It could not have been better.*¹

30: Oct^r 1801.] I was reading to day of a Man who had been married 89 Years to one Wife, now his Widow, & who had never travelled 10 Miles in all that Time—With such stilness could there have been much Vice? I should almost think it impossible. That Fellow will leave the World at last without knowing what tis made of.

Tant mieux pour lui perhaps—but tis a dull Existence: I love not the Race of *Autochthones*.

M^r Hales and M^r Hoare²—& all the Messieurs les Epouseurs de mes Filles seem to go back as they came; none of them marry: & Sophia is now more than 30 Years old. odd enough!

¹ It is a good Thing indeed to be a married Woman & belong to somebody: Widowhood is unhappy even to poor Lady Orkney who had a wretched Husband—& who lives pleasantly & kindly with her only Child—yet the World will not *let her alone*. Example There is a Report here or a Surmise—or a somewhat, y^t Lady Orkney is secretly married to her Son's Companion a Lame M^r Bradford. I see no Sign of it—but then I am not quick sighted. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² Henry Merrick Hoare, Esq., who finally married Sophia in 1807. See below, p. 1082 & n 1.

¶ How quietly we live now Peace is made & all the Potentates who 1st joined in the War—are by their own Consent Annihilated. Holland Venice Genoa Sardinia half Germany—all Rome abolish'd. Well! if they *like it* say We—Ah but it must end ill, it *must*. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

The Margin of Page 196¹—this Volume—& a little Bit on the *opposite* Margin of 197 mentions my newly-learned Doctrine of the Lily—since those lines were written I have observed that in Solomon's Temple the great Columns were *crown'd* with that Emblematic Flow'r; & to say true whoever looks on it, (with y^s Hypothesis in his Head;) will see that every Sceptre is formed in immediate Imitation of the *Lily Stick*. but a well order'd Mind sh^d Keep Hypotheses out, with Diligence, or one may grow like the Man Johnson told of, that found every thing was O or L. & ran about crying Bel! Bel! Bel! A mad M^r Nelme² he was, I think.

No Place but Thraliana should contain my odd Conjecture—that the Plague of Athens was—*The Small Pox*—It began with a Head-Ach Thucydides tells us, was follow'd by Nausea;—cover'd the Body with Eruption: killed on the 7th 9th or 13th Day—tho' some escap'd, having lost their Eyes & being much disfigured—*they* ran to the Water &c. and those who had gone thro' all, nursed their Neighbors, for nobody took it a 2^d Time.³ What Plague is this but *la petite Verole*?⁴

Well! the Smallpox will soon be a Thing only to talk of, & on w^{ch} to make Conjectures;—Jenner extirpates it I see, for ever.—

Names are odd Things; I *now* believe that *Darius* was like Brennus and Bessus an Appellative, not a Name. The Scripture says of Cyrus—whom the Lord *named* so—whole Centuries before he was born—that he was Darius the Mede;⁵ distinguishing him from Darius Hystaspes who was never Darius at all—till after his Horse had crown'd him—*Cyrus* became Darius when he arrived at the *Sovereignty* because Dara in Persic means Sovereign, & Hystaspes the *Houyhynym* Monarch after his Steed had once *neigh'd* became *Dara* too.⁶

¹ See above, p. 1011, n. 1.

² L. D. Nelme, who wrote *An Essay towards an Investigation of the Origin and Elements of Language and Letters* (1772). In it, he expounded the universality of O, which was the symbol of the boundary of sight, or the horizon, and of I (not L), which was the symbol of extent or altitude. Lansdowne, *Queeney Letters*, p. 257, n.

³ *History of the Peloponnesian War*, Bk. 2, chaps. 49–51. The symptoms Thucydides describes resembled most closely those of typhus.

⁴ Oh! if I durst try at completing *Retrospection* by putting a 1st Vol to it—from y^e Creation to y^e Redemption of y^e World,—y^s & many another odd Notion might find a Place—but I dare not: See Page 140. Margin. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See above, p. 952, n. 2.

⁵ Darius the Mede, mentioned in the Book of Daniel, has never been satisfactorily identified. Probably the writer, who was of a much later date, was himself confused by the various kings of the name of Darius in Persian history.

⁶ The Bishop of Killala told me long after this was written that *Dara* means Sovereign in Persic only as *Bishop* means Sovereign: *Dara* like *Episcopus* means Inspector or Supervisor *he says*. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Harper's *Latin Dictionary* does give its origin from *dar*, the Persian word for 'hold'.

We used to laugh at Streatham, & think it a fine Joke, because some Goosey Man I forget who—talked about the Death of Dàrius I remember, making the Word *short*—and now I see plainly y^t he was Dàrius, and that the Word *should* be short.

Vaugelas printed the Epigram on Grotius's Death

*Arrius, Arminius Calvinus, Roma Lutherus.*¹—

but I durst not turn upon my Pursuers & say so.—I *might* else have defended the Manner of printing it.

Brynbella 20: Nov^r 1801] M^r Murphy has written to me again² & we renew our Good Will again. Was mine towards him ever lost?—Oh No! No! No! little worth our while must it have been sure to break up an old Friendship for my fine Young Daughters, who care nothing for either of us. Let us live while We can—D^r More³ dies of his Heart's wasting or *terrenizing*—turning to Earth before its Time!!!⁴

Brynbella 10: July 1803.⁵] After the Peace is over,⁶ After the

¹ Printed in *Retrospection* (ii. 343, n.) as follows: 'Arminius, Calvinus Arius, Roma Lutherus'.

² See above, p. 973, n. 4. She did not preserve his peacemaking letter, but did keep his second letter, of December 11 (written after he had received her reply), in which he told her that his heart 'cut a caper' when he saw her handwriting. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 548.

³ Dr. John Moore, the author of *Zeluco*, &c., did not die until February 20, 1802. *Gent. Mag.* lxxii. 277.

⁴ Poor D^r Moore will dye they say—I am sorry. Judge Potter is gone. I shall have a sad Loss!!! *Mrs. Piozzi*. Thomas Potter, F.R.S., 'one of the Welsh judges', died in London on November 14, 1801. *Gent. Mag.* lxxi. 1062.

⁵ The lapse of almost twenty months since her last entry (the longest in *Thraliana*), is explained by the fact that extensive improvements were under way at Brynbella in 1802, and that the Piozzis, choosing to live as much away from home as possible, to avoid the confusion, left *Thraliana* at home while they wandered. A small pocket diary for the year 1802 (*Ry. Eng. MS.* 616, 2) and Mrs. Piozzi's letters, especially those to Sophia Pennington, record their movements during the interval. On January 4, 1802, they started for Bath, taking lodgings in Henrietta Street, and later at 77 Pulteney Street, next door to Hannah More. On May 13 they set out for London, and settled there in badly furnished apartments in St. George's Street, Manchester Square. They dined out thirty times, saw a great deal of the fashionable life of the season, and departed for Tenby, South Wales, on July 19. On August 30 they returned to Brynbella, to superintend the planting, and finishing of their new interior, and stayed through Mr. Piozzi's annual fit of gout. On December 4 they went to Bath, taking lodgings again in Pulteney Street, although Hannah More and her family had moved to their new home at Barley Wood, Wrington. The influenza which she mentions struck them down at the end of March. They left for Brynbella on April 25, 1803.

⁶ England, crediting Bonaparte's threats of invasion, took the initiative and declared war on May 18, 1803.

¶ A.E.I.O.U. were written on the Emperor's Palace Door at Vienna in old Days. They meant *Austriacorum Est Imperare Orbi Universo*. I hope he has taken them down now. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

Influenza is over, & After I had given both my Husband & *myself* over, this last Spring at Bath, so dangerous & dreadful were the Fever, Cough &c—Here we are once more: *he* confined as usual with Gout, followed by Cretaceous Abscesses; and I—plagued with Hæmorrhoids & Tooth-Ach, but nothing *worse*. The Plantations flourish, the Lodge is building,—our Daughters are quiet, and our Neighbours kind. The Debt so far as Bonds & Mortgage are concerned—is completely discharged, & our chief Creditors are Mayhew & Ince for the New Furniture which so astonishes all around us.

Yet Wars rage abroad, Taxes increase at home, Atheism & Methodism divide our Island, & Buonaparte threatens to Invade it. “‘The Cry is still They come’”.¹ It will I hope be difficult & many think it totally Impossible. So *thought* the Cardinals when the same Conqueror had the Alps to cross—& so they had (physically speaking,) a Right to think. If it does please God that the whole World is to bow down before this fierce Corsican, & if the Time is come that *every Island shall be removed out of its Place*,² Great Britain must depart after the rest: but better Things may yet perhaps be in Store for us, and we shall *yet* be still longer Tempted by Prosperity, & not Distress. Plentiful Crops last Summer, & large Promises of a rich Harvest *now*, keep up our Spirits, and the gallant Seamen are hourly doing some very great Exploit; to fright this Spaccamonte from our Shores. Meanwhile he has Insulted our Ambassador,³ Imprison’d our Travelling Gentlemen, & much amazed Mankind by his strange Conduct; Impolitic for ought I see

¹ *Macbeth*, v. v. 2.

² Rev. vi. 14.

³ Lord Whitworth, whom Bonaparte accosted at a public assembly on March 13, demanding the British government’s immediate evacuation of Malta.

¶ There was a strange Thing exhibited this last Year, Rombassonie’s Stone wth an accidental Resemblance of poor Louis seize in its Colours—The Substance a Labrador.—but The Stone torne from Menou in Egypt was more curious *still* bearing on its Superficies the Acc^t of Ptolemy’s Deification in 3 Languages The Hieroglyphick—the Old Egyptian & a Greek Translation of them *both*. Stones are shewn too, which have fallen from the Clouds; & Sir Joseph Banks’s Coterie of Philosophers—find out that they are projected from a *Lunar* Volcano: why then says I Great was indeed *Diana* of the Ephesians—for She dropt out of her *own Moon*. What nonsense! Mr King’s Pamphlet upon such Appearances is to *me* quite Satisfactory—& they need look no further. *Mrs. Piozzi*. She refers to the Rosetta Stone, discovered by the French officer, Boussard, in 1799, and yielded to England after the defeat of the French at Alexandria in 1801. It was brought to London and housed in the British Museum. The Royal Society did not sponsor, in its *Philosophical Transactions*, the theory of the origin of meteors which she attributes to it. Two papers on the subject of meteors were read before the Society: one by Edward Howard in 1802, and one by the Hon. Charles Greville in 1803 (see the *Philosophical Transactions*, xcii. 168–212; xciii. 200–4), but Howard calls their origin ‘still a complete mystery’ and Greville ignores that subject altogether.

—as uncivilized:—wholly *new* and passing strange at least, all Europe owns it; & little did *Thraliana* dream of recording such Events, when first her Volumes were bound up at Streatham. *This* is the last of the *Six*!!!—& shall I live to fill it? Awful Question! who can tell?

If I dye tomorrow—I have now seen S: Wales, and very surprisingly beautiful it *is*. The Drive from Ross to Monmouth, from Monmouth to Abergavenny—but above all, the Country between Abergavenny & Brecon, is wonderfully elegant & picturesque. Grongar Hill & the Vale of Uske deserve all that has been said or sung of them. Sea bathing is nowhere so admirable as at Tenby, and crossing the Principality to come *home*; ev'ry Step afforded a new & singular Landschape. Kader Idris, Bala, Dolgelley & Machynlleth are Places beyond all Praise, and nearer than the Tyrol Alps nothing can exceed them. I am glad we went that Tour from Bath & London & Cheltenham¹ in the Year 1802.² We never shall be able to go so far *again*: Mr Piozzi's Gout grows upon him, & as *one* Mountain of Chalk liquefies & runs off,—others generate; so as to cripple him in a melancholy Manner. He is now confined to Bed & Room, & has been out only in a Bath rolling Chair since we return'd from that Place *this Spring* after the Influenza.

Here is a sad Cry concerning the Methodists: many People fancy them disguised Jacobins—They haunt our Counties here Denbigh & Flint prodigiously. We have an active Bishop now—Horsley³—but I fear he will confine his Talents to the House of Lords;—He might do more good amongst *us*; but he has I believe the low

¹ See above, p. 1034, n. 5.

² The Summer of 1802 was a very mild one but we found good Fruit on our return home; & the Corn Crops not to complain of—Hay was so scarce however this Spring y^t we despaired of cutting any & turn'd our Cattle to graze in the Park. 1803. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ Dr. Samuel Horsley, who was bishop, successively, of St. David's, of Rochester, and, from 1802 to 1806, of St. Asaph.

¶ Mason the poet I am told was first Inventor of the Piano e Forte; They used Harpsichords till his Time. about 1767 was the Notion made publick & perfected by Professors in Music & in Mechanism.—Kirkman's Harpsichords were once so famous, People broke off y^e Front Boards to put them on their own Instrument if that was made by *Schudi*—tho' a better Workman: you may now buy the best Kirkman in England—for a Guinea 1803. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Mason's improved pianoforte was manufactured by Zumpe. Shudi, the Swiss harpsichord maker, who came to England in 1718, was Kirkman's chief rival, and founder of the house of Broadwood. Grove, *Dictionary of Music*.

¶ one wonders why La Belle Poule shd be y^e Name of a Ship—in Les Contes des Feés—a popular Book among the French, a Princess metamorphosed into a *Belle Poule*, does & suffers many Things, wch led someone to name a Ship after her; as a Heroine well known to Mariners. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

People's natural Prejudice in disfavour of *Wales*—They always hate any Place 300 Miles from London.¹

July 1803. Brynbella] Here is a Red-Hot War begun again by Buonaparte—against his only, his unally'd Opponent, poor old England!!—& how the Tyrant boasts himself, Oh Lord! listen to *his* Blasphemies and *our* Petitions—I humbly pray; y^t so the dreadful Day may be defer'd.

Meanwhile here are some pretty Verses² written by a Dame Spirituelle de Chester, who professes much Friendship for *me*.

The Mammoth.

Soon as the Deluge ceased to pour
The Flood of Death from Shore to Shore
And verdure smil'd again;

Hatch'd amidst Elemental Strife
I sought the Upper Realms of Life
Vast Tyrant of the Plain.

On India's Shores my Dwelling lay,
Gigantic as I roamed for Prey,
All Nature took to flight:
At my Approach the Lofty Woods
Submissive bow'd—and Trembling Floods
Drew back with wild Affright.

Renew'd Creation felt the Shock,
Some screaming Eagles sought the Rock,
The Elephant was slain:
Affrighted Men to Caves retreat
Tygers and Leopards lick'd my Feet,
And own'd my Lordly Reign.

Thus many a Moon my Course I ran
The general Foe of Beasts and Man,
Till on one fatal Day;
The Lyon led his Bestial Train
And I alas! was quickly slain,
As gorg'd with Food I lay.

¹ Bagot our late Bishop had no Strength nor Spirits to battle in Parliament, so he lived much here, & did much Good.—nor was he—(born a Gentleman) much gratified by hearing him self rant in The House of *Lords*—could he have ranted there: but *this* Man will I fear confine his Exertions all to London—I fear so. Horsley is glad to be a Lord of course. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² This little Poem founded on a pretty Thought has scarce a Fault but y^t of being too long. A Repetition of the same Rhymes seems to offend no *Ear but mine*: That Fault if it be one is pardon'd in Pope to a much greater Degree than here—and in the Essay on Criticism is miserably misplaced; because y^t Poem pretends to give both Rule and Example of Excellence. I can 'tis True with Difficulty endure a Negligence I never commit—and w^{ch} I find so easy to avoid. Here is The same Rhyme repeated 4 Times in 5 Stanzas—Plain & again, Train & Slain, Strain & Again, Reign & Again. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

With Lightning's Speed the Rumour spread,
 Rejoyce, Rejoyce, great Mammoth's Dead
 Resounds from Shore to Shore:
 Pomona, Ceres, Thrive again
 And laughing join our Choral Strain,
 For Mammoth is no more.

In Earth's deep Caverns long immur'd
 My Skeleton from View secur'd
 In dull Oblivion lay:
 Till late with Industry and Toil
 Some Youth subdued the Stubborn Soil
 And brought me back to Day.

In London now my Body's shown,
 And whilst the Croud o'er ev'ry bone
 Incline the curious Head;
 They view my Form with wondring Eye,
 And pleas'd in fancied Safety cry
 Thank Heav'n the Monster's dead.

Oh Mortals! blind to future Ill,
 My Race yet lives, and prospers still,
 Nay—start not with Surprise:
 They view from Corsica's small Isle,
 Twin-born in Cruelty and Guile
 A second Mammoth rise.

He Seeks on Fortune's Billows borne,
 A Land by Revolutions torne,
 A Prey to Civil Hate:
 And seizing on a lucky Time
 Of Gallic Frenzy, Gallic Crime,
 Assumes the Regal State.

Batavian Freedom floats in Air
 The Patriot Swiss in deep Despair,
 Deserts his native Land:
 While haughty Spain her Monarch Sees,
 Submissive wait on bended Knees,
 The Tyrant's dread Command.

Whole Nations tremble as he walks
 But o'er them all this Gyant stalks,
 Extinct their Martial Fire;
 The Northern Bear lies down to rest,
 The Austrian Eagle seeks her Nest
 While Prussia's Bands retire.

Yet sure a Storm begins to lower,
 Sate with Cruelty and Power
 At ease the Monster lies:

Now British Lyon!—led by you
 Would Europe's Sons the Fight renew
 A second Mammoth dies.

Well! I am really better contented with our Public Affairs than *I have* been,—just because now in a Twelvemonth's Time we shall know our Fate—bad or good. Buonaparte¹ has in some sort pledged himself to all Europe y^t He will invade England: and our Gov^t & People too, seem *now* very steadily resolved to defend it. He will therefore *make peace* I suppose, & give us *Malta*:—without which we *cannot* have a lasting Peace, because Malta is the Security for Ægypt & *the East*:—Or he will try his Destiny by making one bold Stroke, & giving (as he *says* he will) poor London up to Pillage—if he does try to do so, and *fails*; he is undone; 'tis over with him, & Great Britain may if She is Quixotish enough to desire it—set a Bourbon on the Throne of France. If he Succeeds—*we* are undone—'tis over with *us*. as Macbeth says

—If thy Speech be false,
 Upon the next Tree thou shalt hang alive
 Till Famine cling thee: If thy Speech be sooth,
 I care not if thou dost for Me as much.²

21st July 1803.] Well! in 3 or 4 Days now, Mr Piozzi & I (if we live so long) shall celebrate our 20th Wedding day: in our new House—elegantly furnish'd; our Hills clothed with unhop'd for Woods, the Debts, all but a few Bills, paid off; the Church repairing & beautifying—by this *formidable* Foreigner, whom my Daughters & my Friends said was to ruin my Fortune, & change my Religion, and use me I know not how ill besides. He certainly has been a faithful & tender Husband to me notwithstanding their

¹ When I am reading Watts or Locke, or Paschal—or La Bruyere—I shut the Book, informed but little, 'tis true;—Yet filled with Admiration of the Authors, & well disposed to reverence *Mankind*, as little lower than the Angels &c. Oh wondrous Race of wise tho' fallen Beings! I exclaim.—but when I come down Stairs among my Workmen, & hear them talk such Nonsense as they do—I cry What Monkeys are these great Philosophers to think Man was ordain'd for any thing except to beg God's merciful Endurance of their Folly—and gain by Sweat & Toil their daily Bread. A Sensible Fellow here—wisest among them—told me just now y^t He had heard for certain, how Buonaparte was *lost*; & y^t y^e Dean of St Asaph was offering 20 Pounds a Man, whoever hereabouts should *find* him!!! These are the People too, not Locke & La Bruyere, for whom y^s World was made, for whom X^t died—if indeed *these* are not too high a Class among the Ranks of Humanity—The Stone Mason who made me that senseless Speech is called an acute Fellow at his Business, & in fact is our Head Operator; making the Lodge & Pillars. nor is he deeper far in Folly than a Woman who in the Riots of 1780 told me She knew it for a certain Fact that the Pope was at Bath, & lodged on St James's Parade!!! If these Creatures *have* in very Deed rational Souls, how do they put them to sleep so? for these are by no means Instances of *Ignorance*; This is sheer *Folly*, or I know not what may be call'd so. Mrs. Piozzi.

² *Macbeth*, v. v. 38-41.

Denunciations now for 19 Years—has made Bachygraig quite gay,
& gilt the old Salusbury Lyon.

To Mr Piozzi 25: July 1803—Brynbella

Accept my Love this honest Lay
Upon your Twentieth Wedding Day:
I little hop'd our Lives would stay
To hail the Twentieth Wedding Day.
If you're grown Gouty—I grown Gray
Upon our Twentieth Wedding day—
Tis no great Wonder;—Friends must say
““Why tis their Twentieth Wedding Day.””
Perhaps there's few feel less Decay
Upon a Twentieth Wedding day:
And many of those who used to pay
Their Court upon our Wedding Day,
Have melted off, and died away
Before our Twentieth Wedding Day.
Those Places too, which once so gay,
Bore Witness to our Wedding Day;
Florence and Milan blythe as May
Marauding French have made their Prey.
The World itself's in no good Way,
On this our Twentieth Wedding Day.
If then—of Gratitude one Ray
Illuminates our Wedding Day,
Think midst the Wars and wild Affray
That rage around this Wedding day,
What Mercy 'tis—we are spar'd to say
We have seen our Twentieth Wedding-day.¹

What an Ideot I must be sure!! a Hasty Fool & Blockhead!!
Earnest to shew my Zeal & write a Ballad² for the Welsh here to

¹ It is indeed a Mercy! Death & Ruin seem to be stalking over us very dreadfully—Lady Kirkwall—just going to be delivered, hears of her Relations & Intimates drag'd from their Carriage & brutally massacred by the Dublin Mob—Invasion never was so near as now—& My poor Cousin Thelwall Salusbury's demise strikes me as Shocking—tho' I loved him not, or ever consider'd him as *my WellWisher*; Toute au contraire indeed, he was *my Enemy*; yet I had hopes we might have met again and made all up. Now that's Impossible! Poor Fellow! he must have at least my Prayers!! We are vastly better provided than in 1794 against Invasion, & many even *now* think it will not take Place, Nous verrons. If they do *not* come *this* Time, I will never expect or write or dream about them any more—& if they do not come now just in the Harvest Season, We can manage I think pretty well; only Ireland is such a Scourge to us always.—She is up in Arms *now* 30: July 1803. What good has that Union done? wch cost us so much Torment? *Mrs. Piozzi*. Lady Kirkwall was Anna Maria de Blaquiére, eldest of Lord de Blaquiére's daughters. She married Viscount Kirkwall on August 18, 1802. *Gent. Mag.* lxxii. 781. Thelwall Salusbury (for whom, see above, p. 301), rector of Graveley, Herts., died on July 17, 1803. *Gent. Mag.* lxxiii. 697.

² Sung by Prince William of Gloucester, while visiting at Llewenny (as she wrote to Hester on September 9), to the tune of 'The Jealous Don', from *The Pirates*. Bowwood Papers.

sing at y^e Balloting Houses; I made 5 Stanzas, & call'd Henry Plantagenet born at Monmouth—Harry Tudor! in good Time: I suppose because his Widow fair Katharine of France married Owen Tudor afterwards—a pretty Reason, & a pretty Mistake for *Me to make*; but perhaps they won't find it out. I will print a correct Copy.

I have been reading the new edited Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.¹ What a fascinating Creature 'tis!! I had no notion She was not gone *out* of the living World when I first open'd my Eyes on it, yet we were certainly in some Sort Contemporaries—in 1760. One Letter of hers² mentions the Death of George the 2^d which I remember *so* well. & now Doctor Thackeray—who is settled at Chester—tells me there are one or two Gentlemen in his Town who recollect me *in those days* living at Dear Offley Place in Hertfordshire whither the News was brought us one Day after dinner of the Old King's sudden Death. Thelwall Salusbury too—then Vicar of Offley, my Cousin, my Pretendant—& my Enemy—of *Course*, I see today among the Black List in our Newspaper. Poor, *Poor* Fellow! He was I verily do believe, the Cause of my losing the Offley Estate, on which *I* counted; as I do on—*nothing* now I'm wiser. But 'tis no Matter, we shall never meet to make our Quarrels up & shake hands heartily—as I would give—Oh, what would I *not* give? to *do*. A few Sincere & solemn Prayers,—a Tear or two; and perfect Forgiveness of *every* Offence, on *my part*: is all he now can have from H:L:P.

Madame de Genlis & her petits Romans do not draw away my Mind as well as Lady Mary's Letters do—from *these* Things. Yet is Genlis a much greater Proficient in the *Art* of Writing. but our Light-Carriag'd, Loose-Principled, high-Spirited Countrywoman, has a wider Range of Mind, and more true Genius. Reflexions in *her* Book, strike one as a Statue does among the tangled Thickets of the Leasowes: one *expects* them from Madame de Genlis—She keeps a Stone Cutter's Shop, & sets her Goods out at the door.

¹ Published by James Dallaway in 1803. The *Letters* had appeared separately in 1763, the year after her death.

² I was much pleased in one of Pope's Letters to Lady Mary with y^e Story of *Rudelle*, told just as 'tis related in Retrospection. How curious are Pope's Letters to Lady Mary!! ill concealed *Spite* under odly express'd *Love*. but y^t Story of *Rudelle* flattered & delighted *me* of Course. I wish Pope had given us his Sonnet, but I question whether he could read the old Provençal. See Retrospection Page 317. & the sonnet *du Luemch. Mrs. Pioszi*. Rudel was the twelfth-century Provençal poet for whose sake the Countess of Tripoli supposedly turned nun. For Pope's account, see his *Works*, ed. Elwin and Courthope, ix. 391. Rudel's sonnet to the lady is printed in *Retrospection* (i. 317). The legend has, however, been discredited.

23: Aug: 1803.] This day I looked at the Sun setting in the *Sea*—close to y^e Orm's Head; behind w^{ch} half his Disk will be concealed to morrow, & then *He will set behind the Mountains*—Oh Lord!! how many & how great Events will happen before I shall see him set *in the Sea again*—My own Death among them perhaps—

Well! William Clarges has made another Motto for the Sun-Dial, because they all find fault with D^r Gray's.¹

Invida Nox Phœbi lucem rapit; Eja age, Virtus
Accende Ætheriam pulchrior ipsa facem.

Sol's *setting* Ray invidious Night denies,
Kindling Celestial Flame, fair Virtue *rise*.²

I do not like *Phæbus* upon a Sundial—when we planted a Weeping Willow over against ours last Nov^r these Verses came in my Head.

Mark how the Weeping Willow stands
Near the recording Stone;
It seems to blame our Idle Hands
And Mourn the Moments flown.

Thus Conscience holds the fancy fast,
With Fears too oft affected;
Pretending to lament the past,
The present still neglected.

Yet shall this swift-improving Plant
With spring her Leaves resume;
Nor let the Example She can grant
Depend on Winter's Gloom:

Loiter no more then near the Tree,
Nor on the Dial gaze;
If but an Hour is given to thee
Act right while yet it stays.

I see we are not *yet* decided as to public Matters; *L'Invasion tire en longueur*, & that will make our Spirits flag: I wished them to come forward *directly*, while we were all ready & in good humour—and while we recollected that the Ministry *did* make peace, but Buona-parte would not keep it; whilst hopes of Plunder stimulated him & his Banditti to War. *Now* we shall have another howl about Taxes, & high-prized Provisions; and the people who would willingly enough defend their *own Coast*, will hesitate when called out to assist

¹ Cf. above, p. 999.

² Umbra tegit lapsam, præsentique imminet horæ;
Hospes, disce ex me vivere—disce mori.

Ere yet the unreturning Shadows fly,
Go Mortals, learn to live & learn to dye.

This is M^r Glasse's. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

Pichegru or Dumouriez to set up the King of France: altho' unless he *is* once again set up, there will be no lasting Quiet for Europe. Something gives hopes just now of a Revolution at Paris; but those poor Creatures are so sick of *all* Revolutions now, & so hopeless of good Effects from *any*; it will be difficult to put them into Motion. See Page 211 of this Volume¹—perhaps the fancy there express'd, is going to be realized:—People like the King of France's Letter to Buonaparte very much, & the young Princes behaviour seems pretty, & well-timed—nous verrons: but I am impatient.

Meanwhile,

Here is Miss Thrale's Birthday come round again 17: Sept^r 1803. the Weather beautiful, & I hope my Heart grateful for having lived to see my eldest Child 39 Years old—& just now not unkind at all—She has written once or twice this Year, & in the last Letters some Compassion was express'd for Mr Piozzi's Sufferings—They are indeed very great—Well! God bless *her*, & *him*.—A new Vault has been constructed under the Altar at Dymchurchion for *his* and *my* last cold Residence, & narrow Apartment—Poor dear old Lucy Salusbury my admirable Progenetrix & Mother to my Father Was found crumbling in Dust; her Skull only whole, & the Black Ribbon pinned round it, that I suppose bound her Head in its last Agony:—There was no Act then extant for burying in Woollen.

My Father being wrapt in Lead was easily discerned from his Brothers, & dear *Mama*—as he called her to the Last—They had never found Money to make them selves a Vault, so their poor Bones have been gathered up now by Mr Piozzi, and placed decently in our new Repository, where ours will shortly accompany them no

¹ See above, p. 1031.

¶ Fryday 26. Aug 1803. Brynbella What a capricious odd Thing is Etiquette! Lady Orkney came to ask *me* to dine at Llewenny & meet Prince W^m of Gloucester today: but w^d not invite Mr^s Holman tho' *her own Cousin*, & 4th in immediate Descent from y^e Duke of Hamilton & Marquis of Douglas. her Grandmother was Daughter to L^d Abercorn—another Hamilton—so She is full Blood. Lady Jane was the Delamira of y^e Tatler see N^o 52—but Holman is an Actor—*on the Stage*—so *She* is not to keep Princes Company, Who are Sons of a Bastard's Bastard!!!! Nonsensical Stuff! Stemmata quid faciunt? I staid at home with poor Mr^s Holman, I did not go princefying,—tho I love Llewenny. Mrs. Piozzi. Prince William was the son of the Duke of Gloucester, the King's brother, and of Maria, Dowager Countess of Waldegrave, an illegitimate daughter of Sir Edward Walpole. The child was two years old before King George consented to recognize the marriage and legitimate the issue. Mrs. Holman was second cousin once removed of Lady Orkney, her grandfather and Lady Orkney's great-grandfather having been brothers. For Mrs. Holman's marriage, see above, p. 1026, n. 2. She had fled to England from the Dublin massacres of July.

doubt: to the great Joy of all my Daughters who really have now waited my Death so long—They are *justified in their Impatience*.

New Pulpit Cloths—new Reading Desk Bible & Surplices—and a new Brass Chandelier—in Lieu of a Wooden one—are among my present Master's Donations—beside Slating & Glazing & Painting & Whitewashing: & what our Curate Mr Roberts prefers to all—Enlarging his little Church in the Gallery-Part—and we will put up the old curious Cross w^{ch} some fools pulled away 40 Years ago—and make all smart & handsome. Mr Thrale did nothing but tear Rent from the Tenants, & cut Timber anyhow—from Bachygraig Woods. Quere—are the People yet perswaded that the change of my Name was favourable to *Them*? *We* spend almost our whole Income *here*; in a Place I never should have seen again, had my first Husband lived, or had I remained a Widow—*He* cut Trees for 4000^l they tell me.

Mr Chappelow is wth us, says the Plantations grow beyond even *his* Idea, who as a Naturalist understands such Matters: His Poem¹ will be a very surprizing Performance—so will our little Grove at Tan y Bryn, so will our Clumps be in Front of the Windows at Brynbella; & the pretty Knoll at Bachêgraig denuded of Trees by Mr Thrale, cover'd again by Mr Piozzi. I Did not know that Timber would run up so quickly. but God Almighty has given me Permission to live, and see Two Plantations in two distant Parts of the Island come almost to their most pleasing, & I *may* call it *perfect State* in Flintshire & in Surrey.

But if the French are to enslave the whole!! cui bono?—God forbid!!

¹ This may refer to his *Sentimental Naturalist*, for which he solicited a preface from Mrs. Piozzi in 1811. *Ry. Eng. Ms.* 563. The manuscript of the poem, now belonging to the Cambridge University Library, has marginal notes in Mrs. Piozzi's hand. It was never published.

¶ *Galvanism* w^{ch} I looked in vain over Porta's natural Magic to find—may be read in Woodward—Page 75—8^{vo} Edition but Dear Lady Orkney—who when I asked her once where She was educated to gain such multifarious Knowledge;—told me, 'twas in the Stable and the Cowhouse: says, y^t *She* practised Galvanism among her young Companions when a Girl; cutting a Frog in two, & placing Pieces of Tin by way of Excitors between the Halves of the Animal, to make him jump—and he *did* jump. One Half leaped into the Water once (She said) & escap'd his Tormentors there.—*Mrs. Piozzi*. Galvani's experiments, which gave the name to the electrical phenomenon, were first published in 1791. The experiments described in Dr. John Woodward's *Essay Toward a Natural History of the Earth* (1726), p. 75, anticipate Galvani by sixty-five years.

¶ what Lyes were those about dear Lady Orkney! Mr Bradford is married to day to an agreeable Miss Wharton who brought up the Daughters of Lord de Blaquiere; among which Lady Kirkwall is eldest. Sept. 1803. See a Marginal Note Page 212—Oh what a Lye!! *Mrs. Piozzi*. See above, p. 1032, n. 1.

Mr Glasse's Verses on Mr Bradford's Wedding Day are very light & gay & pretty—They were married on the Anniversary of our King's Coronation—so after a Flourish or Two he says That

George and Charlotte were lost in our *William & Mary*
And Westminster Hall was forgot—at Bodvary.

Mr Glasse¹ is a Character—as the Phrase is—warm-headed & full of Talents; forced out to uncommon Exertion by His violent Love for Miss Eliz: de Blaquiere. I never saw so passionate an Admirer either of another or of himself as is George Henry Glasse. The Men consider him as a *profound* Scholar,² We Women find him a High-flying Wit;—& the *Blaquieres* know that he is bursting with Money—So God a mercy Bess! She will be 17 years old, when he is 45.

3: Oct^r 1803.] We celebrated Lord Kirkwall's Marriage at Llewenny Hall yesterday & his coming of Age & his Son's Baptism.³ We were near 200 People. It was pretty & affecting to see old Lord Thomond⁴ kissing his *Great* Grandson, & dancing at the Christening Feast. They will be happier at Llewenny than if the Nuptials with Miss Ormsby had taken place, mentioned Page 190⁵ of y^s Book, tho' She was rich, & Miss de Blaquiere poor. The Baby is beautiful—& a true O'Brien—He is Cause of immense Felicity indeed.—

¹ George Henry Glasse, clergyman and classical scholar, whose first wife, Anne Fletcher, died in 1802, leaving him seven children.

² Mr Glasse call'd The Celebration a Celebrity—can *that* be right? Mr Glasse says the Word Dial is but *one* Syllable;—can *that* be right? *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ The Hon. Thomas-John-Fitzmaurice Hamilton, born on August 7. He became 5th Earl of Orkney on his grandmother's death.

⁴ The Marquess of Thomond, Lady Orkney's father.

⁵ See above, p. 1006.

¶ Mr^s Holman has been with us Two Months—Alas! alas! *poor, poor* Mr^s Holman!!! *Mrs. Piozzi*. Mrs. Holman's marriage was not happy. She had had three miscarriages by August 9, 1799, as she wrote to Mrs. Piozzi (*Ry. Eng. MS. 555*), and she subsequently brought no live child. Her loss of social position must have galled her. Perhaps also the rift with her husband, which separated them before her death in June 1810, had already begun. When Holman went to America, in 1812, he took with him, according to his notice in the *D.N.B.*, a daughter who played his leads, and who certainly was not Jane Holman's child. During Mrs. Holman's last illness, as Mrs. Piozzi wrote to Hester, a sheer accident brought Mr. Holman to his wife's door in London, looking for a doctor to treat an injured servant, and Mrs. Holman, thinking that he had come on purpose to see her, died happy. Bowood Papers.

¶ Jenner's Vaccine Inoculation cures the Plague it seems:—Oh what a happy Circumstance! Oh what a grand Discovery!—*not true. Mrs. Piozzi*.

¶ The Swallows came remarkably late y^s Year—*very* late indeed: & left us as unusually early. The Woodcocks came sooner than ever I knew them to come; yet has our Weather been surprizingly warm & dry ever since March, when I had y^c Influenza at Bath, to this Day, when People are quite crying for *Rain*—in the Month of Oct^r N. Wales!!!! The same may be said 3: Nov^r. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

18 Oct^r 1803.] To morrow is Fast Day: *Fine* M^r Glasse preaches at Denbigh—*Great* Bishop Horsley preaches at St Asaph—I will go hear learned, pious, modest M^r Roberts upon Dremerschion Hill.

Give & take. G: H: Glasse to E. B.

Give me to stop my flowing Tears.

Oh *give*, Commission'd from above;

Whate'er renews, whate'er endears

The Charities of holy Love.

2.

And *take* my fond impassion'd Vows,

And *take* my Heart from Falsehood free,

And take what bounteous Heav'n allows

Of worldly Bliss in Store for me.

3.

And *give* those Lips and *give* those Eyes

And *give* me that bewitching Smile,

And *give* the best the dearest Prize

That Spotless heart w^{ch} knows no Guile.

4.

And *Take* what Span of Time remains,

Take my last Look, my latest Breath;

Thro' Life bright Solace of my Pains,

Sweet Refuge in the hour of death.

Epigram on Command

& dost thou Nymph—compel my Lays

& bid me Sing thy Rival's Praise;

Yes, Yes, The Truth will out I see

That I love *Nothing* more than Thee.

These & the following Jeu D'Esprit were all done Impromptu; at *Command* of E.B. & the Subjects chosen by *her*.

Any Thing

On a Subject so copious commanded to Rhyme

Comprehending all Space & embracing all Time;

What the fair Face of Nature presents to the View,

What Historians record Mythologic or true.—

¶ Books out on Loan 3. Nov. M^r Lloyd of Wickwor Roscoe's Lorenzo di Medici. Lady de Blaquiére Chevaliers du Cygne. Lady Orkney Dangers de L'Europe. M^r Roberts Retrospection. M^r Moore Curiosities of Literature & Publick Characters. Bishop of Killala a Vol: of Goldoni an Italian *Rasselas* return'd. M^r Glasse, The Florence Miscellany return'd. *Mrs. Piozzzi*. The 'Italian *Rasselas*' was translated by Cosimo Mei, whom Baretto called 'a foolish fellow who . . . neither knew English, nor Italian, though a Tuscan by Birth'. Johnson got a copy of it while he was in Edinburgh, and mentions it in his letter of November 12, 1773, to Mrs. Thrale. *Letters*, No. 338 and n.; Boswell, *Life*, ii. 499.

Strike the Harp: and aspire to a Poet's fair Fame:
 Ah! still the Chords vibrate Elizabeth's Name
 And my Fancy let loose like the Patriarch's Dove
 Wheels a few airy Circlets, then hastes to its Love.

How many Acquaintance have died since we came here to live?
 Inhabitants of this Vale I mean!!!

| | | |
|--|------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Mr Pennant. | Bishop Bagot. | Mr John Mostyn. |
| Mr ^s Myddelton of the Castle. | Mr ^s Bagot. | Mr Griffiths Curate. |
| Rector Myddelton. | Mr Leo. | Mr ^s Pennant. |
| Mr ^s Madox. | Mr ^s Leo. | Mr Wynn of Llewessog |
| Mr Bertie | Holland Lloyd. | Mr Bell Lloyd. |
| Mr Fitzmaurice. | Mr Griffiths Caerhen. ¹ | Mr Yorke Erthig. ² |
| | Miss Mary Bridge. | Miss Lumley Lloyd. |

All in Ten Years from 1794 to 1804.

1st Jan: 1804.] Bless'd be God I see a New Year rise, tho' through strange Mists & Fogs which however he will in his own good Time disperse.—It is however difficult to fix our Eyes any Way with rational Hope—My Spirits are low indeed concerning public Matters. With regard to private Affairs, Mr Piozzi is certainly become quite a Cripple with the Gout; but he never had above one Attack one could call *dangerous*—so far therefore all goes well: & our House is beautiful & our Old Chateau tight; The Church very Neat—and the Debts reduced very low. No Bond, No Mortgage, Nothing but Mayhew & Ince's Bill—and *Poor Ince is dead!*

Ah Ha! Ah Ha! *Fine* Mr George Henry Glasse! a Man of true *Classical* Taste it seems:—*Alexis* or *Amaryllis*.³ Ah Ha! *fine* Mr Glasse!!⁴

And I poor Fool! tho' I disliked the Man's *Manières Empressees* I deem'd him a Miracle of Excellence—all bright with Religion & solid in Virtue. Happy the Parish (said I) that has such a *Pastor*—a *Pastor* quoth 'a, *Pastor Corydon* in Virgil's 2^d Bucolic. Well! I'll mind old Johnson in future, & think but slightly of these Teachers in Morality:—"“ *They talk like Angels, but they live like Men*””⁵—

Come!! our Curate Mr Roberts teaches the Children to pray & to sing Psalms, & *seems* to be the best Man in the World. Piozzi

¹ Mr. Griffiths, of Caerhen.

² Mr. Yorke, of Erthig.

³ as Mr Bradford says: *he* told it me 13: Jan: 1804. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

⁴ Mr Glasse is, or affects to be—ignorant why he is at last rejected by the Blaquieres: And They are,—or affect to be,—influenced by some suppos'd Stains in his Character: *had his Fortune* however, answer'd his own Description & their Hopes; I know not when we should have heard Talk of the *other* Scruples. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

⁵ See *Rasselas*, chap. 18.

has given them the Notes of a little Air which Rauzzini & he, & Miss Sharp used to sing Collins's Verses¹ to at Bath last Year—so I accommodated the following Lines to the Air, and it makes a good Opening of our new, or newly-repaired Church.

1.

With homely Verse, and artless Lays
Full oft these humble Roofs shall ring;
Whilst to our dear Redeemer's Praise
Rough Youths and Village Maidens sing.
Incarnate God! when he appear'd,
And Blessings all around him spread;
Tho' still by radiant Myriads fear'd
He chose the poor, the lowly Shed.

2.

And sure before he comes again,
In awful State to judge the World,
Resounding Choirs tho' he disdain
Temples & Tow'rs in Ruin hurl'd:
To unambitious Efforts kind
Pleas'd he'll permit our Rustic Lays;
Our simple Voices unrefin'd
Have Leave to sing the Saviour's Praise.

Here is a forward Spring indeed after a sharp Winter. The Thrushes sung quite loud on the 22: Jan 1804 at Brynbella: the Honey Suckles are out in Leaf, & Weeping Willows have a Green Tint on them. I have no Mazerion but a single Bush, & he only peeps out in a full Bud—no forwarder than the Black Currans: but the Weather is very Mild. Oh but on the 31st Bloody Wallflow'rs were enjoying themselves, & all the Pears bursting their Buds.

27: Jan:² 1804] My Birthday—*Grand Climacteric*,—kept very chearfully thank God; & all the little Children of the Village & Cottages in our Parish to the amount of 60 as I remember, came & eat Plumb Pudden, 40 *very* good Girls & Boys, had 6^d each for singing & saying their Catechism so well. & M^r Roberts made some affecting Verses celebrating their Benefactress's Birthday &c—all very comfortable, very happy indeed.—

2. Feb: 1804.] So now for a little While—Farewell beautiful Brynbella! we will go see how London looks in her State of martial Preparation³—So *bold* I hope, that none will dare attack her.

¹ His adaptation of the dirge in *Cymbeline*, which her verses echo.

² The warm Weather mention'd 227—soon disappear'd, and was succeeded by heavy Snows Cutting Winds &c.—which will spoil all our Fruit. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ i. e. for Napoleon's invasion, threatened in May 1803, and still expected.

15: May 1804 Brynbella.] We are just returned; & London *did* look bold, & *red* with Wrath against y^s cruel Tyrant—His Murder of Duc D'Enghien¹ seems to have filled up the Measure of his Crimes, and were he to attempt Invading our free & valiant Britons—They would drive him back disgrac'd. Meanwhile the King has been ill—but he recovers; & we shall escape the Horrors of A Regency. Buonaparte threats aloud, and Insulting Our distress when the King was sick, shewed himself not even a *Gentleman*: yet are those slavish Subjects of his, making him *Emperor* of the Gauls;² He will be assassinated ne'er the less for that though.—

All my London Friends were well I think, & all are Soldiers: & all the Soldiers in high State of Discipline

Mr Piozzi & myself have both been attacked with Giddiness & Faintness since we left Town: I was quite *Ill* at Worcester,—but Mr Moore says no Harm is coming to me—& tho' it seems my Masters Turn now, no harm will come to *him* I dare say—only Gout.

Poor Hodgkins! *He* died whilst we were absent—so we bring back Three new Serv^{ts} Chivers, Joseph & Julia the Cook—it lowers my Spirits tho' to see all new Faces about us so.

I saw Mr^s Abington in London—dined in her Company—at Sir Walter James's;³ She is lively and gay and elegant still—and Spoke An Epilogue to amuse us with great Propriety & Spirit; and a firmness of Voice that amazes one at 72 Years old.⁴

¹ The Bourbon heir to the throne, who was assassinated in Paris on March 22.

² The new order was proposed in March, and adopted on May 18, in the 'Constitution of the Year XII'.

³ Sir Walter James James, of Langley Hall, Berks. This is her only mention in *Thraliana* of the man who later became an intimate, and whom she at one time (April 19, 1813) named as an executor of her will. *Ry. Charter* 1258. He died before her, however.

⁴ She was only sixty-seven.

¶ The Quarrel of the dear Kirkwalls and Blaquieres with Lady Orkney makes a sad Noise—& what is worse will make me lose my Neighbours & My Pleasure—Poor Poor Llewney!! all broken up!!—*Mrs. Piozzi*. According to a letter which Mrs. Piozzi received in London from Mr. Glasse, the quarrel took place at the end of February. Lady Kirkwall left Llewney at some time between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, declaring that she would never return as long as Lady Orkney remained, and took refuge at her mother's. The next day, Lady Orkney and her suite left. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 555.

¶ I saw—and dined in Company this Winter with Cumberland the Author; He is very old, & is at this Moment bringing out a Comedy—He will not dye like y^e Orator Hortensius of whom Cælius speaks in a Letter to Tully—as being arrived at old Age without ever having been *hiss'd by the Public; quod intactus à sibilò pervenerat Hortensius ad Senectutem*. *Mrs. Piozzi*. *The Sailor's Daughter* was brought out by Cumberland in 1804. For Cælius's letter to Cicero, see *Epistolæ ad Familiares*, viii. 2.

Mr Skeffington¹ has written a Play call'd Friends & Enemies—he beg'd a Prologue & I gave him *this*.

To appease his *Enemies* and cheer his Friends,
 Your Bard the customary Prologue sends;
 True to old usages,—but one we lack,
 Your ancient Prologues all came cloth'd in Black.
 Rough were the Critics then, & coarse the Times,
 Want dictated, and Fear pronounc'd the Rhymes:
 More elegant the Authors of our Day,
 Ten write for Pleasure now—to one for Pay.
 Amus'd—protected thus by Volunteers,
 Britannia and her *Friends* can feel no Fears:
 Upon her *Enemies* let shame and Sorrow
 Fall;—but we leave such Topics till tomorrow.
 Pleasure's the Order of *this Hour* at least,
 And let it be Your Pleasure—to be pleas'd.
 These cheerful Months all springing Thoughts excite
 In those that sing, why not in those that write?
 The Birds to *feather each His Nest*—prepare
 And form their fragile *Castles in the Air*.
 Borne on the Wings of Hope we see them rise,
 The Lark half viewless carols to the Skies,
 And humbler Swallows skim the Pool for Flies. }
 Appropriate Labour gives appropriate Joy,
 And who could wish such Labour to destroy?
 Babies that know no better, break their Legs
 Climbing high Trees to blow poor Raven's Eggs;
 But Scholars will be wiser, and remember
 It is not always safe to trust such Timber.
They know that Palates dead to all Delight
 Prove no fine Taste but Loss of Appetite;
They say that in the Chemists Fire which glows
 Great Works to analyse and decompose;
 Each *baser* Metal quarrels with his Brother
 But Gold amalgamates with every other.
 Besides: those Critics who no Faults will spare,
 Cramp future Poets by their Over-Care: }
 And nail their Trees so tight—They'll nothing *bear*. }
 Watch not for Faults then on this Night's Occasion,
 Good Humour's better far than Penetration;

¹ Sir Lumley St. George Skeffington, the Macaroni playwright. His play never appeared under this name.

¶ June 10. 1804. “‘Sacrifice not to Heroes till after Sunset’” is an old Greek Apothegm & good for Buonaparte, yet *he is Emperor*: & it *appears* as if St Louis had pray'd, Francis had fought; Henry quatre had been beloved, & Louis 14ze admired—only for *him*. Egalité been damn'd too, & Robertspierre & Brissot—all for Buonaparte! very surprizing, very strange indeed!!!! Mrs. Piozzi.

When met on purpose to be happy—He
 Who *groans* for 'Spite is his *own Enemy*;
 Give us but Candid Hearing to the End
 Then let each *Enemy* go hence a *Friend*.

I have been reading—*again*—concerning *Les Illuminez*:¹ and it is come in my Head that a Man I knew 40 Years ago was an Illuminè. —His Name was Jackson,² & his Manners vulgar, if I recollect aright; but they called him *All-knowing* Jackson; and to say true he had A Statistical and Topographical Knowledge that would have amazed one. Murphy knew him—so did Lord Rosslyn—Then Mr Wedderburn; I question if any other of our Common Acquaintance yet survive; but should I live to see London *once more* I would enquire what became of the Man—Dr Johnson hated him³—*instinctively* if my Conjectures are just: but as I was reading Mirabeau's Life this Even^g an odd Conviction flashed across my Mind that this long-forgotten Old Acquaintance was an Illuminè. I wonder if Miss Thrale recollects him.

Brynbella 17: June 1804.] I have just seen Killala's Translation of Isaiah—a Portion of it—criticized in the Review⁴—he is a great Scholar no doubt, & his Divinity less conformable to *my* Notions than his Learning is. The Note upon the Verse 14⁵ *Golden City* is curious; he thinks it was called *Babylon the Golden* as the Italians say Roma la *Santa*, Padua la *dotta* &c.⁶ He does *not* call in aid of this Conjecture the Dream of Daniel—Thou art that *Head of Gold*:⁷ but he *might* have done it—he *does* call in aid the 4th Verse of the 17th Chap. of the Apocalypse. Now if the Prophet meant only the King of Babylon—Tout est fini—but if by Lucifer he pointed out the Devil or Satan; why does Killala say in a Note to Verse 13⁸ that *Mount Moriah* is not meant? because *that* would (says he) be a manifest Anti Climax—Surely that little Hill was made far greater

¹ The eighteenth-century *illuminés* considered themselves guided supernaturally by the light of reason. A special order under the name 'Illuminés' was founded in 1776 by Adam Weishaupt.

² Richard Jackson, F.R.S.A., an Irish lawyer who had been Lord of the Treasury in 1782, under Shelburne. He died on May 6, 1787. *Gent. Mag.* lvii. 454.

³ But he respected him. When the trip to Italy was being discussed, in 1776, he 'desired Thrale to go to Jackson (the allknowing) and get from him a Plan for seeing the most in the time that they had to travel'. *Boswell Papers*, xi. 226. Cf. also *Life*, iii. 19, n. 1.

⁴ Joseph Stock, Bishop of Killala, *The Book of the Prophet Isaiah in Hebrew and English, with Notes* (1803), reviewed in the *Critical Review* (1804), i. 435-43.

⁵ She means Isa. xiv. 4.

⁶ Orleans was denominated the *Golden City* from Aurelian who built it: it is the Golden City still—Orleans. *Mrs. Piozzzi*.

⁷ Dan. ii. 38.

⁸ Isa. xiv. 13—the 'mount of the congregation'.

than any *real*, or any *fabled Olympus*, if upon that was sacrificed our Redeemer, as once his Type was bound for a burnt Offering 1872 Years before—& I have always understood 'twas from Mount Moriah, our Lord did visibly ascend to Heav'n, & reassume Divinity.

An odd Desire of explaining the Dial of Ahaz & Return of the Shadow¹ *Philosophically*, appears likewise in Dr Stock's Translation. Ay, Ay, as Mr Glasse observed when he was among us—"These are your Geneva Bishops"²

Well! the Note upon Verse 18³ is very attractive to *Me* certainly—for it is true as curious that *Beth* or as we spell it *Bedd* does mean the *Grave* in Welsh—the *last Home*—*Domus Ultima*.

Dear lovely Siddons has had an Adventure of a curious Nature—A Lover⁴ so mad with Passion for a Woman more than twice his Age, that She has been forced to swear the Peace against him—Comical enough! & that odious Husband of hers never coming forward to protect her: but thinking of his own Health, drinking Bath Waters &c. &c. How everybody does hate that perverse Fellow! & how he does hate his beautiful and enchanting Wife!⁵ Barrymore's Accident too!⁶ how very dreadful! I am shockd.

25: June Brynbella 1804] Mr Piozzi is not yet a'Bed with the Gout, & the long-expected French Invaders are not yet arrived—so I will read Thomson's Seasons once again in my Life—if it should

¹ Isa. xxxviii. 8.

² Mr Glasse is a strange Man—he went and Preached at Portland Chapel this Spring, & seeing Bessy Blaquiére in a Pew—fainted away. I am yet to learn if those Imputations suggested by the Rev: Mr Bradford Lady O's fav'rite mention'd Page 226 are true or false. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See above, p. 1047 for her reference.

³ The note referring to Isa. xiv. 18 reads 'It is curious, that the Welch language still preserves this meaning of the word *beth*, a last home; for it is the appropriate term in that language for a grave.' *Critical Review*, 3rd. ser. i. 440.

⁴ A twenty-three-year-old Irish law student of Lincoln's Inn. He was released from arrest, upon his promise to refrain from annoying her in the future. *Monthly Mirror*, xvii. 426-7.

⁵ But in the following January her husband offered a reward of £1,000 to whomever would discover the person who raised scandalous reports against his wife when she quitted Drury Lane because Sheridan was not paying her. John Gillon included this information in a letter to Mrs. Piozzi on January 14. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 579.

⁶ Mr Barrymore's horrible Accident shocked the Liverpool Folks so little, that whilst the Man's Blood was streaming on the Stage, They cried out "'Take away the Body, and bring forward the Farce.'" These are Men of *Business*! *Mrs. Piozzi*. This actor was one Blewit, who took the name of Barrymore, and made his debut at Drury Lane in 1782. He must not be confused with William Barrymore, a younger actor, who made his debut in 1827, and died in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1845. L. A. Hall's *Catalogue of . . . Dramatic Portraits in the Theater Collection of Harvard . . .* (i. 72), thus confuses them, but the MS. material on which the catalogue is based shows them to be distinct people.

please God *that* Life might last till tomorrow. The Weather of today I observe is most accurately described—where the great Poet of Nature says that

The Clouds consign their Treasures to the Fields
And softly shaking on the dimpled Pool
Prelusive Drops; let all their Moisture flow
In large Effusion o'er the *freshe*n'd World.¹

how fine how just, how useful is that *last* Epithet & how very seldom 'tis that an Epithet is more than a mere redundant Elegance—an ornament distinguishing Verse from Prose—as in these lovely Lines the Words *dimpled* & *Prelusive*: now & then however one does get at an Epithet that makes more Effect: that fastens on one's Imagination or drives at one's Common sense according to the Writer's Intention. Such is the word *Encumber'd*—where Doctor Johnson describes Xerxes's Flight in a single Skiff from Ill-invaded Greece, whose narrow Seas swallow'd up half his Warrior-Slaves—

Th'*encumber'd* Oar scarce leaves the dreaded Coast
Midst purple Billows and a floating Host.²

Another modern has a *happy* Epithet, where in his admirable Satire Mr Soame Jenyns displays his Fine Lady as

Severely humbled to her One-Horse-Chair
And the low Pastimes of a Country Fair:
Ev'n robbd of the last Comfort of her Life
Insulting the poor Curate's *callous* Wife³

Pope never crack'd the Kernel of Life, & tasted with more poignancy the Bitter Core—than did Soame Jenyns in those pungent Verses.

I was thinking when some one said Lady Mary Wortley's Letters were injur'd by this late publication of them—why should *they bewail*

¹ *Spring*, ll. 173-76.

² *Vanity of Human Wishes*, ll. 239-40.

³ *The Modern Fine Lady*, ll. 87-8, 94-5.

¶ I was thinking to Day how many Places had seen me *resident* in London.

- | | | |
|---|--------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 st King Street Soho, | 7. Dean Street Soho. | 16. Berners Street. |
| 2 ^d Albemarle Street | 8. Borough of Southwark. | 17. Hanover Square |
| 3 ^d Great Queen Street Lincolns Inn Fields. | 9: Parliament Street. | 18. Vere Street. |
| 4 th Charles Street St James's Square. | 10: Hanover Square. | 19. Charles Street St Jame[s]. |
| 5. Doctors Commons. | 11: Grosvenor Square. | 20. Leicester Square |
| 6. Another House in Charles Street St James's. | 12: Harley Street. | 21. Holles Street Cav: Square. |
| | 13: Argyll Street. | |
| | 14: Bond Street. | |
| | 15. Mortimer Street. | |

Mrs. Piozzzi.

*Mortality?*¹ like the Boy in Homer who begs his Life—tho' vainly, of the angry Hero.

Seest thou not *Me*? Achilles cried,
Me—Terror of the Field:
 The Time must come whate'er betide
 That *I* to Death must yield.
 Thus Retrospection's ample Page
 (as Paris kill'd Pelides;)
 Fall'n by Reviewers' feeble Rage
 No longer seen to abide is:
 If lumbering Quartos such as those
 Are then to Oblivion prone;
 Learn little Duodecimos
 To dye without a Groan.

This was no bad Joke,—for an Authour—but here I am asked to write an Epitaph on pretty Miss Adams, whose Death at 18 Years old is a dreadful Blow to the poor Mother,² who I fear will follow. Having left me to chuse Device, & Language and all Decorations of her Tomb; I recommended The carving a Tulip Tree or Rose Acacia on the white Marble; its lovely Flower snapt as if by Storms, and lying near the Root. The Inscription *certainly* will never please;—The People who send this Request, think I will bestow *lavish Praises* on the Favourite, who was a sweet good Girl no doubt:—but so is in her Parent's Eye every Girl of 17 or 18 Years of Age. I feel quite sure the following Lines will not content Mr^s Adams, but tis so hard to find Discriminating Praises for a pretty Lass like many another pretty Lass as I should suppose She was—poor Soul! Well! here is my Endeavour.

From this Vault
 shall
 At the last Day
 Rise the Reanimated Body of
 Susan Adams.
 More fair, more amiable, more excellent;
 (since with our God all Things are possible:)
 Than when at 17 Years of Age
 She left a Circle of admiring Friends
 To seek the unfading Wreath
 of Bliss Eternal,
 Bestow'd on Meekness Piety and Virtue.
 Whilst by the raising up
 This sublunary Token of Remembrance,
 A momentary Consolation is afforded
 To her Afflicted Mother.

¹ See Pope's translation of the *Iliad*, Bk. 21, l. 118.

² The Irish lady, mentioned above (p. 993), who heard the bell 'toll for her own execution' in 1798. Bowood Papers, letter of July 19, 1804.

Thus o'er the Tempest-beaten Flow'r we see
 The Parent-Mourner stand—a Leafless Tree.
 Thus too by Faith's firm Telescope review'd,
 Both rise to Life—to Light and Love renew'd.¹

Looking over Doctor Johnson's Criticism on Pope's Poems, I find he excuses the scantiness of Praise in his Epitaphs² much as I have here, & in my Letters to poor M^{rs} Adams, try'd to excuse *myself*.

M^r Piozzi has got the Gout again. 1st July 1804.

Well! as King Richard says—"“*Let's talk of Graves, & Worms, & Epitaphs*””³ They are the Subjects which best fit the Times. on This Day 7. July 1804—put I on Mourning for my Uncle's Widow—Poor Lady Salusbury!⁴ once my feigned Friend, & long my serious Enemy—yet I am sorry—Ay *that* I am; & truly so:—for We shall meet no more to make all up, as still one hopes & trusts, till cruel Death cuts us asunder, & makes the last sad separation; hindering all return to Peace & Amity—among Fellow Creatures! Fellow-Sinners, Fellow-*Fools*—quarreling in the Anthill where enough is provided for all, if all would but believe so. Fare thee well! God pardon all thy Sins to him freely as I forgive thy petty Malice! and take a Tear in Sign of true Remission from H:L:P.

I put on a white Gown however upon the 25th of July, & celebrated the Anniversary of my Wedding in company of my Husband & his Friends, sitting down 17 to a beautiful Dinner; & M^r Piozzi able to Sing a Song 100:—& Lord Kirkwall drank bumpers to our Felicity.—& M^{rs} Mostyn bore Witness to it: *She dined wth us!*⁵ The little Boys & Girls beside, Children of our poor Folks; with their Tutors &c came & sung to us in hon^r of the Day: & I really felt so happy & so thankful I could not sleep at Night.⁶

¹ They liked this Inscription very well after all, & have adopted *that* & my Device. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² In his comment on Pope's Epitaph, No. 7: 'The difficulty in writing epitaphs is to give a particular and appropriate praise. This, however, is not always to be performed . . . for the greater part of mankind "have no character at all" . . .' *Lives*, iii. 263.

³ *Richard II*, III. ii. 145.

⁴ She died at the age of eighty-three on June 24, 1804. *Gent. Mag.* lxxiv. 601. For the disposition of her estate, see above, p. 313, n. 6.

⁵ M^{rs} Mostyn says Siddons & his Wife are going to part seriously & eternally, after living 35 Years together;—can that be worth their While? Piozzi & I have now lived together 20 full years. *Mrs. Piozzi*. The formal separation took place in October of this year (Parsons, *The Incomparable Siddons*, p. 185), but they continued to visit each other, and in the summer of 1806 they together took their two granddaughters to Broadstairs for the sea bathing. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 574.

⁶ I really *think* I can remember dating a Letter as long back as the Year 1748—I do think or dream so, & now 'tis 1804. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

The Children happier still if possible, 53 of them having had good Beef & Pudding & sixpence o'piece—

18th August 1804.] Lord & Lady Kirkwall have been living badly together, because of that Quarrel with Lady Orkney—& because of the Money-Stuff &c. So *he* went away to his Mother, & left his Wife here alone with only two old Clergymen Anwyl & Chambers, & there was none of the accustomed Gayeties on this¹ their Wedding Day—on the morrow of w^{ch} I sent Lady K—these Verses in Imitation of Percy's old Ballads.²

Nae Daunce in my Lordis' Ha',
Nae Light in My Lady's Bowre,
Nae Cannon pointed o'er the Wa',
To tell the Gladsome Howre.

For on the Roof there sate a Fiend,
Suspicion was her Name,
Maliciously She sate and grinn'd
On all who that way came.

Anwyl and Chambers, Knights so brave
Of Arthur's Table round;
Against this Fiend with Fury drave
Yet still She there was found.

For Anwyl's Eyes full sore did ache
The Mark he could not ken;
And Chambers' honde began to shake
When as She grinn'd again.

Why then my Lady cries—God wot,
Some other Meanes we'll try;
Go seek the Sibyl's lonely Cot
Retir'd on Hill so high.

So to the Sibyl's Cot they came
On Hill so high retired;
"Come downe Come downe thou aunciente Dame
"And speak—of us required."

¹ August 11 was their anniversary.

² It is curious to see how the old Stuff of w^{ch} this is an Imitation obtains favour in the *Reading Circles*. The *Border Miscellany*—or accounts of ancient Superstition with Ballads here & there to tack the Tales together—

The Thalaba of M^r Sotherby & such Strange Geer }
Have been Old England's Food now for many a Year. }

You see nothing on a Lady's Toilette by way of Literary Amusement, but these Delirious Dreams of Faeries & Phantasms, & roasting Babies alive, and Wax Images supposed to be used by Enchanters &c&c&c—fine Times! *Mrs. Piazzi*. A garbled reference to Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802), and to Southey's *Thalaba* (1803). See *King Lear*, III. iv. 144, for the adapted quotation.

My coming down it shall not need,
 The Sibyl She did say;
 But let your Lord & Lady heed
 The Words they hear this day.

For they must make a Pilgrimage
 Where wedded Love resides,
 To Dunmow Hall; Spectator's Page
 Each favour'd Couple guides.

And Love—there sleeping—let them bind,
 And hither quickly bring,
 What is not difficult to find
 A Feather from *his Wing*.

There lies the Charm; of that possess
 No Fiends will e'er come nigh;
 Llewenny's Roof will soon be blest
 And black suspicion fly.

Then shall the Mind of their yonge Heire
 His Parents Houres employ;
 Whilst every long-forgotten Care
 Is lost in Love and Joy.—

I have been reading poor dear Old Sam: Richardson's Correspondence¹ with the Misses of *His School*—edited by Mrs Barbauld of the *Hackney Academy*, whose. Notions he & his Friends would have shudder'd at.—

Di mal in peggio, di mal in peggio, va'l Mondo—that is most certain, perhaps before *this* Century is out, the Priestleys & Prices will be consider'd as *most Christian Creatures*—only a little too superstitious or so!!! Mercy on us! how Infidelity does go on enlarging itself like a Snow Ball.

23. Sept^r Brynbella.] We have been once more for Sea bathing at Prestatyn see Page 209² of this Book for Description of it. No Improvement has taken Place during my Three Years Absence, but ever wild & savage & solitary remain all that we left behind—Not wholly unaccompanied by Danger—just enough for the *Sublime* I think, is the Act of dipping in these rough Billows at the Equinox—for scarce a Machine can resist the Fury of such North Westers, as we saw & *felt* driving Old Ocean before them this, & Yesterday Morn^g. Nor was our Journey *home* a *safe* one, (as we made it;) crossing the Ford at Rhydlan, where The two Rivers³ try'd—but in vain—to lose themselves out in the Irish Channel; while the high-

¹ *The Correspondence of Samuel Richardson . . . with a Biographical Account by Anne Letitia Barbauld* (1804).

² See above, p. 1028.

³ The Clwyd and Elwy.

flowing Tide set in so fierce against them, that our new Carriage filled apace with Salt Water; & but for strong Cattle & courageous Drivers, We had been surely *lost*.¹ Well! our Escape serves us to chat about; & so when Conversation's Stream runs low, we may recur—not to the Passage of the Rhine—but to the crossing of the Ford at Rhydland; where Mr Piozzi swears we suffer'd a much nearer Approach to drowning.

It may be so, but I was Not afraid.

The following comical Verses shall go by next Post to Susan & Sophy Thrale—The Serious ones to their elder Sister.

Invitation to the Ladies

She who thro Dirt and Wet can wade
Without or Clog or Patten,
May share the Fate of many a Maid
That lives at poor Prestatyn.

But one who wants a Goose to roast
Or famous Hog to fatten;
Will find none such on any Coast
As that of old Prestatyn.

There—shall you see no Bond Street Beaux,
Nor Belles in Silk and Sattin;
But you may save your own best Clothes
By living at Prestatyn.

No Conversation with Wise Men
Expert in Greek in Latin;
But you may use a Book or Pen
At pityful Prestatyn.

If then you languish with Ennui,
And Hope begins to flatten;
Come, bathe in our bold Irish Sea
That roars around Prestatyn.

There—cloudless Suns both set and rise
At Vespers and at Matin;
And those who've learn'd such Sights to prize
Will value poor Prestatyn.

For *me*; tho' there's nor Breadth nor Length,
Nor Room to swing a Cat in;
When I'm distrest for Health & Strength
Pray send me to Prestatyn.

¹ *lost!* Is any body ever lost here pray? said Doctor Myddelton to a Cottager of that Neighbourhood; No sure Sir, was the reply; we always *find* the dead Folks on Shore safe enough when the Tide is gone out. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

Verses written 22^d Sep^r 1804. Prestateigne—Flintshire¹

To rude Prestatyn's Sea-beat Shore
And salutary Gale,
The Muse—if Health her Powrs restore
Or Gratitude prevail:

Should lend at least one artless Rhyme
To celebrate the Place
Where savage Nature's wild Sublime
Presents an awful Face.

Where Rocks in dreary Grandeur rise
Whose hanging Summits throw
A Mass of Shadow from the Skies
Upon the Main below.

Where—scarce discern'd the distant Mast
High bounds above the Waves;
And shrieking to each hollow Blast
Gray Sea Gulls quit their Caves.

But Spirits here—untaught & slow
Lye torpid in their Clay,
Nor Sights sublime nor Sounds of Woe,
Awake the heav'nly Ray.

By Squallid Poverty deprest
Alike both old & young,
Cling to their Miserable Nest
That Earth from whence they sprung.

For such the *Moral sense* we find
Nor more the Progress made;
Where Want with Ignorance combin'd
The human Race degrade.

Yet when Society again
With fascinating Smiles
Shall twist me in her sev'n-fold Chain
Till weary of her Wiles;

¹ Lady de Blaquiere was so fond of these Verses—*She would have a Copy*; & beg'd me to send her one with my Empty Basket this Morng—Oct^r 6: 1804 to fill with her Ladyship's particularly beautiful *Yellow Apples* of which no Garden in this Country exhibits the like: I dispatched my Messenger early with these Lines

To liberal Denbigh speeds my thriving Suit,
Which barter Empty Rhymes for solid Fruit;
From Paris' hands not ev'n the Queen of Wit
Could of *his* famous Apple gain one Bit;
But Eleanora knows 'twere vain to roam
In quest of Beauty which *She* finds at home:
'Tis therefore 'gainst his Judgment thou declarest
Who kept his Golden Apples for the fairest.

Mrs. Piozzi.

When Relaxation's loosening hand
 Shall menace every Limb;
 And Apprehension ready stand
 To realize each Whim:

Then hither let me haste once more
 If Gratitude prevail;
 To wild Prestatyn's Sea-beat Shore
 And salutary Gale.—

I never knew why Rabbets were said to *kindle* when they brought young ones—till I read in the Scottish Minstrelsie

Make *Kinnen*¹ & Capon ready then
 And Venison in great Plentie:
 We'll wellcum here our gracious King
 And I hope he'll dine at Glynockie.²

Oh truly speaks the Bishop of Killala that there is but one Language in the World, if we had but Patience to dig it out. These strange Fabulous *Nonsenses* divert me only by the *obsolete Words Archaisms* as Horsley the Great calls them: I love to get at a Derivation thro' anything; but Indeed & Indeed la, as Mother Quickly³ would say ““They are ill-favour'd Reading for Ladies.””—

When the Confusions of Europe are so dreadful⁴ & God's Judgments so visibly abroad—is it a Time to be trying if we cannot join old Vices with our new ones?—

Brynbella 11: Oct^r 1804.] On this day did Hester-Lynch Salusbury write her Maiden Name—for the last Time—officially—in the Vestry of St. Anne's Church Soho London—41 Years ago: and on this Day did Hester Lynch Piozzi take a Walk of Two or three

¹ Meaning Rabbets says the Note *sp* is a Nest in Hebrew I perceive, whence *kin* no doubt—meaning of the same Nest; and *kindle* for the Rabbets, because like the Scripture Kenites they make their *Nests* in y^e Rock; She *kindles* She brings forth—She makes her *Nest*. *Mrs. Piozzi*. It derives from OE. *cynd*. O.E.D. ² See 'Johnnie Armstrong', in Scott's *Minstrelsy*.

³ Perhaps Slender is meant, in the *Merry Wives*, I. i. 311–13.

⁴ Good News! *great* News! we have got at the French & drubb'd them heartily: It will be a Sweet Encouragement to our Sailors, a lovely Mortification to our Democrats & A grand Flash in y^e Eyes of all Europe But That is *all* it will be. Oct^r 7: 1804. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Lord Keith had won a victory over the French fleet, in the harbour of Boulogne, on October 2 and 3.

¶ From Kotzebue's *Voyage a Paris* Le pretendu Dauphin—very curious. Madame Angot, The French John Bull. My old acquaintance the *Verona Fish*: an English Literary Thief Qu. whether Dr Burney? & Michot the Actor; Dear *Dear* Michot! he knows that Louis 16th meant *him* speaking of Ames sensibles in his last Will, *aditology* the Science of Travelling—how comical! Cordier—seller of odd Volumes to make up Sets N^o 771 Rue Traversiere St Honoré near Rue du Hazard 1st floor in the Louvre L'Histoire du pretendu Dauphin is however of more Consequence than all y^e rest. *Mrs. Piozzi*. August von Kotzebue's *Erinnerungen aus Paris im Jahre 1804* is the book from which these jottings are taken.

Miles without Fatigue—thank God—& come home to write a long Letter for the Post concerning the extraordinary Events of the extraordinary Times which Heav'n has permitted her to see. Whirlwinds, Earthquakes Plagues over all Europe & our Own Country happily exempt—even our *Thieves* are prosperous; & the Botany-Bay Play Bill¹ a curious Proof of the extreme quickness with which Refinement has made its way in that Colony of Vagabonds: many of whom are now Sober, wise, & *Wealthy*.

The Bishop of Killala told us an odd Thing:—he said y^t a young Lady of his Acquaintance—eminent for her meekness, Virtue & good Notions, had the Small Pox, & was given over by her Physicians—She did not herself know that it was the Small Pox—but Doctor L— said She could not out live the 17th Day. On the 16th— ““Give me clean Linen tomorrow,”” said She to her Attendants, ““I shall have Visitors,””, nor would She rest contented without having Her Head *put a little* to rights—& a Cloke thrown over her Shoulders: She was blind from the Fury of the Disease, but had other Senses in Perfection;—& kept counting the Clock all Morn^g. ““They will not be Here till about Noon,”” said She impatiently. When the Hour of 12 was striking She rose up in her Bed, snapt her Fingers with a Sort of Exultation ““*They are come*,”” cried She out—& expired.

Lady de Blaquiere invited us to meet her agreeable Friends M^r & M^{rs} Bush the other Day; They are very superior People indeed:

These Irish rise upon one daily. I seem to Like them all.

It is very wrong not to read *everything*: The Monthly Mirror² now 1st informs me that M^r Merry—Della Crusca—wrote in his *Azemias* some Part to ridicule *me*, & satirize my Style—His principal 'Spite was against M^{rs} Radcliffe as it appears—but he lash'd Cumberland & me en passant. I have learned too that *Col*, dear D^r Johnson's *Col*³ was brought on the Stage in some little Drama—

¹ Printed in the *Monthly Mirror* for 1797 (iv. 56), which she was reading at the time (see below, n. 2). It announced that, 'by Permission of his Excellency the Governor', *The Busy Body* and *The Poor Soldier* would be presented on July 23, 1796; and an editorial comment adds: 'N.B. The whole of the *Dramatis Personae* is composed of Convicts and H. Green, the person for whose benefit the play was performed, was a pick pocket of great notoriety.'

² For August 1797 (iv. 95). The book reviewed is listed as: '*Azemias*: a Descriptive and Sentimental Novel, interspersed with Pieces of Poetry. By Jacquetta Agneta Mariana Jenks; of Bellegrove Priory in Wales. . . .' The reviewer supposes the author to be writing under a pseudonym, but makes no guess as to his identity. If Mrs. Piozzi had, as she says below, 'never till now heard of *Azemias*', it is difficult to surmise why she assumed Merry to be the author.

³ Donald Maclean, Laird of Col, who entertained Dr. Johnson and Boswell on their journey to the Hebrides, and piloted them through the storm which imperilled their departure from Skye. Boswell, *Life*, v. 279–84, 330, 543. The play about him has eluded inquiry.

about the year 1797: it would have pleased Johnson had he lived to hear it. I never till now heard of *Azemia*.

21: Oct^r 1804 Brynbella] Cecilia Mostyn¹ has been here on a Three Days Visit & made herself as it appeared to *me*, *studiously agreeable*. Our common Friends the Kirkwalls and Blaquieres have brought us together, and we *seem* happier than we really *are* in each others Company—to give *them* Pleasure.²

Cecy complains of her Husband grievously, accuses him of gross Avarice and rough Behaviour—scruples not to confess her dislike of the Man & her Resolution to live with him only till The Boys go to School;³ yet something says to my heart that half of this is *Fable*, & spoken with Design of some sort to dig out how far I should grieve at, or resent his Treatment of her if it was absolutely & truly what She represents. I listen'd however with Expressions of Wonder only, & just such Indignation as one could not avoid—Cecy is as false as Water—and since She told M^r Mostyn long ago that *I wished his Neck broke* when such a Word had never cross'd my Tongue—what will She not say *now*? I do not like a Tête a Tête with any but Truth-tellers—& what this fashionable Lady says, must be taken with a Grain of Salt.

The worst is I cannot sleep since the Visit—such staring Tales has She related—& of poor Susan too!! Who *can* believe as fast as Cis can *talk*?—

15: Nov^r Brynbella 1804.] Our Architect here one Sillito by Name has cured our House of *Smoke* and now it is really quite in Perfection I think; new furnished & new drest so: all the People are coming to see it all day long—Yet my Master feels tired & wishes for a Town I perceive and some common Chat We tell him he's in Love With Miss Rochfort for Fun—& I made this Nonsense to Day to divert him.

¹ On October 12 of this year Mrs. Piozzi wrote to Hester that Cecilia had miscarried of a girl child as a result of a tumble—'But She has a Strength a toutes Epreuves—& says 'tis no Loss &c.—was on Horseback the third day and galloping about as usual.' Bowood Papers.

² It is the Mode now to keep an *Album*—& the Ladies are Collectors of Wit & Poetry. M^{rs} Mostyn has been stripping me of old Manuscript Scraps for *her* Album & pretends to adore my Writings &c because the Blaquieres do. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ In September 1805 they did separate, Mostyn going to Bath for his health (he died in less than three years of tuberculosis), and Cecilia going to Cheltenham, though she later joined her husband at Bath. In the autumn of the following year the same separation took place. The boys were put to school with Mr. Davies, at Streatham. Bowood Papers.

¶ Presbyterian best in Prayer, Masquerade Mad as queer, Astronomers no more Stars; are droll Metagrams; so is Patriotism O! 'tis a M^r Pit. Anecdotes don't cease. and the Apothecary O! try a Peach. is as excellent in its silly kind. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

Rondeau

But for this silly Toe—poor Piozzi cries,
I'd not stay here to sell my Corn and Hay à;
I think indeed it would be far more wise
To go to Bath and sing with Dorotèa,

But for this silly Toe:

Nay quoth his Wife, all that is but a Joke;
We could not stay in our own House for smoke,
Enough to smother all the Folk
But for this *Sillito*.

Cecilia Mostyn set it in my Head to make these nonsensical Rondeaux She had heard—and so had I—of one made by some lady upon Two Black Eyes but we could not find it—so I made her these on a Country Girl coming to the Metropolis at this foggy Time of Year 'Tis natural enough—tho' silly.

A little Sun & Air! cries Jane
Fresh from the Breeze on Cotswold Plain;
I think at London one may have
Every fine Thing to please one—save

A little Sun and Air.

But more acquainted with the Town
Of Fops that flutter up and down
Jane got;—but did not chuse to own

A little Son & Heir.

Now on the same Lass *improved* into a London *Demi Rep*:—lets read this

Rondeau.

With two black Eyes my Fair-one blest,
Scorn of *mean* Suitors *She* profest;
And when her Maid said I might stay,
For Joy I scarce could find my Way

With two Black Eyes:

How foolish then to feign a Fright
Soon as the Servants brought some Light,
And thrust me out at Dead of Night

With *two Black Eyes*.¹

¹ Lord bless me! what Nonsensical Stuff is this! & here is news to tell that poor Mr & Mrs Greatheed have lost their only Son—their Dear Bertie, at Vincenza—Buonaparte permitted 'em to go on their Parole (though Prisoners) to any Place excepting England;—so they went to Vicenza in Italy, & there young Bertie died! Lord! Lord! how dreadful! The Mother had best die too! her Pride, her Pleasure, *her* Importance is all gone: *She is in her Husband's Way* now; The Husband who used to adore her. He is a young Man and may have Heirs enough;—but She is old & ugly &—Oh She *must* die; there is nothing left for her to do. *Mrs. Piozzi*. The Greatheeds had gone to France in the summer of 1802 (*Pennington Correspondence*, p. 238) and, being caught there by the war, were imprisoned by Napoleon's general order against all British subjects in France. Mr. Chappelow wrote to Mrs. Piozzi, on September 29, 1803, that

Brynbella 20: Nov^r 1804] Something tells me—but it is not Good Sense I suppose; that Canidia in Horace¹ was A Woman from Cnidos in the little Promontory of Caria called Triopium a Place *particularly* devoted to *Venus*:—I think Horace describes her as labouring under the Furor Uterinus—I *think so*. She likewise acts the Night Mare which Physicians know is a Symptom of incipient Madness—Well! they are hateful surmises, and filthy Fancies; let them go:² & as King Lear says ““An ounce of Civet good Apothecary, to sweeten my Imagination””³

I have been reading the Life of Doctor Robertson⁴ & have been most exceedingly entertained;—not by anything said of Dr Robertson's *Life Character & Behaviour*—in the Old Bailey Phrase—for there was nothing to tell about *them*: but the Letters written to him from *his own*, & *my own* Contemporaries all Characteristic of the Men—Hume, Gibbon, Walpole, Strahan, Garrick & Lord Lyttelton make the Book to *Me* a Gallery of Portraits. Well!

Tous ces Morts ont vecu ; toi qui vis tu mourras,
L'Instant fatal approche, et tu n'y pense pas.

All these have liv'd and died—thysself must die:
What! thoughtless still? the fatal Hour is nigh. [4th Dec. 1804

Poor dear old Excellent Doctor Maclean⁵ gone too! how dreadful it is!!

But *all* have liv'd and died; we that look on
Must die ourselves: We shall be call'd anon.

I can't please myself with any Translation of the Distich so firmly done by Crebillon—But how should I? He was a great Creature!

Bertie was allowed to practise his profession of portrait painting, thereby supporting the whole family. He painted Napoleon's portrait while a soldier stood by with a drawn sword. Napoleon asked £6,000 as the price of the Greatheeds' release, which apparently they could not pay. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 563.

¹ *Epodes* 5 and 17 are addressed to her.

² Look back for a very different Thing to Page 199. I found today in an annual Register 1781—a Mr Logie mentioned as our Consul at Morocco, perhaps the Man I saw at Bath was his Son; *he said* he was born at Gibraltar; but then he said so many Things, I believed none. Look back to Page 199. *Mrs. Piozzzi*. See above, p. 1017. Mr. Charles Logie was appointed consul-general to Morocco in July 1772. *Gent. Mag.* xlii. 343.

³ *King Lear*, IV. vi. 31-2.

⁴ By Dugald Stewart; published in 1801.

⁵ Dr. Archibald Maclaine, minister of the English Church at The Hague, who died at Bath on November 25, 1804. *Gent. Mag.* lxxiv. 1172.

¶ Revolution to love Ruin what a good Anagram. *Mrs. Piozzzi*.

¶ Some one tells me that *Drummond*—see Page 122 is much esteem'd in India as a Linguist & making a Fortune. *Mrs. Piozzzi*. See above, p. 934, n. 3.

I can imitate nothing *he* did—but keeping Cats and Dogs to fondle: & I will not dye like him, with 6 Beasts on the Bed.

A smart Earthquake¹ as I sate studying by my Husband's Bed-side while he was confined by horrid Abscesses in his Foot—he waked *him* & disturbed the *dogs*, but I think frightened no one. Nothing frights us now, Things are too bad, & bad Things are too common. Pestilence, War, Earthquake. Libera nos Domine! say I.

23: Jan: 1805.] Tomorrow my but *half recoverd* Husband² & myself set out for Bath: *no* Valet, & our Maid Allen but *half well*: a White Snow covering the Ground, & M^r Piozzi not able to put down his Foot.

& *thus* we leave Brynbella;—Qu—Shall we ever return to it *alive*? Oh Lord! thou knowest.

Meanwhile I gave my Serv^{ts} a Dance, & kept my Birthday with Beef & Pudding—tho' I am not completely 64 years old till next Sunday 27: Jan: 1805.

20: May 1805.] *That Day*³ we spent at Worcester, & I think the sound of the Abbey Chimes at Bath did me good: we both came home better than we went; Lord make us thankful.

It is a backward melancholy Spring⁴—I'll study Hebrew⁵ to divert Ennui & pass the Summer Months away:—Shameful! if not criminal Resolution! to endeavour to rid myself of *Time*, who is so near ridding the World of *me*—yet one cannot all Day be praying for Grace to do well, nor in Spinning for the poor, w^{ch} after all is the only *Good Thing* one *can do*: and learning Hebrew is no harm, and to enable one's self to read the 1st Chapter of Genesis is better than to learn Greek, & read about Paris & Helen: nothing is Good that one

¹ on Sat 12. Jan: Brinbella. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² M^r Piozzi's last Fit was the most dreadful one I ever saw him suffer: most painful to *him* & most Irksome to *me*.—There was no Danger in the Case. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ Her birthday. They had returned to Brynbella on May 10 (see below, p. 1069), after a visit with Miss Owen at Shrewsbury and the Ladies of Llangollen. Broadley, pp. 53-4.

⁴ Abbate Toaldo told me the Weather always came round in 10 years, & y^s Spring is very like that of 1795 see Page 110 of this Vol. only no Oaks are out at all nor no Ash here in Wales. No Birds—but Winter ones—singing, no Trees in Leaf, no Prospect of fine Harvest for the Poor, or Wallfruit for the Rich: no News but bad from abroad, no Talk but of Quarrel & Peculation at home. Our Winter has not been as sharp as in 1795 but more tedious & gloomy if possible. The Spring is mournfully backward—no Foliage on any Forest Tree except the Birches. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

⁵ She had heard from Cecilia that Hester Thrale had learned Hebrew six or seven years before this. On June 21 she wrote to Hester that she herself would never have dared to undertake it if she had not been told that 'the Illiterate and Itinerant Preachers of Methodism up & down, *all* study Hebrew, to torment the clergy'. Bowood Papers.

does, and nothing can be more harmless than my present Undertaking. God prosper it!—

I have *left* everybody unhappy, & I *find* everybody unhappy; Gentlemen's Families perishing,¹ & Estates selling up: Lord & Lady Kirkwall living ill together, Mostyn & Cecilia worse—Mrs Siddons & *her* Husband not living at *all* together. Mercy on us!

Well! here have I not 30 Pages more to fill of Thraliana since my first Husband presented me with the Book; and now my Books, & Hopes, and Prospects—are all closing round me, what have I learned since I began the World?

Just *this* I think—no more. That *L'Anima, la Salute, e la Borsa*² are the only three Things worth caring about. That for the first no better can be done—than to trust in the Atonement, living meanwhile as if none had ever been made; for the *last*—to keep the *goings out* always less in Quantity than the *comings in*: and for the *Middle one*, to see that the *puttings out* do always *exceed* the *flowings In* of Food, Drink &c—

They are really excellent Rules. R H:L:P.

Oh yes, I have learned *another Thing*—That any Opinion may be broached if 'tis not broached offensively; & that no Truth will be borne if told with Contempt of the Falsehood against which it militates.

Example. Here is a foolish arrogant Dr Kinglake,³ who seems to know *no* Science—having proved himself a *miserable Scribbler*, & the Physicians say pitiably ignorant in his *Profession*;—His Pamphlet on the Gout serving us all to laugh at:—yet do the wisest Men adopt his ill express'd Notions in *their* Practice, with due Modifications; & the Gout will perhaps be in future Times much alleviated in Consequence of his—*somethings*,—for I cannot call them Ideas.

Example again Malthus's learned Essay on Population⁴ & Charity Schools is esteemed & praised—only for retailing with Delicacy and softness, all Mandeville's coarse Truths for which *his Book was burned*. now all this is no *Satire* (if I die tomorrow.)

¹ The Bishop of Killala has lost his Wife. 20 May 1805. Mrs. Piozzi. Mrs. Catharine Stock died at her house in Henrietta Street, Dublin, in May. *Gent. Mag.* lxxv. 490.

² 'Tis an Italian Proverb. Mrs. Piozzi.

³ Dr. Robert Kinglake, who published in 1804 a *Dissertation upon Gout*, in which he advocated the cooling treatment.

⁴ Published in 1798.

⁵ Hannah More's new Book does her both Hon^r & Credit—yet is Mr Rob^{ts} right when he says y^t to read it is mere Loss of Time. Mrs. Piozzi. It was *Hints toward Forming the Character of a Young Princess* (1805).

Mandeville's Book deserved burning, and Malthus's merits Praise: In like Manner the other Example—for finally it does appear to me, that Mankind will at last be benefited by the Blockhead Kinglake, and injur'd by the Philosopher *Malthus*.

Brinbella Longest Day 1805.] The Death of dear Murphy¹ opens this Page: Oh Melancholy! & by me heart-felt Occurrence! so pass the Companions of one's Youth away! so passes Youth itself, & Maturity, and ev'ry Thing—He was not quite as old as Mr Thrale I find,—i.e. if Mr Thrale knew his own Age;² of which there are Reasons for doubting—but of his Contemporary *gay* Fellows, & *Play* Fellows, none seem to be left now except little Sir George Colebrooke. When Dr Burney dies, I have lost my last *Skreen* among the Pictures in Streatham Park Library—No, No; Lord Westcote lives to stand a while like a long Shadow in the Setting Sun, covering & shading my Small Person from Death the Destroyer.

& What will they say of poor Atty—as Mr Thrale used to call him—I wonder. If ill, the Survivors are ungenerous; for he was no ill Speaker of those who with himself ran for the Prize of Public Favour, light-hearted & sweet temper'd, with true *Value for Virtue*; & of no unorthodox Religious Opinions, liv'd Murphy in a Circle the Contemplation of which confirmed Him in a low opinion of Mankind's Morality—but if he found few *good*, I really think it was his Point to make no one *worse*. All His Dramas & Papers have what he consider'd as a proper Tendency, and to read or see them can do harm to no one.

Poor Fellow! I am very Sorry for his Death.³ Where will they

¹ On June 18, at his apartments in Brompton Row, Knightsbridge. *Gent. Mag.* lxxv. 590.

² See above, p. 543, n.3.

³ The Piozzis, however, submitted, through Mr. John Gillon, a claim against Murphy's estate, for £40, which had been loaned to him on his note of hand. Gillon wrote to Mrs. Piozzi on June 28: '... I am sorry to inform you that you was pretty right in entertaining cold Hope only of recovering your Money; for I was informed by Mr. Palmer [the lawyer who handled the claims], & by Mr. Foot [Jesse Foot, Murphy's executor and biographer] . . . that there would not be assets sufficient to pay the Creditors Six-pence in the Pound. Mr. Foot, who it seems has been most kind to the poor Man, during his Life, & to his Memory, since his Decease,—shewed me his Will, made a few Weeks ago, which is very short, by which he leaves the Prints in his Sitting Room, at his Lodgings, to the Mistress of the House, & 20 Guineas & his Linen to his Servant Maid. . . . Murphy wrote a letter to Foot, not many days before his Death, saying that he was not going to change his Lodgings, but that he was going to *Totter down Hill*. The last place he went to was to Hammel'smith, to cause the Grave to be opened, in which his Mother was deposited, & to direct that he might be placed near her.' A later letter from Gillon (May 26, 1806) states that Palmer tried to settle the debt by reminding the Piozzis that Murphy had rendered them much legal service without pay—to which Gillon replied that he had always done so as a 'private Friend'. Eventually Mr. Piozzi got £12 out of the £40 to which he laid claim. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 579.

bury him? among the Catholics? he never formally abjured that his original Sect of Xtianity. Farewell old Friend I amque Vale!! *Sit tibi Terra levis!* He *does* lye by his Mother's Side at Hammersmith

Sophia Thrale has sent me a Present of curious Pens; very new, & neat, & portable, I returned her these Verses in three hours Time.

To give my lovely Girl Delight
What with her Present shall I write?
What Character assume?
A plodding Scholar best they'll fit,
For Foes to *feather*-headed Wit
Are pens without a *Plume*.

They really write Hebrew very nicely

L^d Jersey¹ dead—no *great* Villiers! What a grand Monument he will have no doubt after lying in State so! I was thinking these Lines might do for the Inscription

That Man's made up of Dust & Pride,
This Monument may show;
One flourishes you see, *Outside*:
The other—rots below.—

That Man's made up of Dust & Pride
May by this Tomb be seen;
One glittering thus on the Outside
Whilst t'other rots within.²

All Things *must* rot I often hear-say
Let them be Silk or Stuff—or *Jersey*

This Distich is Mr Siddons's. & very good.

15. 16. 17. Sept^r 1805.] very surprizing, yet true enough: this has

¹ George Bussy Villiers, 4th Earl of Jersey, who died at Tunbridge Wells on August 21. *Gent. Mag.* lxxv. 783.

² That Man of Dust & Pride is made
This Monument may show,
One lifts aloft its Towering head
While t'other rots below.
Man's form'd of Dust & Pride 'tis said
And both may here be found;
One in this Monument display'd
The other under-ground. *Mrs. Piozzzi.*

¶ 'Tis odd enough that by studying Hebrew I should have discover'd that Delphos in Greek was an indecent Word—but such it certainly was. דלפת in Hebrew is its apparent Original, Delephat—& to say true Δελφος in Greek is sure enough Synonymous with *Vukva* in Latin—but how little is this known?? *Adelphi* are *Uterine* Brothers so they are;—coming out of the same Place—*Delphi* I never thought of that before—but it is so. *Mrs. Piozzzi.*

¶ The Bishop of Killala has got another Wife: His first has been dead *nine Weeks*. Oh how the People do rave at him!!! 30: July 1805. *Mrs. Piozzzi.* The new wife was Mrs. Mary Obins of Bath, whom he married on July 22, 1805.

been the hottest Sunday I have experienced at little Dymchurch Church *This whole Summer*; since the 10th of May when we came from Bath.

One observes every thing on these Two or three Days of the Year—when my Heart ever gratefully celebrates the Birth of my Eldest Daughter. How often have I run from a good Fire at Streatham Park & put on Fur Tippetts Clokes &c to carry me without Catching Cold to the Summer House where the Servants were treated with a Dance—and now! here in *North Wales* do we complain of the Heat, the Wasps, and broiling Sun which (blessed be God) sees our Barns full & running over with Corn; a Harvest, plenteous beyond belief, tho' somewhat tardy because of the late Rains.

Denbigh Green covered with Wheat where so long it lay in Waste Land, & Importation besides to an Immense Extent, & yet Grain bearing a Price unheard of by my Parents: Barley twenty Shillings the Hobbet, Oats Ten Shillings, and Wheat Thirty five! Find the Reason Oh ye Sages!

Is it increased Population? I suppose so.

We have lost Mr Siddons, he left these Lines behind him—on the Breakfast Table.

I envy not Poets of yore
 Why should I repent or repine?
 That they liv'd many Ages before
 Since the Present is luckily mine.
 I need not be grieved that their Muse
 Had so wide or so ample a Swing,
 They first had their Subjects to chuse
 But they left me Brynbella to sing.

2.

Windsor Forest and fam'd Grongar Hill
 Had Bards full of Fancy & Fire,
 Few boast of *their* eminent Skill
 Nor will I contend with their Lyre.
 Yet dull and lethargic that Brain
 And surely as Erebus dark
 Which making Brynbella its Theme
 Emits no poetical Spark.

¶ Hannah More is appointed Preceptress or SubPreceptress to our future Queen in Consequence of Her last Book. no, no; 'tis a false Report. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

¶ The Greatheeds no longer inconsolable, see Page 244 have got a Baby to nurse; Bastard (or they hope so) to their Son Bertie. *Vive La Bruyère!* he says, *On pleure amerement, on est sensiblement touché; mais on est ensuite si foible et si léger, qu'on se console.* *Mrs. Piozzi*. The Greatheeds brought up the child as Bertie's legitimate offspring. The obituary notice of Mr. Bertie Greatheed, Sr., in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1826 (xcvi. i. 367), mentions his son's marriage in France, and states that his granddaughter had married Lord Charles Percy, son of the Earl of Beverley, in 1823. For the quotation, see *Les Caractères*, chap. 4, § 34.

3

Sweet Vale to my Memory dear
 I feel no Surprize when I see
 Towns Castles Possessions appear
 To take their Adornments from thee:
 Where *without* every Scene must be grac'd
 When Judgment takes Piozzi for Guide,
 Where *within* Hospitality's plac'd
 While Virtue & Talents preside.

4.

On thy Prospects Brynbella! so rare
 How oft have I feasted my Sight!
 Thy Mountains uprais'd in the Air
 With old Ocean to crown the Delight;
 But now I must bid ye Adieu,
 Adieu gentle Valley—dear Friends,
 To the Authour of Nature and You,
 I am bound till this frail Being ends.¹

25: Oct^r 1805.] We have been to Abergeley & Prestatyn *both* *this* Year; but could not stay ten Days at either: Mr Piozzi's sudden Seizure with Gout all over him drove us from y^e last-named Place in August, & when we came home he was very bad indeed—but Siddons's Conversation amused *my* Agony, and the Child's Arrival with His Tutor—Mr Davies; gave me something else to think about—But I am now all alone—driven from dear Lady Kirkwall and the Sound of a Harp (at least) twanging in the Passage of the Bee—our Habitation at Abergeley:—amused only by sighs & Groans *within* doors, & Howling Wind—*without*—God give us Strength & Ability for our Bath Journey²—We shall there have some *help*, & some *Society* at hand; This is a dismal Life!³

I was sitting one Day in my little Music Room—giving way to sad Thoughts in my Solitude, when a heavy Sigh surprized me.

¹ Mr Siddons has been a very agreeable & comfortable Companion to us: I know not why his Wife turned him out so in his Old Age Poor Fellow! or whether he turned *himself* out; but the World is beginning I see to blame *her* & pity *him*: they had better have gone on together. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

² They occupied their usual house on Pulteney Street from December 1 to March 7. Bowood Papers.

³ A Putrid Fever in the House too! A Serv^t Maid infected: Oh dreadful! & my Husband—cross as sick, and sick as cross—if possible. What shall we do? Great God! Letters from Bath say *Anna Lee* has hanged herself. 3: *Nov^r* 1805. *Mrs. Piozzi.* Anna Lee was the younger sister of Harriet and Sophia, and had assisted them with the Belvidere School. She hanged herself on October 23, as William Siddons wrote on October 29, after returning from a tour on which she had tried to drown herself. He reports that she had been unwell during the previous winter —‘a slow fever and very nervous—the cause we cannot tell—report says a disappointment of the Heart.’ *Ry. Eng. MS.* 892.

I have no Dog now; & it sounded like y^e breathing of a large Greyhound when going to sleep after A long Course. It was Impossible to guess what it could be: Another deep-drawn Breath of the same sort succeeded, & I recollected that the Organ Pipes were affected by our Windy Weather, & lamented the Loss of their poor Master's ruined Hand, with these dull mournful Sighs. how Melancholy!

11: May 1806 Brynbella] Here I am then once more; *ripatriata* as the Italians express it—after our excursion to England: Piozzi & his Wife alive after so many Deaths dropping on every Side us. & if People are not *called* out of Life, they *run*, they *rush* out of it. Anne Lee at the beginning—John Edw^d Madox¹ At the End of the Winter! Two Suicides among one's own not numerous Acquaintance. M^{rs} Hanbury Williams, & M^r Bathurst Pye frightened all the *fine* People at Bath by their almost *public Exits*; they scarcely got into their own Bedrooms to expire; while Warren the Cheese Monger, the deaf & dumb Fish Boy, with poor M^{rs} Cooper who sold Greens—shall I see no more at the Market in *that* City;—here too in Wales we have lost M^r Wynne of Plasnewydd,—our Postmaster at Denbigh, cum multis aliis—& Cecy Mostyn says that Robin Jones *says* that her showy young Husband is a dying Man.

Oh Frightful Times! Oh horrible Occurrences!

Cator² & Crutchley³ likewise, once my Copartners—Coexecutors; Friends, Enemies, Indifferents—but gone!! no longer Friends or Enemies. Sweet M^{rs} De Luc⁴ lost from the Society of Wise & Good—The Duchess of Devonshire⁵ departed from amidst the Gay & Great; & Pitt⁶ pursued out of the World by fast-following Care, like a tormenting Wife seated on the Pillion, & goading him along⁷—Apropòs to *Pillion*

¹ He killed himself at his house in Piccadilly on March 26, 1806. *Gent. Mag.* lxxvi. 295.

² Who died on February 21, 1806. *Ibid.*, p. 285.

³ Who died on December 28, 1805. Burke, *Landed Gentry*.

⁴ Second wife of M. Jean André de Luc, one of Queen Charlotte's readers.

⁵ Who died on March 30, 1806.

⁶ Who died on January 23, 1806, disheartened over the failure of the allied cause in the closing months of 1805.

⁷ and among all these Deaths

Must Carter's Form fade from this changeful Scene

Unnotic'd by the busy Crouds below?

And is there no Leaf left of dusky Green

To bind round ancient Learning's wither'd Brow?

None:—where contend the rich the Bold the Young,

Wisdom's pale votarist unheeded dies;

But memory's Daughters will repair such wrong

Tow'rd her who call'd them from their native Skies. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

Charade.

Inscribed on many a learned Page

In mystic Characters and sage

My first long Time has stood;

But though its Golden Days are past,

In Wooden Walls it still may last

Till cloth'd in Flesh & Blood.

My second's deem'd a glorious Prize

By such as love their wondering Eyes

With curious Sights to pamper;

But the same Wonder should they meet,

All' Improviso—in the Street,

Ye Gods! how they would Scamper!

Mon Tout's a sort of wand'ring Throne

To Woman dedicate alone,

The Salique Law reversing;

Yet there too jumps the Upstart Man,

While She jogs after as She can,

Her Regal Part rehearsing.

The *first* Man that ever died, died by the Hand of another Man;¹—so perhaps will the *last* Man: never were Wars so sanguinary, never did Murder in every Form so rage upon the Earth.

Well! had we a nearer View of God's ways—as Eli Bates says,²—we like Ezekiel should behold and see the Wheels of his Providence like those of his Chariot *full of Eyes* round about: but 'tis vain to seek Wisdom or pursue Knowledge *here*—Solomon himself found he had found nothing.

Six Thousand Years back, when the World was yet Young,

Her Maker's most favourite Tree;

Rose science; disdaining the Ground whence She sprung,

For the Queen of Creation was She.

Even Natures Angelic look'd down with Delight

In such Beauty her Form was array'd;

The Birds to pass over, wing'd upward their Flight,

The Camelopardalis gaz'd at her Height,

And Behemoth repos'd in her Shade.

¹ Was Cain a *Gyant*? some say that was the *Mark* set on him, perhaps it was so, and *then* the mark itself was his Protection. *Nod* means a *Mark* in old British to y^s Day. Gower is a *Gyant* in Welsh, *Giaour* is a horrible Infidel in the Oriental Languages. *Aour* אור is Light in Hebrew *Giaour* perhaps means privation of Light in Arabic: Unbelief in God's Word is Darkness. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² Ely Bates, in *Christian Politics* (1802-6).

¶ My Maid is Married; Allen who liv'd with me 15 Years. Will She be happy? or her Husband? God knows. Among the *Hymenoptera* are rang'd by Linnæus, not the diligent Bee only; but Wasps and Hornets; every Insect as he says, possessing a *Sharp Sting*. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

But plunder'd and torne by Man's timeless Desire,
 Against all Prohibition profan'd;
 The coy Hamadryad made haste to retire
 And shrink from Humanity's Hand.

No Philosopher since has found out her Abode
 No Mechanic e'er trac'd her Retreat;
 Though to Socrates once half her Visage She show'd,
 Even he was permitted to stray from the Road
 Where She guided her Wandering Feet.

Some deem'd her with Aeronaut Powers endued,
 Some thought She couch'd close to the Ground;
 But tho' menacing high, Archimedes pursued,
 And with soft Veneration tho' Cicero wooed,
 The Nymph was inflexible found.

With us Moderns still more, when by Fools we detest,
 To Bacon short search was allow'd;
 Sir Isaac indeed her Attractions confest
 And caught a light Glimpse of her gay-colour'd Vest
 While his Goddess escap'd in the Cloud.

In the Vortex Cartesian so headlong and blind
 There was Fear of her Death by the Whirl,
 And yet Esmenard says, in a magnet confin'd
 Resides the *Invisible Girl*.

Thus hunting her hard, Life's short Day to an end;
 Like A Fox to Earth's Covert She flies:
 And Earth you yourself must become my sweet Friend,
 Before you're possess'd of the Prize.

This Rhapsody I wrote and sent to my eldest Daughter one Day
 when I was in a very ill Humour with Study.

It is no bad Supplement to my Letter address'd to Lady Kirkwall
 in praise of Ignorance some Months ago.

Doctor Archer has been trying to teach us Chymistry by Lecture,
 this last Season at Bath; but I learned nothing except that where the
 Sphere of Attraction ceases, the Sphere of Repulsion begins.—Oh
 Word of Fear! Oh Word of Fear! Unpleasing to a Lady's Ear.¹
 & not delightful to that of a *Lover*.

Take Care then you Young Beginners of the World, & remember
 that every thing *in* it, must have an End. but If old Assertions won't
 prevail, Be pleas'd to hear a Modern Tale.

Love and Time set out together
 On a sprightly Morn of May;
 Mild the Morning, bright the Weather
 Phœbus shed a soft'ning Ray.

¹ See the song of the Owl and the Cuckoo, at the close of *Love's Labour's Lost*.

Love complain'd that Time was tardy,
 Time ne'er stopt to answer nay;
 Time look'd cautious, Love felt hardy,
 Scarce the Stream could force their Stay.

To the Girls across the River
 Cupid call'd—"Come Lasses! play;
 Take Time's Forelock, catch my Quiver,
 Lose not Pleasures by Delay."¹

Creeping Time can ne'er get over,
 Cried the Titting Girls so gay:
 Cupid seiz'd his Fellow-Rover,
 Love makes Time glide swift away.

But exertion leads to Languor,
 Winter comes, and comes Decay;
 Love was first to feel their Anger
 "Time runs thro' the roughest Day."¹

Sharp the Cold, the Weather stormy,
 Cross their Course a Torrent lay;
 Love cry'd, "Wait a Moment for me,
 Dear Time wait a moment,—pray."

"Never talk to me of waiting
 You so Young and I so Gray;
 Yet since now there's no Retreating,
 Time shall make Love pass away."

Sick and faint, he over-bore him,
 —Now recover as you may:
 Love will ne'er make Time wait for him,
 Time *will* make Love pass away.

We had much Talk in our Chymical Lectures concerning Oxygen, & much Talk concerning the Analogy between our Animal & Vegetable Kingdoms; More Talk still about Doctor Beddowes the great Bristol Philosopher, who tries to cure Phtisis by the Breath of Cattle, wth which Creatures he shuts his Consumptive Patients *up*. Well says M^{rs} Falconer humourously—Here's a World of Bustle with their Oxygen and their *Cow* again;—yet People dye just the same for ought I can find as ever they did,—& perhaps a little more.—A Lady at y^e Lecture ask'd me if y^e 3 Kingdoms D^r Archer talked so of were England Scotland & Ireland.

¹ 'Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.' *Macbeth*, I. iii. 147.

¶ I like the Bishop of Killala's Job better than his Isaiah as far as I can Judge, but such is the People's Indigation at his *Marriage*, they heed not what he says;—as if his marrying had ought to do with his Literary Abilities:—but they understand a bad Match better than a good Translation I suppose, and to Censure requires neither previous Parts nor Study. *Mrs. Piozzi*. The book referred to is *The Book of Job Metrically Arranged and Newly Translated* . . . (1805).

Another Death! nothing else indeed I think—the pleasant Bishop of Limerick;¹ gay, gallant, chearful Creature that he was—when known by name of Barnard Dean of Derry: Friend & Companion to dear little Goldsmith Reynolds, Burke, Johnson; all the old Coterie of the Turks head: where after Supper he used to sing the Song of Polypheme in *Acis & Galatea*:²—Can one then *help* exclaiming

Has then the Dean of Derry
Past o'er the darksome Ferry?
Who once more bright
Than Torch by Night
Shone forth 'mong Wits so merry!

He to the Grape's ripe Cluster
Could lend Convivial Lustre;
When blythe & gay
In Garrick's Day
Sweet Mirth her Friends did muster.

But since the Dean of Derry
Has cross'd the Stygian Ferry;
Wit Sense and Worth
Shall joyn with Mirth,
And cry We are griev'd,—ay *Very*!³

Cumberland's Life of himself is a delicious Book—to *my* Palate. It was particularly pretty to read the Biography of an English & A French Wit so, just at the same Time: & both beautifully done—Marmontel & Cumberland⁴—not far distant in literary Merit from each other—both desirous to impress you with strong Belief in Their

¹ Thomas Barnard, who did not die until June 7, 1806. *Gent. Mag.* lxxvi. 588. Since this entry precedes May 28 (see p. 1076), a premature report of his death must have reached her.

² Gay's serenata, set to music by Handel. Mrs. Piozzi's song imitates Polypheme's song, in both form and rhyme.

³ Published in the *St. James's Chronicle*, and sent, in the form of a clipping, to Hester. Bowood Papers.

⁴ Each published *Memoirs* of his own life, in 1806.

¶ How bitter are the Irish still against Upstarts altho' the prevailing Rage for Democratic Principles impels them on to Fashionable Frenzy!—The following Epigram shows their Instinctive Abhorrence of what they caress merely to 'spite our Government.

Glencurrie Glencurrie,
Come here in a hurry,
To look at this wonderful 'Squire;
Tho' between You & I
If he *does* fly so high,
A Blanket has tost you*much higher.

This biting Jest was made all 'Improviso by a Lady when in the Theatre at Dublin was exhibited a Farce, call'd Don Quixote in England: 'Squire Sancho flew up in the Air, & reminded her as Lord Glencurrie came into a neighb'ring Box, y^t his Lordship's Father was a Clothier from Witney in Oxfords[hire] where they make Blankets. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

Scholarship; both tenderly & sweetly attach'd to their Families;—both feeling or pretending to feel grieved that they were thrown upon the World rather than confined to their College: yet both apparently destined by Heaven for Study of Men more than Books.—And What want was there of more Controversial Authors? & why should Cumberland or Marmontel have been spar'd from either Political or Dramatic Labours, for purpose of adding to the literary Lumber of old Halls & College Libraries? *Quod sis, esse velis.*

What a Wonderful Exit is this of the Papacy?¹ why it goes out at last after blazing away so long, like an unobserved End of Candle on a Save-all; not like a Torch blown into Darkness by a Storm. and Turcism is dying off too²—as *if* of its own accord,—to keep that Power Company in Extinction, wth which it rose to brilliancy—or *nearly*.

I shall make some good Greek Scholar examine me out a Thing—which seized suddenly one Day upon my Curiosity. 'Tis a line in the first Hymn of Callimachus to Jupiter;³ & might,—or I dream so;—have supplied the Idea, or suggested the Expression of S^t Paul so sublimely & justly adapted to Jesus Christ—*The same yesterday, to day and for ever.*⁴ S^t Paul was much a reading Man we know; & scorns not to quote Epimenides, Aratus and Menander. Callimachus was an Authour greatly esteemed in *his* Day, a Sort of popular fav'rite indeed; & Catullus was his profest Imitator. He flourish'd under Ptolomy *Evergetes* as I remember; to whose Name, or rather Appellation our Saviour himself alludes, where he says The Kings of the Gentiles are called their *Benefactors*⁵—Evergetes means Benefactor. Oh there are more Classical Allusions in Scripture, & more allusion to Scripture in the Classics I am confident; than many of our Wise Men are aware of.

Brynbella 28: May 1806.] Spencer's⁶ new Verses of How d'ye do

¹ In May 1806 Napoleon forcibly imposed his continental blockade on the papal ports, and began the dismemberment of the Papal States.

² The French had just demanded from Turkey the cession of Larta, Prevese, and Bultrinto, and the French army in Istria was prepared to take them by force if they were refused.

³ Line 9: 'But thou didst not die, for thou art for ever.' Translation of A. W. Mair.

⁴ Heb. xiii. 8.

⁵ Luke xxii. 25.

⁶ The Hon. William Robert Spencer, son of Lord Charles Spencer, a writer of *vers de société*. Some of his verse was collected and printed in 1812, under the title *Miscellaneous Poems*.

¶ Sit tibi Terra levis. Qu. why was that a *good* Wish? I think it originated in some Idea of a Resurrection; let the Earth lye lightly on the Body of our belov'd Friend, & not by its weight impede his future Rising. *Mrs. Piozzzi.*

and Good b'ye are paltry Things, I will not write them out: they will be sure of Admission into Magazines Annual Registers &c because they are *his*—he is a favourite with the Public. His Birth of *Love*, & Death of the *Dog* were better; the first of those was imitated from the French indeed; but very neatly done. I think he is no better a Poet than H:L:P.

5: July 1806.] Here is a clamorous Uproar again—a *Second* Uproar—about the Prince and Princess of Wales.¹ There was *one* silly Bustle when She first arrived, & strange Stories were raised *then*. His odd Dislike of her Person & Preference of a woman old enough to be her Mother, is unnatural; & *as yet* unaccounted for. It is said now that he attacks her Reputation from desire to divorce himself and acknowledge *Fitzherbert* at past 60 Years old—& one who never loved him,—enduring his Caresses only in hope of assisting the Catholic Cause; how strange a Fellow he must be!! But the Tide of Opinion is terribly against him in this Business, the Mob protects the injured Lady openly—so Once more & for ever—*God save the King!!* his Death would plunge us into a terrible Situation; & worried as he is, I think he lives by Miracle.²

Verses for the 25: July 1806.

This Day our Matrimonial Geers
Have lasted Two and Twenty Years,
Dragging us safe thro' Hopes and Fears
The Term of Two and Twenty Years.
Some silly Spite, some empty Sneers
Follow'd 'tis true for Twenty Years;
And one *might* say the Prospect clears
At close of Two and Twenty Years:
Could we but credit what appears
While Envy's Course now backward steers.
Did not Fate stand with ready Sheers
To cut off Joy from future Years,
While honest Conscience only,—cheers
And *Hope* of honest Tenant's Tears.

¹ The scandal spread by Lady Douglas that the Princess, after ten years' separation from her husband, was about to have a child—a charge from which she was exonerated by a commission of investigation appointed by the King.

² There is Talk too of the Duke of Brunswic's coming over to challenge The Prince of Wales for ill Usage of his beautiful Daughter—a Fine Piece of Business! and Jeffries the Jeweller too & our Heir Apparent bandying Jokes & Witty Reparties against *each other*:—Fine Equality! Mutual Rascality! The Prince rather beats him at a Jest I think—The Title of *his* Pamphlet, Diamond cut Diamond in Reply to the *Jeweller*, is *brilliant* as for the Wrongs and the Robberies few could have beaten his Royal Highness I think—yet this mean Dog *does* beat him there,—because he Threatened him with a Publication of Facts; so that Jeffries robs with a Lampoon in his Hand instead of a Pistol. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

Well! notwithstanding these Cold Thoughts, we are going to Llŷn;—to revisit my native Soil: after an Absence of 32 Years since I visited it with my first Husband—we left it in 1747 I think—and I went with M^r Thrale there in 1774. I am now going with M^r Piozzi, God send us safely back 1806. 5: Aug:—Brynbellla.

25: Aug.—1806] The Tour is over, it was a very pleasant one; I had forgotten much of the Romantic Scenery; & found it superior to my Expectations. The drive down Penmaenback and over Penmaen Mawr are extremely fine: The new Town of Tre Madoc interesting beyond Imagination, & the Pont Aber Glas lyn beautiful even to Comparison with any thing among the Alps. Bethkelert and Capel Kerig wonderful! & resembling the Monte S^t Juliano near the Bagni di Pisa—with Myrtle growing wild round the House—and Snowdon's black Bosom opening as if to receive the now numerous Travellers which haunt North Wales since this Irish Union¹—My poor little Old Town of Pwllhely² even vyes in Dignity & Splendor with Dirty Denbigh, which is fourscore Miles nearer England; and it will be a smart Seaport soon I dare say, when the fine new Road is made leading to Dublin thro' Portyn Llaen. The Accommodations at every Inn mend every hour, & Sublimity will soon give Place to Convenience—While Commerce with his levelling Plough breaks down the Warrior's Camp and Druid's Cromlech, into a smooth Way for Waggons Mail Coaches and a long Et Cætera.

Meanwhile I sent these Lines to my Daughters who are at Penzance.

Stanzas from Wales

1806.

What will my lovely Lasses say?
How will you look when I shall tell ye?
We saw the Spot you tread this Day
From the high Rocks beyond Pwllhely.

¹ It was pretty & comical to be recognized by an old Acquaintance A Brewer's Clerk—in the Wilds of Snowdon:—he had come with his Companions 300 Miles to see a Mountain he said, & now the Clouds covered it & spoiled his View—so he would employ his six Weeks Holy-days after *The Restes* were taken up, in Growse-shooting upon the Hills near *Kerig o' Druidion!!!* Mrs. Piozzi.

² Poor old Bodvel where I was born is a neat Place enough—and to *Me* interesting. When I saw the 1st Bridge over the first Stream, I thought on the old Patriarch Jacob & his Expression —““For with my Staff did I pass over this Jordan (says He,) and now am I become *Two Troops.*””—, & the People all said I looked so *young* forsooth Good News indeed!—I was at least glad to *hear* it, tho' I could not without Difficulty perswade myself to think so. Mrs. Piozzi. For the reference, see Gen. xxxii. 10.

Nothing improves the visual Pow'rs
 Or sharpens Sight like fond Affection;
 Dividing Distance it devours,
 And binds Time fast in Recollection.

While *your* green Lizard basking lies
 Stretch'd in the genial South so Sunny,
We clamber up the rifted Rise
 Of Towyn rough, or rude Trevunney.

Next where Tre Madoc, Infant Town!
 Wond'ring surveys her strange Promotion,
 Whose modern Romulus makes known
 How Industry can tame an Ocean.

The frowning Crag, the smiling Pool
 Of old Bethkelert next our Care is;
 Once savage Seat of surly Rule,
 Or Haunt conceal'd of Cambrian Faeries.

Now honour'd half, and half profan'd
 Theme of the noble Spencer's Verses;
 Our Prince and Dog have little gain'd,
Their Poet's Praise each Lip rehearses.

Next wind up Capel Kerig's Heights
 Where Commerce weds the Muse unwilling;
 Her Contemplation's loftiest Flights
 Broke by Disputes about a Shilling.

Yet Commerce Smooths the Mountain's Brow,
 His Arts restrain the dashing Fluid;
 No Nook sequester'd 'scapes Him now,
 Nor Warrior's Camp, nor Cave of Druid.

But Weariness o'er Wit prevails
 I bring my Travels to their Finis;
 Sufficient if each Spot in Wales
 Bear Witness to your Mother's Kindness.

But all this is Empty Stuff—The Old Holy Roman Empire, The Germanic Empire is defunct—and pronounced to be no more.¹ ““So get thee gone thou Eagle; & appear not again: with thy horrible Wings, thy hurtful Talons, & all thy vain Body””

Poor plume-plucked Francis² makes indeed a mournful Figure, for what the Locust had spared (as Scripture says)³ the Cankerworm Hath eaten; & what Robertspierre left unfinish'd Bonaparte has made complete. Oh marvellous Times! 27: Aug: 1806:

14: Sep^{tr} 1806.] Buonaparte has call'd a Congress of Jewish

¹ Francis II resigned the empire of Germany on August 6, 1806.

² Cf. 'plume-pluck'd Richard', *Richard II*, iv. i. 108.

³ Joel i. 4.

Deputies to Paris¹—see this Volume of *Thraliana* Page 177!!²—When they went home once before, God Almighty sent the *Hornet* to drive away those Nations who occupied their Birthright:—He—the *Hornet*, is preceding them again I think. He is trying to get their Money from them now *a force des Promesses*.

““He’s tacking ’em in, he’s tacking ’em in:”” as Sir Archy says.³

Mr Piozzi has lost a Brother,⁴ and I have lost my good old Cousin & Friend Mr Jones;⁵ Poor Doctor Archer dead too since we left Bath, and Colonel Velley:⁶ Rauzzini but half alive—everyone going, going, going: & I have just got a new Bed Chamber *Clock*—how foolish!

When Pleasures mark the hours that rise
And youth rejoices in his prime;
It may be good it may be wise
To watch with Care the Flight of Time.
But when both Friends and Hours are seen
To part, and ne’er return again;
Who would look out for a Machine
To mark How few there yet remain?

An Imitation

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Elevè dans la Vertu, | Lord bless me! when I lately saw |
| Et malheureux avec Elle; | Dundas defy our English Law; |
| Je disois a quoi sers tu? | When ’spite of Vertue Sense & Wit, |
| Pauvre et sterile Vertu? | A broken heart had ended Pitt; |
| Ta Droiture et tout ton Zèle, | Whilst all beg’d Sheridan to stand |
| Tout comptè, tout rabatu, | Up Bulwark of our sinking Land: |
| Ne valent pas un Festu. | Was it not just the Time to say |
| Mais voyant que l’on couronne | Let Vice be Order of the Day? |
| Aujourd’hui le grand Pomponne; | Who would have ought to do with Thee, |
| Aussi tost je me suis tû, | Poor starving, steril Honesty? |
| A quelque Chose elle est bonne. | Hold says the Muse; how you run on! |

It made a Lord of Addington.

¹ Napoleon had called an assembly of the principal French Jews, in August, with a view to nationalizing them, and to discovering what religious barriers, if any, would prevent their assuming the status of loyal citizens.

² See above, p. 990.

³ Sir Archy Macsarcasm, in Macklin’s *Love à la Mode*, II. i: ‘He is ainly taking him in—he is taking him in—the bubble’s bit.’

⁴ See above, p. 639, n. 1.

⁵ see for Mr Jones’s Epitaph Page 185. we may now for fourscore Years, read five score I believe. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See above, p. 999. Mr. Jones died in September 1806. *Gent. Mag.* lxxvi. 1075.

⁶ Thomas Velley, the botanist, who died on June 8, from injuries received in a runaway stage-coach accident.

¶ The Harvest is in, & the Swallows gone, and the Rain arrived & silly Mr^s Piozzi planning a new Book. *Mrs. Piozzi*. It was ‘Lyford Redivivus’, an alphabetically arranged study of the derivations of the Christian names of men and women. The title was borrowed from Edward Lyford’s *True Interpretation and Etymologie of the Christian Names* . . . (1655). Her incomplete MS. is now in the collection of Mr. A. Edward Newton.

The Praise is warmer in the Original, but the Character was warmer.

The Weather is good here, and the Harvest plentiful—a quiet Autumn—so far; and Mr Piozzi free from Gout: his Hands feet & Voice are however wholly lost, & he is frightened at missing the Accustomed Fit of agonizing Pain, lest *worse*,—that is more *dangerous* Consequences should be brought on.

He is more impatient to return under Care of the Bath Physicians than ever I knew him from that Fear. [Brynbella 1st Oct^r 1806.

Tuesday 2: Dec^r 1806.] We are going to conclude this Year at Bath again—The Journey *will be dreadful*¹—Mr Piozzi has had another Fit of Gout—more dangerous, more cruel & oppressive than any he has yet endured, & leaving him more helpless: but then we have had longer Holydays than usual—longer Remission of these horrible Scenes—& Doctor Thackeray pulled us through most manfully.

Fryday 12: June 1807.] Here we are, Thanks to Almighty God—once more returned from Bath & London, to lay our Bones quietly down at Brynbella.² The Illness Mr Piozzi had to support in the first Named Place, this January & February; beat all I ever saw or read of:—on my Birthday 27th day of the new Year, Dr Parry was fetched at 2 or 3 o'Clock in the Morn^g, & between *then* & the first of May, my wretched Husband swallowed no fewer than 300 Medical Draughts. Early in March we believ'd every Instant would have been his last, and I thought it Time to enquire if he would see a Romish Priest as Time seemed flying fast away. He cried No, No, No: with Earnestness.³—a Protestant Clergyman? said I—by all means, was his Ans^r. Dear Mr Leman of the Crescent came at our Call, and my Piozzi is now a Member of our own Communion. He rec^d the Sacrament again according to *L'Eglise Anglicane* on Easter day; & his odd Dream at Milan is verified; how he took me by the Arm & walked out of their Church—resolving to walk in *no more* See then what may be done by the old Method, suaviter in Modo, fortiter in re.

Sophia Thrale is going to be married, So I shall have a Son in Law

¹ The Journey *was* dreadful. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

² My own health has been much harrass'd—but the Wonder is—*We are alive* after so dreadful a Winter. Poor Mostyn is no longer so;—*his* Babes are Fatherless! *his* Wife a Widow! 12: June 1807. *Mrs. Piozzi*. He died on May 19, 1807, at Bath. Burke, *Landed Gentry*.

³ Elsewhere she says that Mr. Piozzi had never 'communicated with the Romanists' after receiving and reading a book of devotions from a French Protestant minister, a M. de Maire, whom he met in Saxony in 1786. *Mainwaring Piozziana*, ii. 92.

again, notwithstanding the Death of Mr Mostyn. Henry Merrick Hoare is the new Man; a Banker¹ in London.

Dear Sophy was exceeding *civil* and I may say *kind* when we were Sick at Sabloniere's Hotel in Leicester Fields this last Spring:²—her Sisters went to comfort Cecilia, whose Husband lay expiring at Bath; whence *mine* escaped with *Life* after swallowing 300—25 Dozen I think, of Medical Draughts from Bowens Shop.

Brinbella 16: July 1807.] Doctor Vaughan of Curzon Street May Fair did him good tho', & he has been mending in his health ever since. My own Health is gone I think,—but *may* return for ought I know: 'Tis of less Consequence now every day. Mr Piozzi's Nephew grows a great Boy, & will soon be able to afford his Uncle a Support more interesting to *him*, & more *pleasing* sure than that of his now ugly old Wife H:L:P.—

The chalk increased so with this last Fit it was wonderful. he has Concretions ev'n in his *Neck*.

Of Ancients then no more let's talk,
Cry Piozzi and Sir Laurence Palk;
We prove their word a Lye is:
Unblest *our* Days tho' mark'd with Chalk,
Cretâ notanda Dies.

I have been reading Gibbons Memoirs³ & Beattie's Life;⁴ There is a Passage in this last quoting Bishop Porteus who says Gibbons Style is obscure & affected⁵—so it does appear to be sure enough

¹ In the family firm, established by his great-great-grandfather. He was third son of Sir Richard Hoare, Bt. Cf. above, p. 1032. He and Sophia were married on August 13, 1807. *Gent. Mag.* lxxvii. 779. Mrs. Piozzi did not attend the wedding. On June 9 Susan Thrale, in evident anticipation of her sister's marriage, moved from London to the cottage called 'Ash Grove', at Chevening, Kent, which she ever afterwards occupied as a permanent residence. Mrs. Piozzi refers to her removal, in a letter of June 8 to Hester: 'Susette leaves Town tomorrow if I am right, and consummates her Marriage with Mr *Ash Grove*. If like Many Modern Couples they should be soon tired of the binding Words *to have and to hold*, She may get a Divorce any Day.' Bowood Papers. She had evidently not been told of the move, or of Sophia's approaching marriage, before she returned to Wales in early June, and was chagrined when she discovered that her maid and Mr. Piozzi's valet had heard the news in London. *Mainwaring Piozziana*, iii. 103.

² I will send her our fine Landscape by Gainsboro'—She likes English Artists. *Mrs. Piozzi*. This landscape, which now belongs to the Marquis of Lansdowne and was shown in the Gainsborough exhibit in London in 1936, is described as follows in a letter to Hester on October 17: 'The Subject Cattle driven down to drink, & the first Cow expresses Something of Surprise as if an Otter lurked under the Bank. It is a *naked* looking Landscape—done to divert Abel the Musician by representing *his* Country Boñemia in no favourable Light, & the Dog is a favourite's Portrait . . .' Bowood Papers.

³ Lord Sheffield's edition of his *Works with Memoirs of his Life and Writings Composed by Himself* (1796).

⁴ Sir William Forbes's *Account of the Life and Writings of James Beattie, LL.D.* (1806).

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 440.

in his *History*—but in his Letters *Not at all*. it is completely *French*; and I do believe that one Reason Gibbon had for preferring Fanny Lausanne (as he called Switzerland) to *la Grande Bretagne* by way of Residence, was that her Language was more easy & familiar to him. In his Letters from the Continent a hundred periods prove to me that he commonly *thought* in French.¹

Dear D^r Beattie seems even more amiable² than in his Life Time from these Remains printed by Sir William Forbes, & his Criticism on Richardson³ is the very best extant.

There are Two Words in the English Language where the Vowels follow one another in their due order A.E.I.OU. The Words are Abstemiously & Facetiously.—I was told it by Shephard of Gray's Inn⁴—he had it from D^r Goodall.

Mr Ashe the Flute-Player tells a strange Thing worth recording. When he was in London this Year 1807. he took a Sort of Valet de Place, a *very low* Fellow he says, whom he hired by the Day or Week to clean his Shoes, brush his Coat &c—not a Hair-dresser—and the Man neglecting his Duty, Ashe asked him what he had been doing?—Teaching Music Sir, replied he—*Teaching Music!* and pray how much have you a Lesson my good Friend? one Shilling & nine Pence answer'd the Fellow from my *best Scholars*, and nine Pence only from *the poorer Sort*—. He taught the Violin. but what a Rage for Music must there be, when such People will be Learners!

Every Thing has been *Early* this Year. The Harvest is particu-

¹ This Fashion of publishing Lives & Remains is a very amusing Fashion—and Sir William Jones's is the least entertaining among them all. His Ballad of Come Smile Damsels of Cardigan pleases me best of any thing in the Book. *Mrs. Piozzi*. See Lord Teignmouth's edition of Sir William Jones's *Works* (1807), i. 356–9, for the love song written in Wales, to which she refers.

² The following mention of herself, in Beattie's letter to Sir William Forbes, of July 10, 1788, may have affected this judgement: '... I greatly admired his [Mr. Thrale's] wife for her vivacity, learning, affability, and beauty: I thought her indeed one of the most agreeable women I ever saw; and could not have imagined her capable of acting so unwise a part as she afterwards did.' *Life of Beattie* (1806), p. 436.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 28–32.

⁴ Charles M. S. Shepard, son of the Rev. Thomas Shepard, head of a school at Enborne, near Newbury, in Berkshire, where John Salusbury Piozzi was now at school. He later (1820) became Attorney-General of St. Vincent, in the Windward Islands. After Mr. Gillon's death, in 1809, he became for a while Mrs. Piozzi's confidential adviser.

¶ Here is a strange Tale of Two Solar Systems our own & some other, being disturb'd by a suddenly ruptur'd or fractured World: w^{ch} breaking into 30000 Pieces, some have been forced into the Sphere of our Sun's Attraction—as Vesta, falsely called a new Planet, or a newly-discover'd Planet:—and some remain in a State of Libration, and at this Moment inhabit that Punctum stans formed by the crossing of Concentric Circles such as Ladies work in their Carpet Borders. Can such Things be? *Such* Signs in the Sun Moon & Stars—and sit we all Insensible? or is it a mere Somnium Astronomicum as the Hutchinsonians deem it?—4: Aug: 1807. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

larly *early*; & very copious: All housed by the 1st of Sept^r 1807.—& now heavy Rains—& an *early* Anticipation of Winter.

We have had Mr Piozzi's Nephew with us this year & shewn him about Wales. He is handsomer than any Boy I ever saw of his Age—else neither better nor worse than the next Boy. His Heart is wholly an Italian one: his Resemblance in Body & Mind strong to Mr Piozzi, for whom he has I think a much more sincere Affection & Partiality than *English* Lads ever feel towards an old Parent, who is commonly nothing in their Sight but an Obstacle to Pleasure,—an Object of Contempt. We must however recollect that young Salusbury Has no one else in the Island—(whither he has been thrown by Providence)—to whom he can look up for Friendship or Support—& that may serve as a Reason.

What does Maurice mean by his Ten Hebrew Sephiroth?¹ I cannot find his meaning. They are some Cycles or Periods mentioned in The Talmud no doubt—had they been *seven* in Number I should have consider'd them as somehow analogous to the *seven* Apocalyptic *Trumpets* typified by those blown round the Walls of Jericho, which fell of itself when the seventh Ram's horn or Trumpet sounded. Qu: were those Walls typical of the *World's* Duration & fall. *After the 7th Trumpet?*²

Things seem strangely out of Course public & private. George Henry Glasse married to a pretty Wench³—no Bessy Blaquiere—is one of the petty Wonders soliciting Attention:—Lord Kirkwall's Separation from his Lady⁴—*another*.

Surely Pierce Yorke of D'Affrinalli is not the *only Man* suddenly seized with Mania.

¹ The Rev. Thomas Maurice's *Indian Antiquities* (1800), i. 42: '... the Ten Avatars, or descents of Veesnu in the human form, which seem to be of a similar nature with the Ten Sari of Chaldaea, and the Ten Sephiroth of the Hebrews.'

² There is a Comet in the *Newspapers* I know not whether in the Sky or not; Our Tides uncommonly high, seem as if Such a Phænomenon was at hand. Comets have an immediate Effect on the Tides. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ Miss Harriet Wheeler, whom he married in May 1805. He committed suicide in 1809, after losing a large sum of money (which he had just raised to pay his debts) by leaving it in a hackney coach.

⁴ Which ended in a suit for divorce by Lady Kirkwall in 1817. Her husband had deprived her of her children, because he believed that she might harm them. He also accused her of sending her brother George to murder him. Already driven to desperation by these accusations, she developed a conviction that her own family had turned against her, because her loyalties were partly with her father in the separation which occurred between him and Lady de Blaquiere. Her few surviving letters, mostly dating from the year 1812, to Mrs. Piozzi, whom she calls 'a second mother', indicate a mind all but unhinged from grief and an obsession of persecution. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 580.

The Swallows staid this Year till the 8th of Oct^r notwithstanding our Leaves dropt so early—and a sort of Contagious Toothach or swelled face has gone thro' my Family. Mr Piozzi's Health seems restoring—my own declining—*The Dog it was—that died*—says Goldsmith's comical Ballad¹ about a Cur biting his Master, and being hanged for fear the Man should become Hydrophobous.—

I saw the Blazing Star thro' a very *dark Cloud* on Sunday Even^s 11th Oct^r² 1807 Brynbella,—but there was no Tail as I could discern;—The next Night the Heavens were particularly *clear* at the same Hour, but I looked & looked in vain; No Comet appeared at all.³

On the Conversation between Gustavus & Gen^l Brune
by G: H: Glasse

Ah de Grace laissez là vos Scenes Politiques
On les juge—ma Foi,—tant soit peu Dramatiques;
Du Héros Suedois pourquoi tant vous vanter?
C'est un *Allié Fou*; c'est un *Fou a lier*.

The Swedes will assist us our Ministry vaunt
The Swedes can both Berthier and Bernardotte daunt:
But who can confide in, provok'd I reply,
An *Ally* so foolish,—so foolish a *Lye*?

A Winter in Wales to Mr^s Hoare.

Whilst dear Sophia plans some pictur'd Strife
Where artificial Suns thro' Shade appear;
Me—Destiny condemns in fading Life
To sing the Sorrows of a fading Year.
Now the lone Traveller his Pathway lost
Creeps by old Oceans Edge, and shuns the Vale;
Sees strew'd with Wreck our Billow-beaten Coast
And hears the hoarse Gull screaming to the Gale.
Now cold Caducity—or call it Age
With chilling Palsy blasts each wither'd Bough;
While its last Leaf—torne by the Tempests Rage
Leaps undelighted o'er the frozen Snow.

¹ *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*, l. 32.

² This Time last year Mr Piozzi was wild to go to Bath—for better help;—but those 300 Draughts washed his Regard for Bowen quite away. he will be content with Mr Moore This Winter I dare say—& perhaps do much better;—he *cannot do worse*; & the Money (w^{ch} he likes best) will be saved for his Boy. People publish a *Winter* in London, a *Winter* in Dublin &c—We may write a *Winter in Wales* y^s Year. The Snow on 10th Nov^r *immense*: but Spain w^d be worse to *winter* in warm as that Country is. Oh what a Tragedia Castellana! Mrs. Piozzi. General Junot occupied Spain, in the name of Napoleon, in November.

³ The blazing Star appeared again, & its *Tail*; very like a Lady's Paradise Plume: It is retreating & returning but is certainly an unexpected Visitor. Mrs. Piozzi.

Round the wide Range far as my Sight extends,
 No cultur'd Plains or verdant Trees I trace,
 But the sad Muse o'er the pale Prospect bends
 To pore upon dull Nature's dying Face.

Yet Thomson thro' the Thick-wove Wintry Shroud
 That wraps in solemn white her Cold remains;
 Could see Resuscitation pierce the Cloud,
 And hail long-hop'd-for Spring with sprightlier Strains.

His was indeed the Harp! and his the Pow'r,
 Like the fam'd Artists of Bologna's School;
 To pick from Nature's Wild—Perfections Flow'r
 And rich Redundancy reduce to Rule.

Nor Cowper's Wintry Strains—tho' less refin'd,
 Can be by pensive Reader e'er forgot;
 With Gainsbro' he protects their village hind,
 The Woodman & his Cur's Snow-powder'd Coat.

Various the Roads Ye took to well-earn'd Fame
 And various were Your Gifts—Ye Mighty Dead!
 Of us Your feeble Followers but the Shame,
 Whilst with unequal Steps your Paths we tread.

Yet some with ardent Powrs perswade the Muse
 To burst from Connoisseur and Critic free;
 Nor Poets Wreath, nor Painter's they'll refuse
 Keen Author of the Rhymes on Art;—to Thee.

Blest be your Labours all! could less beguile
 The Melancholy Season? could less chear
 Our Hearts? or move a Momentary Smile
 In Days like these, to Land & Sea severe?

The Mute Magnificence of Snowdon's Height,
 Heap'd to The Sky with Hoary Horrors pale:
 The Star of Evening, & the Bird of Night
 Combine to tell the same sad Winter's Tale.

The Clock that erst to the Convivial Hall
 Beat with his merry Bell Time's chearful Round;
 Scarce heard amid the Storm, now sends his Call
 A Cold, unechoing, suffocated Sound.

And look what's left of my paternal Oaks,
 That bore their old time-honour'd Heads so high;
 Sad Victims to the Winds unpyting Strokes,
 In scatter'd Fragments mid the Forest lie.

To-morrow's dawn of slowly rising Day
 Doom'd to discern those Paths whence Pleasure fled;
 Shall see them drag'd disgracefully away
 Pil'd in short Pieces near some Peasants Shed.

Best Consolation! 'Twas to warm the Poor
 Perhaps Heav'n struck our disappointed Pride
 Best Disposition of Superfluous Store,
 When modest Want is by such Stores supplied.

The¹ *Thraliana* is coming fast to an End, so are the *Thrales*: The eldest is married² now—Admiral Lord Keith the Man:³ a *good* Man for ought I hear, a rich Man for ought I am told, a brave Man we have always heard—and a wise Man I trow *by his Choice*.

The Name *no new one*, and excellent for a Charade e.g.

A Faery my first—who to Fame makes Pretence,
 My Second a Rock—Dear Britannia's Defence;
 In my Third when combin'd, will too quickly be shown,
 The Faery & Rock in our brave *Elphin stone*.

18: Feb: 1808 Brynbella] Another long cruel Fit of Gout with immense Cretaceous Abscesses in Foot & Fingers began upon my wretched Husband Sunday Night 7: Feb: 1808. & sent him to Bed whence he is not yet risen—and whence God only knows when he will be able to rise. M^{rs} Mostyn has sent her Boys to School, & came here to escape the Solitude of Segroid; It was comfortable to me certainly:—These long Nights & dismal Days are dreadful even to *both of us* when together, how horrible the Endurance when separate! Sickness within—& a *blockading* Snow without, which precludes all Power of calling Physicians. What shall we do? never was Season so intensely Cold, with Fog & Frost like Lapland.

8: March 1808] M^r Piozzi has weather'd the Storm; he dines in the Drawing room today; and will get back to the Eating Parlour to morrow.

Lady Keith writes me word that a M^r Davey⁴ one of the royal Institution I presume; is preparing an Apparatus for Galvanism

¹ Hayward (i. 357) quotes this passage, through the verses.

² The Lady four Years older than when I made my second Marriage; & She hooted me (among other Things) for being *superannuated*. See the earlier Vol^s: of this Farrago. *Mrs. Piozzi*.

³ George Keith Elphinstone, then Baron Keith of Stonehaven Marischal, later (1814) created Viscount Keith, an officer of distinguished achievement in the British navy, and at the time of his marriage admiral of the North Sea fleet. He was a widower sixty years old when Hester married him, after a friendship of fourteen years. Lansdowne, *Johnson and Queeney*, p. xx. Hester had announced her intention to her mother in November, and on December 1 Lord Keith addressed his future mother-in-law, for the first time, with a 'polite letter', assuring her that 'the approbation of a parent is a matter of essential consequence to the General comfort of such a Union'. Broadley, p. 151. Hester deliberately refrained from telling her mother the exact date of her marriage, and she did not invite her to be present at the wedding, which took place on January 10, at Ramsgate, Kent. *Gent. Mag.* lxxiii. 85.

⁴ Humphry Davy, professor of chemistry in the Royal Institution.

to a large Expence,—four Hundred Pounds they talk of—for purpose of making Dead Rabbits cry, or shew the *peristaltic Motion* Comical Enough! in a Beasts Entrails after they have been taken out of the Body.¹

Hail! the new Philosophy!

Royal Institution!

Hail the Days we live to see

Sense and Sex and Modesty

Melted all in Fusion.

See the destin'd Ox arrive

Valiant Britons' Boast Sir;

Hear our cunning Men contrive

How to cut *him* up alive

Who us'd to rule the *Roast* Sir.

Boys could torture him no more

'Cause their Brains were muddy;

You when dead can make him roar,

While the Ladies cry *Encore!*

Fine Galvanic Study!

Downward Flame in Lamp that lours

Sockets quite deserted;

Prove to 'em your superior Pow'rs,

Elements as well as *Hours*

Happily Inverted.

Here; confin'd in Chamber Dark,

Philosophic Sitting;

They can quench their Diamond's Spark,

And reduce him to a Chark;

Merry Days for Britain!

Mingled *here*—both Wits and Fools

Blest Amalgamation!

Err by Choice, go wrong by Rules,

While Patriotism stands and cools—

In our English Nation.

Democrates may praise your Wit

With Applauses hearty—

Whilst you croud this *Box* and *Pit*;

But I think the *Benefit*

Is all for Buonaparte.²

¹ And all this Nonsense not *New* either. Doctor Woodward who was driven out of Fashion by Pope & Swift, gives an Acc^t of what we *now* term Galvanic Experiments, by putting Brass Skewers into the Masseter Muscles of a Decapitated Ox;—& what *Contorsions* &c they produced: & how he made Pigeon's Intestines perform y^e Operation of *emptying themselves* after they were out of the Bird's Body. A:D: 1708—a Century ago! *Mrs. Piozzi*. Cf. above, p. 1044.

² All this while, the *true* Reason of their Diligence is to spread Infidelity by this mode of invalidating our Saviour's Miracles. a Reason the Ladies suspect not, & comprehend not;—and *care* not. but the modern Philosophy enlists *them* as Agents in a Cause they do not even

A Witty Man says Dr Myddelton is always looking *before* him; a Learned Man is always looking *behind* him.

A Pun says somebody is the *lowest* Species of Wit:—The *foundation* of all *Wit* replies Dr Myddelton—if so.

Look back to the Margin of 248¹—& see what a Dunce was the Writer? All that *Delphic* Business came originally from *Asia* from the Hebrew & Arabic Languages of *Course*:—'Tis the Hindoo Mythology *Still*: ev'n at this Hour the Hindoos adore what Herodotus describes,—& what the Greek called—Phallic Mystery—'Tis the Lingam—& the Yoni is the *Delphos*—to be sure:—The Mast & Boat—The Ark & Rudder—Conservatrix et Regenerator.

'Tis the fashion now to say a Man or Woman that's disgraced, is Whitelocked; from the degraded General² sent by the *Talent* Ministry³ to Buenos Ayres—see the Charade in the Margin⁴

Here is the strangest possible Weather—Snow covering the Mountains; a sharp Cold North Wind prevents all Animal & all Vegetable Substances from ripening yet the solitary Cuckoo has been heard & somebody said they had seen a Swallow. Like the Year 1796. Toaldo said the Weather *did* come round in ten or 12 Years.⁵

I have lived wholly out of the World this Year, so I sent for the *Novels of the day* to instruct me how the World *goes*—and they *do* instruct me: not the Romance Things, or as Coleman says—

A Hovel:

Clanking of Chains, a Gallery, a Light,
Old Armour & a Phantom all in White
And that's a *Novel*⁶

—which tells & teaches nothing.

wish to understand: *They* pass the hour at a fashionable Place, with Beaux by their Sides—as Innocent as *They*—ripening for the Day of Destruction when Apolléone the Destroyer shall arrive. *Mrs. Piozzzi*. ¹ See above, p. 1067, n. ¶.

² General John Whitlocke, who was court-martialled for failure in his attempt to recover Buenos Aires in 1807.

³ The nickname given to the Grenville ministry, formed after Pitt's death.

⁴ My first is an Emblem of Purity—
My second I use as Security;
My Third is a *Name*
Which if mine were the same
I should blush to send down to Futurity. *Mrs. Piozzzi*.

⁵ 23: April 1808. A melancholy contrast to 23: Ap^l 1794. see Page 56 of this Book—nor is the Difference mere Wales & Surrey. our Acc^{ts} from Bath are dreadful, Heavy Snows even *there*: & that Place is like the Bottom of a hot Punch-Bowl. Look at Page 56 of this Vol. There is now no Apple Tree even in *Bloom* yet; Horse Chesnuts merely *pushing*, but not in *leaf*—much less *Flower*. Turkeys *sate* today being high Fed: but every Thing is backward in The Extreme: Great Fires at home, Snow out of Doors. *Mrs. Piozzzi*. See above p. 882.

⁶ See George Colman the Younger, *My Night Gown and Slippers*.

but the little Summer at Weymouth or such Trash—They do my Business better; It is about my Lord Fan Fly & my Lady Butter-Cup that I want to be hearing: and it is curious to observe that there is an Admiral & a Masquerade in every Story.—The *Story* a Consequence of the French Revolution of Course: The Dialogue copied from Conversation. These little Books are mighty useful as Portraits of the *Manners*—Watteau & Sevigné began these Delineations, Hogarth & Fielding continued 'em. I have forgot the modern Painter's Names, the Writers desire only Pay:—They cannot, & they *do* not wish to be remember'd—but if Degeneration goes much deeper—I do think Society must *dig* for it.¹

I suspect too that there are Aristocrate Novels set up in Opposition to y^e Democrate Novels, and that 'tis the Loyal Set which find their way to Brynbella, from Pearson—(a Protégè of Lady Uxbridge) at Holyhead. Wonderful!

Oh my poor dear Father! could he see a Reading Society establish'd at Denbigh, a Circulating Library at Holyhead—What would he say? A North Wales Gazette too establish'd at Bangor!!! He would say that no Romance or Novel could contain an Acc^t of Facts less within Ken of Hope—in *his day*.

1: May 1808 Brynbella] Lady Kirkwall has given me a Tea Chest made of Pope's Weeping Willow, The Willow he planted at Twickenham²—Tis a great Curiosity.³

¹ Corinna is of another, & a much higher kind—exhibiting an agreeable Contrast between Italy & England—Corinna is a clever Book—in its Way. The Writer was so censured tho' for her warm Colouring in Delphine—that the Italian Lady is *too* sentimental in *this* Tale. She should be *unlaced*; Corinna should. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Both novels were by Mme de Staël. Of *Delphine* she wrote to Hester on March 2, 1803: 'Sweet as the Otto of Roses from the East, soliciting every Sense. Lord Lansdowne put that Work into my Hands six or eight Weeks ago; said he rose at 5 o'Clock in a Morning to get thro' with it; & "purchase it at once (says he) Mrs. Piozzi, carry it into Wales, & lend it your Neighbours there—I know you keep a little Circulating Library". Well Well! Bowood Papers.

² Pope was present at the unpacking of a gift which Lady Suffolk had received from Spain, and took off, to plant in his garden at Twickenham, one of the willow wands in which it had been wrapped. This slip produced the famous willow. Sir William Stanhope bought Twickenham after Pope's death, and was persuaded by his son-in-law, Welbore Ellis, to cut down many of the trees, including the willow. *Notes and Queries*, 3rd ser., iii. 128–9; Walpole, *Letters*, iv. 397.

³ Thou Tea Chest! form'd of Pope's fam'd Willow,
Which serv'd our Poet for his Pillow,
When round his head gay Visions rose
Of bright Belinda and her Beaux
Torn from thy Thames to Scenes thus rude,
How much of Life's Vicissitude

Thou Teachest;

(*cont. opposite*)

We are perpetually saying how Knowledge advances; I don't believe it advances for my own part: When I saw the Swallows come Yesterday and reflected that nobody yet knows whence they come, or whither they go! altho' we have contentedly look'd on their Annual Appearance and Disappearance for so many Centuries—who can say we know more, even of the commonest Things than our Ancestors knew? I am in my own Mind quite confident that the same Pair of Swallows which occupied a Nest under the Architrave of our Door last year, are come home to it today:—& Can *they* have been in Palæstine or in Egypt, while their House was tenanted by starving Robins, & by a little Bird I know not what he was, who took early Possession, & was driven off by the Red Breasts? No I warrant! the Swallows were not far off,—They were somewhere in the Neighbourhood fast asleep I dare say.

4th May 1808.] Look at Page 140 for the Weather at Page 142¹ for the Price of Meat: We give 9^d 0' Pound for Mutton this Day at Denbigh.—

I took up an old Vol: of Superannuated Plays Prologues &c this Morn^g—& remain'd amazed at the Expense of *Wit*. why they are like the Lac'd Coats of the Actors who performed in them—*Laced down the Seams* with Gold and Silver as I remember Palmer & Havard &c being, *quite well*: but did the Galleries comprehend all their Allusions? or did the Conversation of accomplished People in Congreve's Day, give him an Idea that he was imitating Well bred Society in his sparkling Dialogue? The first Scene he ever wrote mentions the Dear false-Spelling of a Lady's hand;² yet when his Belinda & her Friend come forward, nothing can exceed the Brilliancy of their Reparties.

His mentioning among Love's Drudgeries the Reading Comedy to a dull Auditress, who perpetually misses the Joke;³ is however extremely *natural* for a Wit like himself to lament. It probably

Presented by a noble Dame
From thee I hop'd Inspiring Flame,
But No; That Indian Shrub alone
Which at thy Birth was scarcely known;
In fragrant Fumes of fresh Bohea
Is all I can inhale from Thee
Thou Tea Chest. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

¹ See above, pp. 952, 955.

² *The Old Bachelor*, 1. i: 'There's more elegance in the false spelling of this superscription . . . than in all Cicero.'

³ *Ibid.*: 'What is it to read a play on a rainy day, though you should now and then be interrupted in a witty scene, and she perhaps preserve her laughter, 'till the jest were over?'

happened often to Congreve & his Duchess. His Prefatory Letter as I may call it to L^d Clifford does bespeak much more the Man of Fashion than the profess'd Writer after all: He was a proud Salopian I believe, & glad to get from out the Hornet's Nest of Authors Critics &c. Congreve has been often censur'd for his Reply to Voltaire¹ but I have a Notion 'twas sincere enough.

M^{rs} Montagu was prouder of her Coalpits than of her Knowledge I think; & vainer of the Quality Friends gracing her Apartment, than of the Wits who followed humbly in her Train presenting Adulation She was weary of.

it was however *her* Desire & Congreve's—I suppose—to retain both & be A Wit among Lords, & a Lord among Wits, as D^r Johnson said of Chesterfield.²

1: June 1808.] M^r Whalley has been here on a Visit—but M^r Piozzi's miserable State of Health poyson'd all Pleasure in Conversation—I remember nothing *now*, but what My poor husband *Caneat*, & what he *cannot* eat &c—We have a Mind to go to Chester, & meet the *Child*; & consult D^r Thackeray again for these Violent Spasms—frightful Seizures on the Stomach & Breast.

Meanwhile M^r Skeffington writes to me for an Epilogue to his Mysterious Bride. Strange that I'm not forgotten at this Distance from Wits & Beaux & all that makes an Epilogue *piquant*. I sent him *this* just by return of Post for Elliston to speak in Character of a Lottery Office Keeper with Handbills &c³

Now Gentlemen and Ladies!—if you please
(After these strange mysterious Marriages)
To patronize A Frolic of *my* Scheming,
Because this Idle Head is always dreaming;

¹ 'He [Congreve] spoke of his works as of Trifles that were beneath him; and hinted at me in our first Conversation, that I should visit him upon no other Foot than that of a gentleman.' Voltaire, *Letters Concerning the English Nation*. ² Cf. Boswell, *Life*, i. 266.

³ My Letters from the *Ladies* say that both Play & Epilogue were much applauded: *They* seem to wonder,—and in Truth *so do I*. Mrs. Piozzi. It was acted at Drury Lane on June 1, but never printed. Baker, *Biographia Dramatica*, iii. 65.

¶ The Weather is fine after all our bad; perhaps 'tis ominous: & I *may* have some cheerful moments after the melancholy ones. Chi sà? Mrs. Piozzi.

¶ *Tu doces*

Tu doces, M^r Anwyl cries
Who could so Strange a Thought devise?
But Reader *Thou*, who art more wise

Tu doces.

That all our merry Way could mean
With Cambridge Pun or Quibble Keen
To take of Bohea and of Green

Two doses. Mrs. Piozzi.

By way of something new and strange, We'll try
 To make a Matrimonial Lottery.
 Our Theatre the Office; and for Lecture
 Behold *me* here: en habit de Projector.
 Come! who puts in? Prizes both Great & Small,
 And some *unfix'd*—a *floating* Capital.
 Oh it will do: I read it in Your Eyes,
 Come; as the Criticks *droop*—our Stock will *rise*, }
 Hazard and Good Luck joyn their Companies. }
 Quick;—bring the Wheels; for what? to rack your Poet?
 Cries a Cold Enemy who scarce dares show it.
 No, No; the Poet's safe enough—a Rogue!
 These Wheels break nothing but his Epilogue—
 The Wheels of *Fortune*: She who writes our Puff,
 And being blind, ne'er thinks She has writ enough:
 She knows the Ladies like a dangerous *Chance*
 Better than dull plain Dealing; 'tis Romance:
 But when their Blank is drawn—then they protest
 ““Marriage is but a Lottery at best.””
 So of the Sex Sir Thomas More asserted
 And I've not heard the Maxim controverted;
 A Bag of Snakes containing one poor Eel,
 But we have *Grigs* and *Congers* in our *Wheel*.
 Gay Miss *Golightly* scarce a Gauze around her,
 And here a solid Sixty Thousand Pounder.
 Soft dozing Pillows for Friend Dulman's Head,
 And *keen* Galvanic Dames would *wake* the *Dead*.
 Now to you Fair ones; keep the Joke alive,
 And make our Matrimonial Office thrive,
 Come, who puts in for an Ingenuous Youth
 Bred in old Honour's Rules of Sense & Truth:
 Who knows not yet that Wit or Love—a Trade is;
 Take him and teach him better—London Ladies!
 Here's an Old Buck; nay, never stop to quiz him,
 He knows you well—he wishes you may miss him.
 Bidders! be brisk: Good Wives if you should need 'em,
 Are soon catch'd up;—be watchful, Sons of Freedom!
 Nor leave your Weakest Post unguarded *so*,
 But keep a sharp Look-out; for whilst we know
 Your privilege is Sacred in his Eyes,
 Yet in this best, This dear Domestic Prize, }
 Our Monarch *may* perhaps *monopolize*.¹ }

¹ Oh what Nonsense to be writing Epilogues!! I think the World's Drama will soon be over, and *his* Epilogue may then be Written. Spain resists Buonaparte's Aggression in desperate Earnest; now let us see if he can conquer a Great Nation against its will: *let us see*. for my own Part I say No. The other People *called him in*, &—then—wonder'd what a Hero he was for coming—but *No Country is enslaved that wishes to be free*. Mrs. Piozzi. The rising of Spain, in late May and June, led to England's alliance with her, and the beginning of the Peninsular campaign.

Skeffington is a *Character* as We say—a Man wearing Rouge, and making it *his Point* to appear the very *Prince of Petits Maitres* in Society; a Studious Person meanwhile with good Sense and good Literature, When You take him out of the Ton Routine, in which he professes to delight. I wonder how he will end, most probably by marrying a Dairy Maid when Threescore, & retiring into the Country to try for Heirs to the Estate.

¶ Diis auspiciis.

1.

When Mr Paul¹
Had lost his all,
And was not worth a Groat;
He took a Razor
As one may say Sir
And calmly cut his Throat.

2.

But had Dice been auspicious
And Fortune propitious
Had run in another Direction;
He'd have settled the Chances
With merry Sir Francis,
And stood for a future Election. *Mrs. Piozzi.*

11: Aug: 1808 Brynbella.] We have been to Chester, and came home *Shrieking*: The Spasms went away; & both Feet broke into Holes so horrible, that Dr Thackeray & Rowlands y^e Surgeon sent us home to our own *little Comforts*—as they express'd it—Little Comforts indeed!!² The Child³ however was a Comfort to his Uncle no

¹ Mr. James Paull, an Indian nabob who had been candidate for Westminster, cut his throat on April 15, 1808, because of financial reverses. *Gent. Mag.* lxxviii. 373.

² I am however in doubt sometimes whether Mr Piozzi does really lose much Ground of *Life* notwithstanding his dreadful Sufferings. The sick Folks live, (popularly speaking,) while the well ones die;—& how many young & prosperous People has he seen go before him during these last Three Years!!! innumerable! *Mrs. Piozzi.*

³ This child, not mentioned again in *Thraliana*, became her adopted son and sole heir. After Mr. Piozzi's death, she wrote to him: 'So here I am—hoping if I *am* to live, that my Life may be useful to *You*... On *You* my thread of Temporal Existence is now suspended... and upon Your Feeling that it *is* so; upon Your Persuasion that we are linked together by Interest & Duty—I depend.' *Mainwaring Piozziana*, iii. 117. She gave him the education of a gentleman, at Christ Church, Oxford, and on November 29, 1813, made legal application for him to bear the surname Salusbury, settling upon him at the same time the estate of Bachygraig. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 554. At his marriage on November 7, 1814, to Harriet Maria Pemberton, of Ryton Grove, Shropshire, he received Brynbella as a wedding portion, as well as the remainder of Mrs. Piozzi's estates in Flint, Denbigh, and Carnarvonshire. *Gent. Mag.* lxxxiv. ii. 600; *Ry. Charter* 1259. In 1817 he was knighted, and in that same year Mrs. Piozzi began negotiations for the purchase of a baronetcy for him, from the Duke of Sidmouth, which were still in progress at the time of her death, but which the adopted son dropped when he found out the encumbered condition of her estate. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 554. His surviving correspondence with his foster mother shows him, apparently, both dutiful and affectionate, although Lady Keith, who could hardly be expected to view him with favour, wrote Cecilia's opinion of him in 1813

doubt, tho' he exprest small Sense of it. The Holydays were dull ones to *him*, & when they ended he was glad I believe, rather than sorry. My Loss of somebody to speak to when he went back, would have been greater; but that M^r and M^{rs} Hoare came hither for *ten days* in order that they might have it to say next Winter how they past the *Summer* in Wales with their *Chere Mère*.¹

People now make a point of having to tell how remote their Excursions have been from the Metropolis. Comical Enough! & I half wonder Madame Staël² has omitted *that* Affectation of the English in her Chef D'Œuvre—Corinne.

Lady Keith writes me Word from Scotland that Marmion the new Poem by Walter Scott brought its Author no less than 1000 Guineas!!!—a Thousand Guineas for a Thousand Lines!³ given by Scotch Booksellers.—it is a fine Poem sure enough—& before my *Spleen* had Time to ferment into 'Spite at a Contemporary's just Celebrity—my *Heart* prompted these Lines in its Praise.

Oh Marmion! tho' to Critic cold
Thy Pegasus may seem too bold,
When forth He bursts with broken Rein,
Snorting across th' ensanguin'd Plain,
My Heart his flight pursues;
And though thy Rural Images
May fail in Coffee house to please,
I love the Rustic Muse:
For such Town Readers were most meet,
Martial; The Poet of the Street.
Yet well thy Author can discern
Truths which we best in Cities learn;
Where still the Unbelieving Knight
Turns Superstition's Slave—at Night.

to Mme d'Arblay: 'The adopted youth is an odd mixture of folly and shrewdness by her account, and treats his *Aunt* as he always calls her with a degree of saucy familiarity I was astonished to hear of, and which at present may pass for childishness, but I should think would soon be quite unsupportable to her.' Lansdowne, *Johnson and Queeney*, p. xxv. In the later years of Mrs. Piozzi's life, there is evidence in her pocket-books that Sir John did, indeed, disappoint her by his continual demands for money, and lack of affection. On June 16, 1817, he wheedled her out of £6,000 (which she had saved with difficulty), for the ostensible purpose of purchasing the baronetcy mentioned above, but which he used for other purposes. Mrs. Piozzi's pocket diary for 1817 (belonging to Mr. J. L. Clifford).

¹ The *Ladies*—meaning Cecilia Mostyn & Sophia Hoare wonder at the Alteration in their Elder Sister's Manner; & say her Character is quite changed. Look replied I for Ianthe in the Rambler—1st Vol. and you will find The Character *never* alters: Change of Situation *pulls it out*—That's all. Throwing warm Water on the old Fresco Paintings in Italy brings out the original Colouring—it was obscure till then—So was Hester's Character.—To her *Sisters*—but not to me. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Perhaps Anthea, in *Rambler* No. 34, is meant.

² Mme de Staël.

³ *Marmion* actually contains 6195 lines.

Oh then continue those to chear
 With Wood notes wild each springing Year,
 And Christian Maxims still provide
 When Winter comes,—and Christmas Tide;
 So may Posterity bestow
 The Praises which to thee we owe:
 And never be the Lay forgot,
 Of our *Last Minstrel* Walter Scott.

M^{rs} Siddons is said to be engaged to marry Lord Erskine when her Year of Widowhood¹ is expired—I say She always did contrive to shine brightest in her *last Act*, however fatigued before.

Doctor Myddelton says that the Words of King David *I am like a Bottle in the Smoke*² are unintelligible till you reflect that the Bottle was made of *Skin*,—a *leather* Bottle; which dry'd, & shrunk, and shrivelled *in the Smoke*—as he observed his Countenance to grow, wrinkled with Sorrow & Care.

The fashionable Poetry of Southey & Scott will fall into Decay—it will never be Classical—It leaves too little behind it—Handel and Milton must be for ever *felt*; Bach's Lessons & Popes moral Essays must be for ever *recollected*; Madoc and Thalaba, Teviot Dale and Marmion. depend too much on their *Colouring*: In a hundred Years People will wonder why they were so admired—Doctor Young however told us—and told us true that if an Indian Chief appeared in a crowded Drawing Room decorated with Feathers, & making an *Original Figure* all Admiration of the well-dress'd Beaux would be transferr'd to *him*:³ & I *do* remember Bridgetower⁴ the beautiful Negro attracting Notice so at a fine Assembly one Evening in Pall Mall 18 or 20 Years ago—Yet I suppose there would be little Wit in wearing the Costume of a Sachem from the Cayuga Indians, or wishing oneself an African Blackamoor—Tho' the Men *did* look all *such poor Creatures* before Bridgetower in His Blue & Silver & Diamonds. I think Marmion is a {Charlatan or} of the same Kind. {Charlatanerie}

I read in the Papers how Dr Jenner the Vaccinator is made Fellow of the Royal Institute at *Paris*: He ought to have kept his Name out of a Society where serious Proposals were made of endeavouring to promote the Mixture of our *Human* Nature with *Bestial*, by

¹ Mr. Siddons had died at Bath on March 10, 1808. *Gent. Mag.* lxxviii. 277.

² Ps. cxix. 83.

³ In his *Conjectures on Original Composition* (1759), p. 12: 'Our spirits rouse at an *Original*; that is a perfect stranger, and all throng to learn what news from a foreign land: And tho' it comes, like an *Indian* prince, adorned with feathers only, having little of weight; yet of our attention it will rob the more Solid, if not equally New.'

⁴ See above, pp. 757-8.

connecting an Orang-Outang with a Female Hottentot!!! see Redhead Yorke's Acc^t of Paris in two 8^{vo} Vol^s¹—

12th Aug: 1808.] We have had *Heat* as unexampled as the *Cold* was. The World is troubled with a *shaking* Ague I suppose; and its *hot Fever-fit* follows the *freezing* one: Professor Vince² said we should shortly have but two Seasons,—his Words are coming true. Yet the Wall Fruit is no forwarder for this blazing Weather, & the Corn ripens no earlier; *as I see*. M^r and M^{rs} Hoare have been here on a short Ten-day Visit, and are gone with Cecy Mostyn to make the fashionable Mountain Tour of N: Wales:—The Ton Folks *do* so now o' Days; that they may say next April in London, at what a *Distance* they pass'd their Summer from the Metropolis.

Imitations.

The Oak of my Fathers spreads forth a broad Shade,
 And 'tis rooted as deep as 'tis high;
 Beneath it by Moon Light my Limbs I had laid
 The black Dee rolling by;
 My Cambrian Harp mid the Branches hung,
 To catch the wild sounds that around me rung.
 Now mystic Deva! wizard Stream
 Record thy Bard's poetic Dream;
 Now be the booming Bittern's note
 And the old Mousing Owl forgot;
 Thou Muse! to Minstrel ever dear
 Vouchsafe to lend a listening Ear;
 So may these rippling Waters long
 Responsive run to Poet's Song;
 As faithfully their Stream records
 The fancied Shadows, and their Words.
 They come: but no Cold Fear thrills thro' me,
 Down the Mountain's Side they steal;
 I distinguish their Costume
 Thro' the Vapour-woven Veil,
 Britain's Form the Female bearing,
 Her Companion—Classic Taste;
 Round my head the Vision steering
This—the Dialogue that past.

¹ Henry Redhead York, *Letters from France in 1802*.

² Samuel Vince, Plumian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge. Mrs. Piozzi seems to have read, and misunderstood, the following passage in his *Confutation of Atheism, from the Laws and Constitution of the Heavenly Bodies* (1807), pp. 22–3: 'The variety of seasons arises from the axis of the Earth being inclined to the plane of its orbit. . . . This inclination is at present decreasing; and this arises from the change of the plane of the Earth's orbit. . . . Now if this inclination were continually to decrease, and the axis should at length become perpendicular to the orbit, there would be no change of seasons. But against this we have an adequate provision; for such is the effect of the law of gravitation, that the inclination will afterwards increase . . . so that no sensible change in the seasons will take place.'

He.

Whilst I could please my fav'rite Fair,
 Nor Rival Wits could win her Care;
 I envied no soft Poet's Tale
 Of *Persian* Rose and Nightingale.

She.

While Classic Taste kept true to me,
 Nor Preference gave to Germany;
 Confess'd by Fame *his* favourite Queen,
 I'd not have changed with Josephine.

He.

Yes—I'm belov'd by Schiller's Muse,
 So warmly that fond Nymph pursues;
 I scarcely can do less than die
 To thank her for such Constancy.

She.

And I'm engag'd to Walter Scott,
 Of Bardic Blood without a Blot;
 Twice he my tender heart has won
 With Teviot Dale and Marmion.

He.

But say were these Connexions broke,
 And we resum'd our former Yoke;
 Could I reject the German Lay?
 How would Britannia feel? Oh say!

She.

Why then; Though Scott with steadier Light
 Shone forth the Phosphor of the Night;
 Thou—light as Cork on angry Sea,
 Still would I live and die with Thee.

Brynbella 18: Sept^r 1808.] This is poor Dear old Doctor Johnson's day Yesterday was Lady Keith's &

These Days whate'er the Fates decree,
 Shall still be kept with Joy by me.

Our Swallows are not departed—our Summer is still glowing, and we are carrying a 2^d Crop of Hay.

M^r Piozzi's Health declines rapidly, or People *think* it does: I am not so confident; The Spasms on his Breast which drove away M^r Whalley in the first day of June returned again when the Hoares were here after their Mountain Tour, upon the 29th & 30th of August, with redoubled Violence. They hasten'd from such *Scenery* of Course like my Lord Ogleby in Garrick & Colman's Play;¹ yet nothing came of it: perhaps 'tis only hysterical; & Cecy Mostyn is

¹ *The Clandestine Marriage.*

clearly of y^t Opinion. Doctors and Apothecaries we seem to have done with—& to confess the truth They did no Good: what Good is done, appears to be effected by Brandy. with Opium Draughts occasionally.

I am sick of these silly Rejoicings because the Spaniards rose en Masse, & drove out Buonaparte's Brother:¹—Napoleon will go *himself* now, & conquer the Country in earnest.—

Here is a Pear Tree in bloom, a Laburnum all in full Flower, & an old Oak pushing out strong young shoots at Brynbella N: Wales 17: & 18: of Sept^r 1808.—Swallows not gone, but seem to prepare for their Departure.—

Feb: 1809.] No Birthday kept, no Pleasure, no Comfort: poor Piozzi seems merely kept alive by Opium & Brandy; if we leave *them* off—Spasms, & Sickneses ensue: if we follow them up, Something dreadful will I fear ensue.—*Must* Ensue:

30 March 1809.] Every thing most dreaded *has* ensued,—all is over; & my second Husbands Death is the last Thing recorded in my first husband's Present! Cruel Death!²

¹ Joseph Bonaparte, who had been crowned King of Spain in May 1808, and ousted by the revolutionaries in August. Napoleon reinstated him at the end of the year, and he held his position insecurely until 1813, when he abdicated.

² He died on March 26, and was buried on Monday, April 3, in the vault in Dymerchion Church. On Tuesday, April 4 (in a letter misdated 'April 3'), Mrs. Piozzi wrote to Hester: 'My dearest Girl has written very kindly—so have you *all*; *all* very good and very amiable; and I have less *Right & Claim* to my little Hoard of Sorrow than I *wish* for in my present State of Mind—but to part as I did yesterday *for ever* from a Man who has engross'd my heart for so long a Course of Years must cost a cruel Pang—*You know* it must. He hapless Creature knew nothing nor nobody for many dreadful Days; Frantic with unexampled Anguish, he lived till the slow-spreading Gangrene reached his Spinal Marrow; the Medical Men praying incessantly for his Release . . . I . . . will now say no more except that I will leave this Theatre of Horror & lie forgotten for 3 or 4 Weeks among the Clouds of London. Bath would not *do*—my *Friends* would be my Scourge; at an Hôtel I can shut out even my Children, unless as mere *droppers*—In one at a Time, or Two at most, dear Creatures! when they have a Leisure Hour—*nothing more*. I will not enter a House belonging to any human Creature—but an *Inn* keeper, like Shenstone: and I will try to get good Sea bathing in the *hot Summer* months. A November Dip would now kill your poor Nerve-shaken but ever Affec^{te} H.L.P.' Bowood Papers. Mrs. Piozzi refers to Shenstone's poem 'written at an Inn at Henley'—'To thee, fair freedom! I retire'. *Works* (1764), i. 228.

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[The following Index lists all the people referred to, either directly or obliquely, in Mrs. Thrale's text, and all persons named in the notes. It also gives words and expressions whose meanings or derivations are considered in the text, and characters from literature named by Mrs. Thrale. Book titles, unless their authorship is anonymous or undetermined, are listed under their authors' names. Names of people referred to in the text are printed in small capitals, and a brief biographical identification is given for these names whenever it could be found, except for characters of the ancient and medieval worlds.

The arrangement of topics in the analysed articles is sometimes alphabetical and sometimes seriatim, according to which scheme seemed to the editor most useful in the given instance. The references to a single topic in the analysed articles are always seriatim.¹

Mrs. Thrale's misspellings of proper names are given either with cross-references to the proper spelling, or, in cases where the alphabetical order is not thereby dislocated, in parentheses after the proper spelling. The abbreviations SJ and HLT are used for Samuel Johnson and Mrs. Thrale respectively. A comma after the topic indicates that the name in question is the object, not the subject, of the following clause.]

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3. Miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse. [Arranged by *title*, when given; when title is lacking, by *subject*, or (in cases of imitations whose author is known) by *author*. Imitations and translations distinguished by (*), pieces not certainly HLT's by (?).] Adams, on Susan (epitaph), 1054-5; *Adrian's *To his Soul*, 402; **American Eclogue*, 322; *Arietta Imitated, 643 n. 4; *Ausonius's *Infelix Dido* (on Lady Diana Beauclerk), 434, 668; **Autobiographical Memoir*, 107 n. 2; *Baretti's sonetto on an ass, 58-9; beard, on a (riddle), 684; *Ben-serade's *A son lit*, 121; *Bertola's *Fable*, 669; Blaquiere, for Lady de, 1059 n. 1; *bloodsuckers, on, 1027; *Boileau to his *Garainer*, 225 n. 3; *Boileau's *À Clymène*, 342; **Book of Genesis put in Easy Verse for Babies*, 699-702; *Bouffier's song to Marie Antoinette, 987-8; *Buffon, epigram on, 674 n. 1; Burney, to Dr., 216-17; Byron, on Mrs. (epitaph), 802; *Capello's verses to Piozzi, 519; carpet, on a (charade), 897; ? Carter, on Mrs., 1071 n. 7; *Cervantes, poem on love, 50; *Cervantes, epitaph on, 3-4; *Cervantes, sonnet on, 3; **Chapter of King-Killers*, 887-9, 898; *classic taste, on, 1097-8; clock, on a, 1080; *Collins's *Dirge*, 1048; *Comparison of*

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